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FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, C. B. FRY.

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Vol. IX. No. 50. MAY, 1903.

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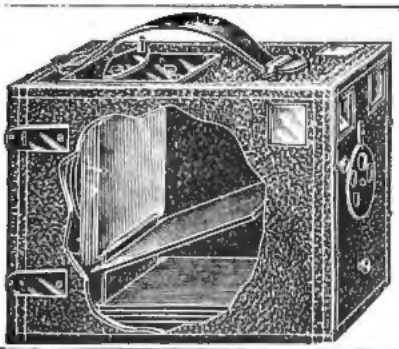

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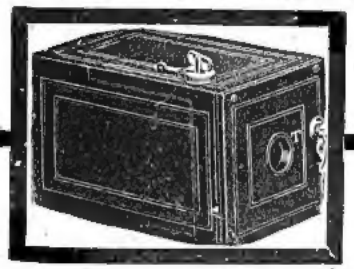

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SEE "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR MAY, ON PAGE 188.

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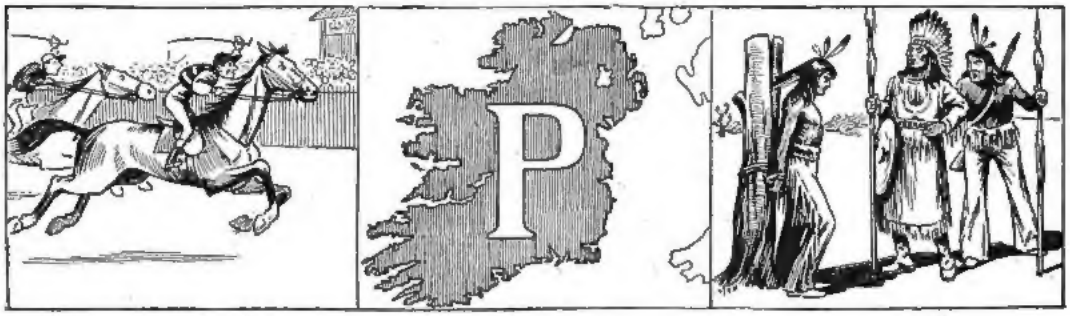

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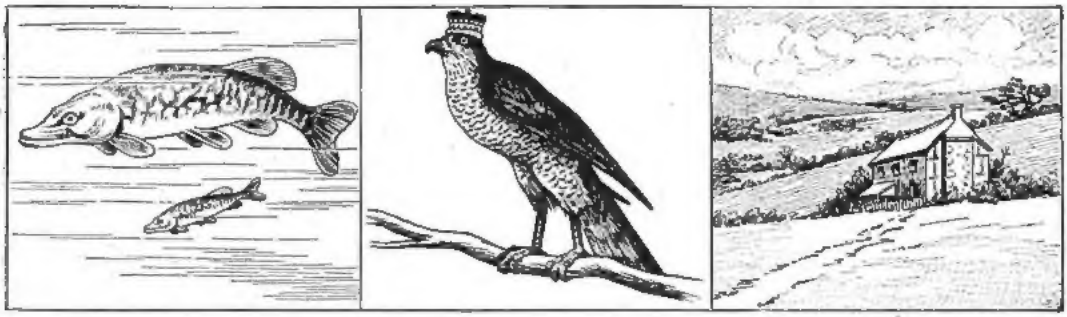

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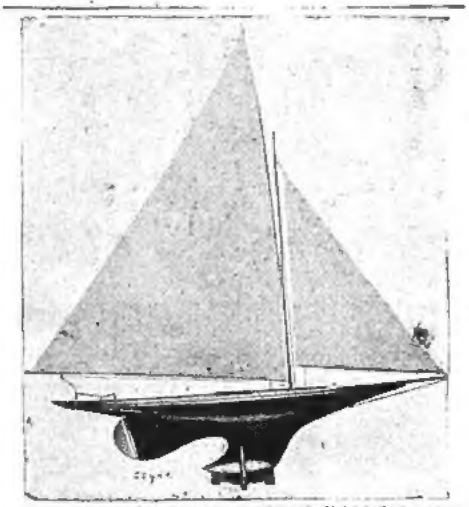

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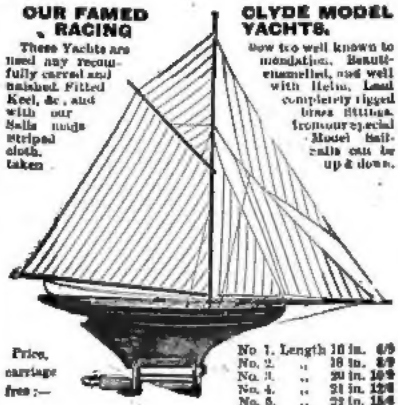

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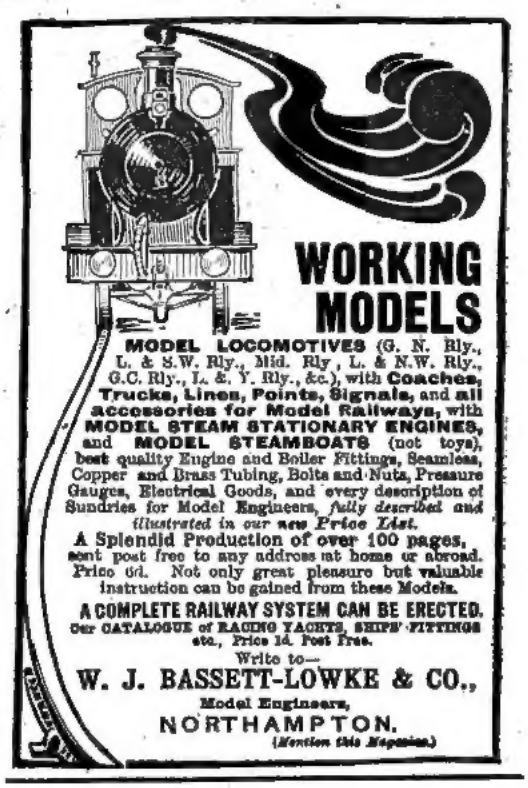
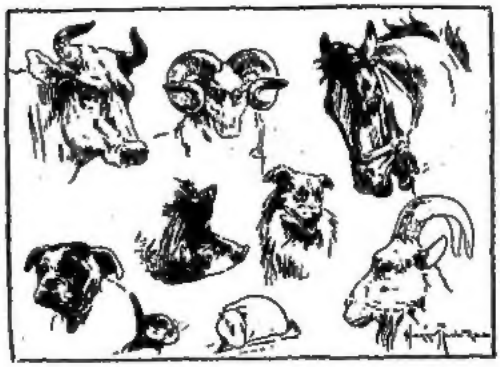
See "Captain" Competitions on Page 188.



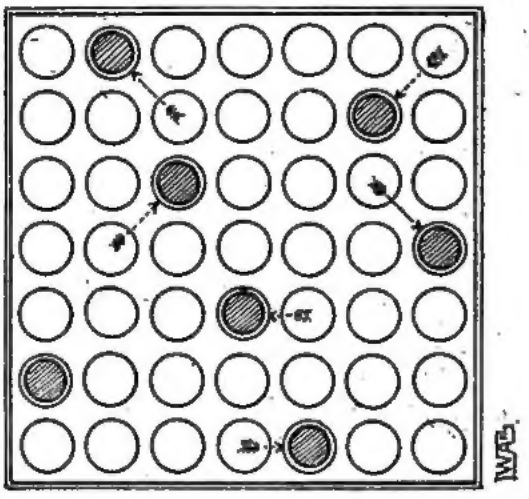
Correct solution of "Missing Features" Competition from the March "Captain," 1903.

See Competition Results on page 194.



Correct solution of "The Peg" Puzzle from the March "Captain," 1903.

See Competition Results on page 194.



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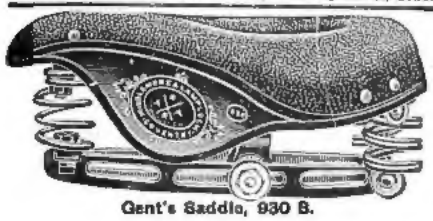

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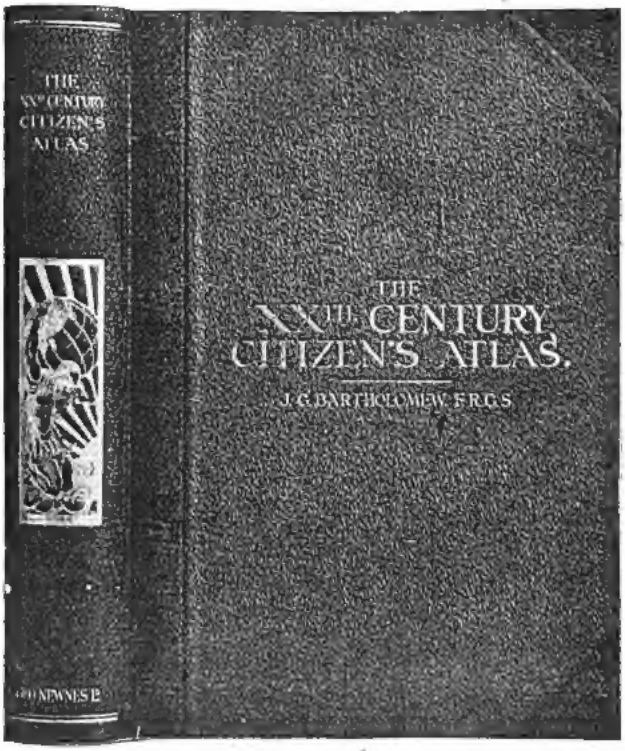

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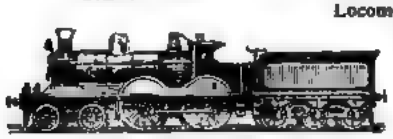

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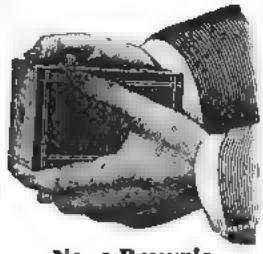

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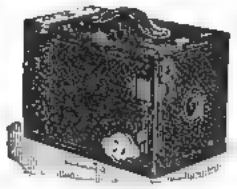

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Per dozen, 57/-. *Post free.*	
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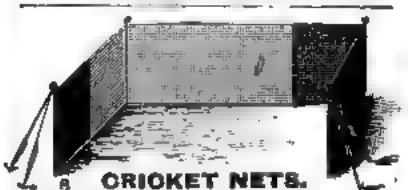

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7/11 nett. 9/- nett. 9/10 nett.
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Boys' 3d. per pair less. *Post free.*

CATALOGUES POST FREE.
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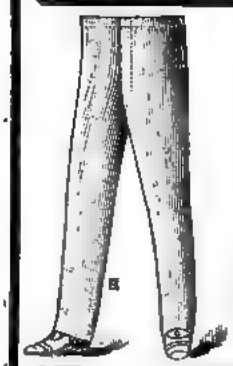

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White Flannel, shrunk,	4/6, 5/6, 7/6,	4/11, 5/11, 7/11
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Postage, 4d. *under* 10/-

CRICKET SHIRTS.

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White Flannelette	2/3	2/6
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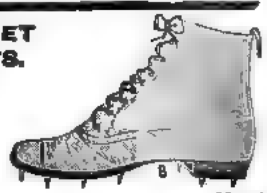

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The "UNIVERSAL," White Canvas ...	4/11
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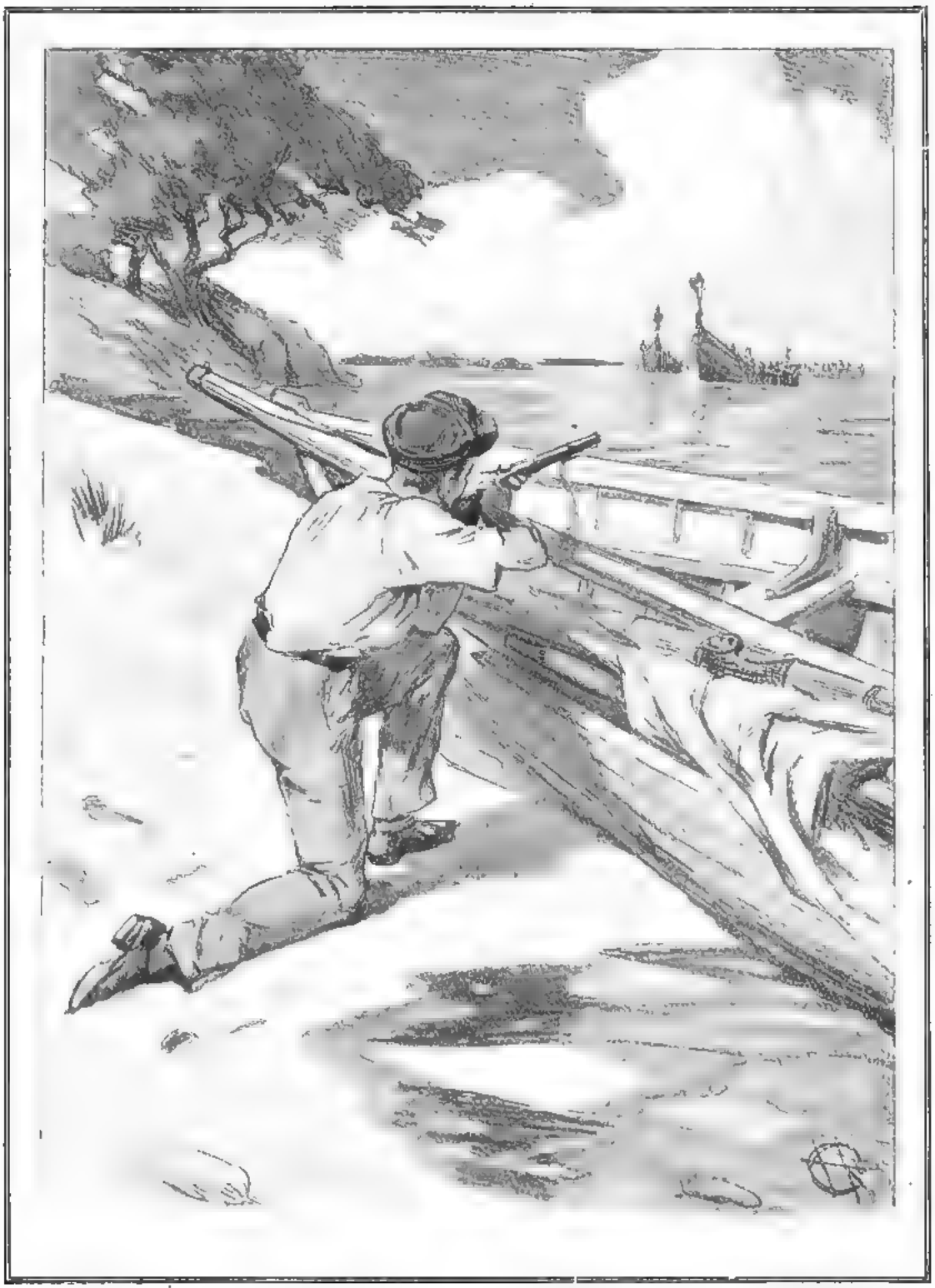
THE CONDOR.
Photo by W. P. Dando, F.Z.S.



[*See page* 105.

I TOOK CAREFUL AIM AT THE LEADING CANOE.
Drawn by Geo. Hawley.

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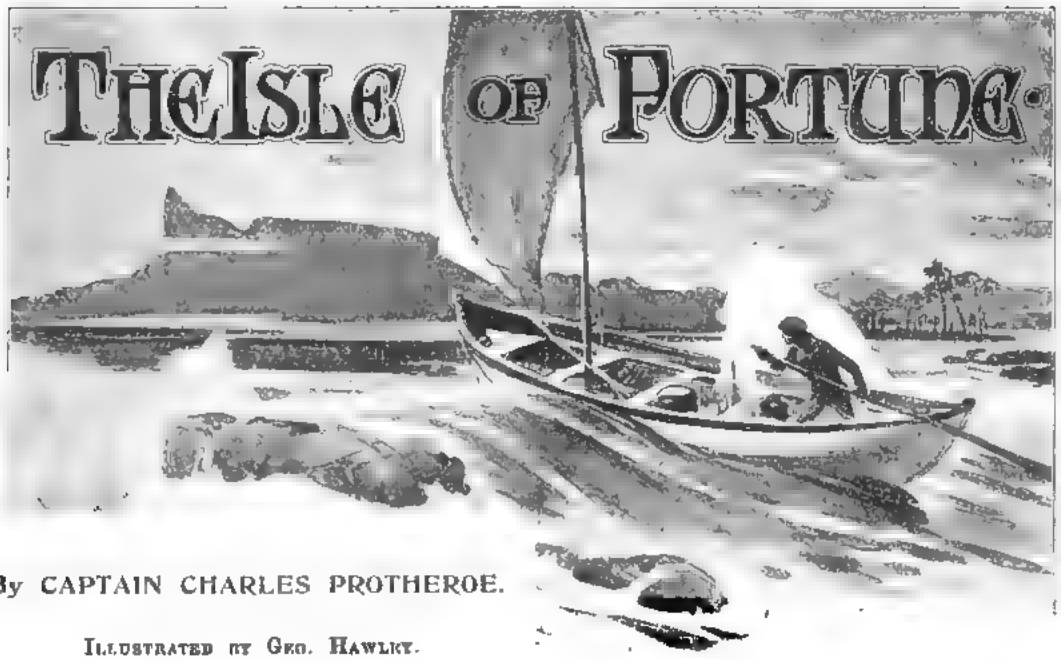
The Isle of Fortune



By CAPTAIN CHARLES PROTHEROE.

Illustrated by Geo. Hawley.

Jim Harvey ships as mate on the *Aurora*, and soon comes to blows with the notorious "Bully" Harker, the skipper. One of the crew, Tom Nichols, relates the story of the strange disappearance in the Solomons of Harvey's predecessor, who was given out by Harker as kidnapped by the natives. Rather than fall a victim to Harker's hate, the new mate leaves the ship one night in an open boat, and sets sail in the direction of New Guinea.

CHAPTER IV.

I REACH AN ISLAND.

IT was some twenty-four hours later before I had a good sight of the land I was making for, having hove-to through the night, not caring to risk the boat, my only means of reaching safety, in waters I was unacquainted with. This gave me a chance of rest, which I was much in need of, for, naturally, I had not slept since leaving the *Aurora*, my attention being occupied in putting as much water as possible between us. Now that I had no longer any desperate need to do this, I stretched out in the stern sheets of the boat, and, with my coat rolled up to serve as a pillow, determined to take it easy whilst the night lasted. In spite of being tired out, it was a long time before I fell asleep. The incidents of the last twenty-four hours passed through my mind. I wondered how far the *Aurora* was away, and pictured in my mind what the people on board of her were likely to be doing at this particular hour. I smiled to think of the consternation which must have seized upon "Bully" Harker when he arrived on deck and found himself the poorer by the loss of his chief mate and a whaleboat.

I had no feeling of loneliness, for, as I lay on my back and looked up at the blue vault of heaven, thousands of stars winked at me in companionship. A sense of freedom was imparted by the world of waters around me as they soothingly lapped the side of the boat, and I was glad to be there.

The gentle rocking of the boat finally lulled me to sleep, nor did I awake until the dawn was breaking in the east. Slowly the stars paled and became indistinct, then disappeared altogether, and night gave place to daylight, and was gone.

I trimmed my sail, and, gazing over the waters, saw the land ahead. A good, solid amount of earth it was, too, so much so that I took it for part of the mainland, and didn't find the mistake out for some days afterwards. It rose five or six thousand feet out of the sea, clear and defined in the morning light, and appeared to be, at the outside, not more than ten miles away. In reality it must have been a good thirty miles off, the deception being caused by refraction of the sun, a factor always to be taken into con-

sideration when judging distance in a clear atmosphere.

The wind freshened as the sun rose higher, giving the boat a greater speed, but two hours good sailing seemed to make but little impression on the huge mass towards which I was steering, for there it still lay apparently as far off as ever.

I was just beginning to think that I should never reach it with sufficient daylight to spare to be of any use to me, when I noticed a dark line along the horizon, that came into view and disappeared again with every dip of the boat.

My nautical wisdom suggested that this must be an island between me and the high land in the distance. The dark streak I could see every time the boat's head lifted slightly higher than usual, was the top of cocoanut trees showing their heads above the line where sea and sky appeared to meet. These became more distinct with every mile I left behind me, until at last I could see the trees altogether like a black blotch on the sky, and later on a low-lying island.

The sun was well overhead by this time, and I judged that it was about noon. It was a biggish lump of an island, with several sandbanks and atolls dotted around to keep it company, and apparently separated by a few miles only from the land I had at first sighted.

After my experience in sailing towards the latter, I didn't bother my head with what distance was between them, being convinced it was in some such direction as this that madness lay. So I turned my attention to the land ahead of me, leaving the other for future verification.

Smoke was rising from several different parts of the island. By this, and the number of cocoanut trees lining the beach, I gained the impression that the place was inhabited. Any doubt about this was soon settled beyond question, for, on drawing closer, I descried some half-dozen canoes pulled up on the beach out of reach of the tide, a few of them sheltered from the warp of the sun by newly-plucked cocoanut leaves, which partly covered them.

These signs were enough to convince me that natives were not far away, but up to the present I hadn't seen one, although, as I coasted along, dodging patches of reef within a few hundred yards of the shore, I kept my weather eye lifting for any indication of life.

By and by I saw a native emerge from the bush that was growing luxuriantly right down to high water mark. He appeared to me as though he were bound on some errand connected with the canoes, for he had nearly reached them before he caught sight of the boat.

Then he stopped dead, looking in my direction, like a statue carved in ebony, and apparently struck dumb by the sight of a craft the like of whose rig I'll wager he had never seen before. For fully a minute he stood rigid, then, finding his voice, set up a mighty shout plainly audible to me in the boat.

Almost immediately other natives emerged from two or three different parts of the scrub, for all the world like a lot of ants disturbed in their nest, hurrying out to see the meaning of the commotion, and, in less than a minute, there were fully a hundred men, women, and children on the beach, shouting and gesticulating with excitement.

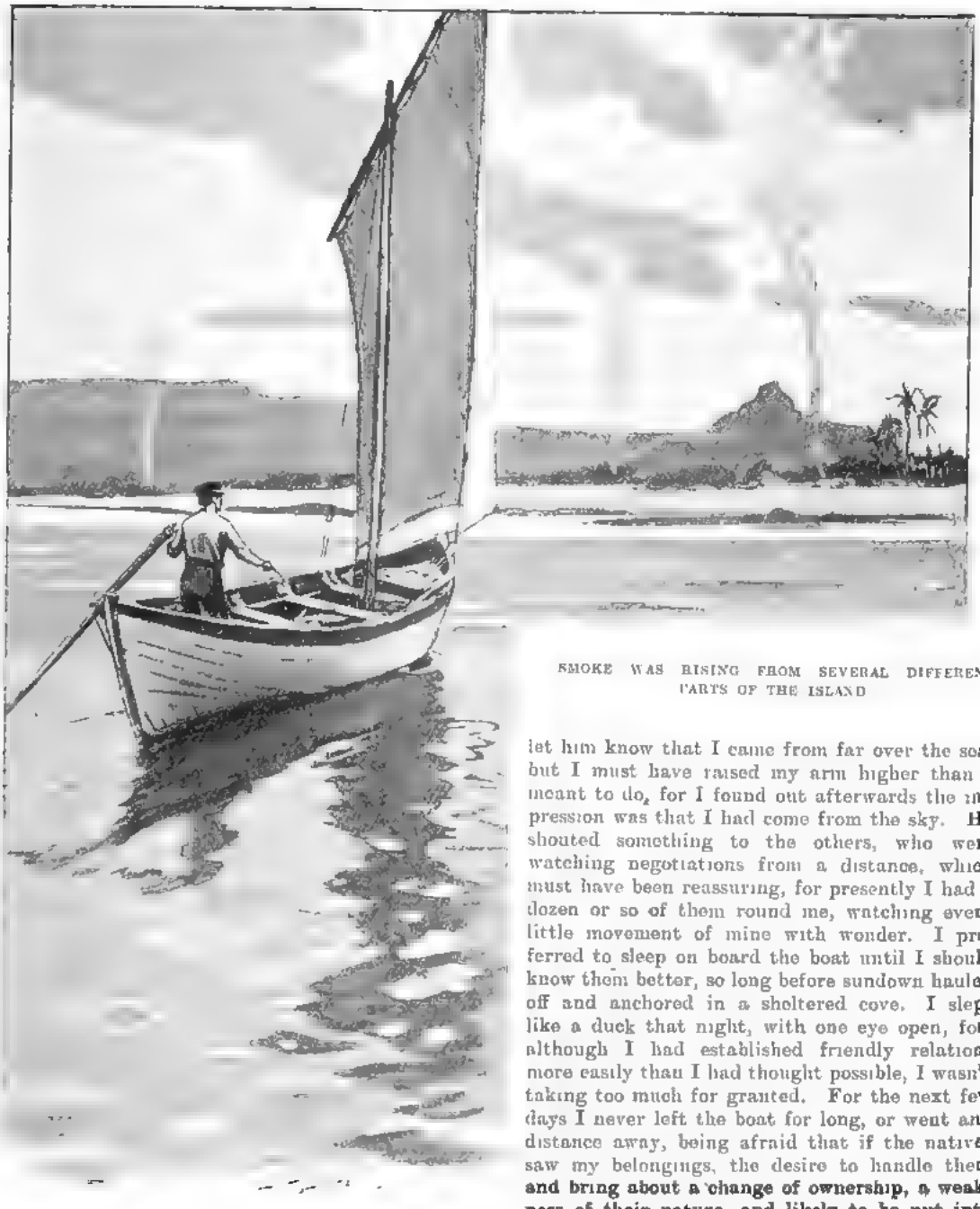
Some of the men started to blow cone-shaped shells, a signal of alarm, and a warning to other natives whose business may have taken them to other parts of the island that something unusual was happening. I heard the answering notes, droning yet distinct, some near, some far away, the performers, in twos and threes, arriving on the scene and adding to the already large gathering.

I hung off the land a bit, dodging the boat backwards and forwards whilst I did a bit of thinking. To tell the truth, I was trying my level best, now I had reached the island, to make up my mind if it would be advisable to land upon it.

Reason told me that I should be exposed to much less danger than if I journeyed further and went ashore on the big land, where, for every native here, I should possibly have to encounter a thousand. This consideration settled the question that had troubled me, and I decided that this should be my landing place, for, although the natives were shouting and kicking up an awful row, there was no sign of hostility in their behaviour, but more of wonder and surprise.

Having made up my mind in this wise, I lowered the main-sail, loosened the revolver in my belt, and ran the boat for the beach under the jib alone. Long before her nose touched the shore, like streaks of lightning, the natives, one and all, made for the scrub above high water mark. A few of the men remained on the fringe watching me curiously, but ready for a dive into the bush on the least provocation.

I made signs to impress upon them that my errand was a peaceful one. I was so far successful that at last a native bolder than the rest approached cautiously within speaking distance. Now, I knew something of natives, and the way to handle them, so, seeing it required only a false move on my part to scare him back into the bush again, I quietly seated myself on the beach and waited.



SMOKE WAS RISING FROM SEVERAL DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE ISLAND

This movement put him fairly at ease, and in a few moments he was jabbering away for all he was worth. Noticing that he kept repeating the same words, I jumped to the conclusion that he was asking where I had come from. I pointed to the horizon, intending to let him know that I came from far over the sea, but I must have raised my arm higher than I meant to do, for I found out afterwards the impression was that I had come from the sky. He shouted something to the others, who were watching negotiations from a distance, which must have been reassuring, for presently I had a dozen or so of them round me, watching every little movement of mine with wonder. I preferred to sleep on board the boat until I should know them better, so long before sundown hauled off and anchored in a sheltered cove. I slept like a duck that night, with one eye open, for, although I had established friendly relations more easily than I had thought possible, I wasn't taking too much for granted. For the next few days I never left the boat for long, or went any distance away, being afraid that if the natives saw my belongings, the desire to handle them and bring about a change of ownership, a weakness of their nature and likely to be put into practice, might lead them to attack me, should they feel themselves strong enough to do so. Well, I suppose they are as God made them, but that same little failing is exceedingly awkward and disastrous sometimes for the stranger among them.

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CHAPTER V.

AND BECOME A POTENTATE.

AFTER living in this manner for the best part of a week, sleeping on board the boat and going very little distance from her in the daytime, an event happened which I saw at once would do away with the misgivings I had regarding any free and easy behaviour with my property.

By this time I had settled the vexed question of how far I was separated from the big land, which, in the different lights, had the tantalising peculiarity of sometimes seeming almost aboard of one, and at others, any distance away. By sailing towards it, as near as I could judge, I found it to be about four miles off. I also ascertained that it was not the mainland, but two big Islands divided by a streak of sea about a mile wide (since named Dawson Strait). They were not marked on the chart, for the good and sufficient reason that no authenticated article of the sort existed at that time. If you look at one now, these two imposing islands may easily be found under the names Normanby and Fergusson, bestowed upon them by Captain Moresby in '74; by these names they are commonly known to the white trader, the softer and more pleasing native titles "Moratau" and "Duau" being almost entirely forgotten. By the blanketing position they occupy, the stranger approaching from the East, as in my case, might easily be excused should he take them for the mainland. The island I had landed on was a pigmy in comparison with its brethren in the distance, and was called by the natives "Sanaroa."

One morning I heard a great commotion, and, looking ashore to ascertain the reason for it, saw the natives streaming down the beach in the direction of where their canoes were lying, each carrying some treasured portion of his household goods. Withdrawing my attention from the beach to glance towards the high land, my knowledge of native life and amusements enabled me to grasp the situation at once.

Some couple of miles away were six or seven objects, looking like black spots in the uncertain morning light. These dark patches quickly developed into large canoes filled with men; evidently they were natives from Fergusson who were now paddling for the smaller island with the festive intention of gathering a few heads as objects of adornment for their houses.

For some reason they were rather late in the day, the usual idea in such excursions being to reach the place of attack just before daylight, so as to take their victims by surprise and prevent, as much as possible, any chance of escape. But this time, being somewhat behind-hand, some inhabitants of Sanaroa had espied them at the first streak of daylight, and, having roused the village, were now scurrying for the canoes, the only means of evading violent and sudden death. This was the cause of all the tumult I could see on the beach.

My first impulse was to pick my anchor up, and clear out. I soon realised that this would be impossible, for there was not a breath of wind, and I could not hope to propel a heavy boat fast enough to show them my heels. The only hope I had was to land on the beach, and, if possible, prevent them from carrying out their object, for, if they were successful, I knew it was a thousand to one on my head forming part of the collection. I pulled my anchor up, and ran the boat on to the shore. The last of the natives were rushing for the canoes, frantic with fear, their one and only object being to reach them and paddle away to sea. In vain I endeavoured, by shouting and signs, to induce them to remain and offer resistance. I might just as well have tried to stop a crowd of frightened rabbits, and now they were once on the run I believe a fairly courageous bunny had more heart than the whole of them. "Am gavia, am gavia" (my enemy, my enemy), they shouted, paying no heed to my appeal to them to stop. It was evidently not the first time a visit of this kind had been paid them, and as they fell one over the other in their eagerness to be afloat, they fairly squealed with fright. It wasn't a pretty sight, and I was glad when the last canoe disappeared round the point. Some thirty or forty natives were left on the beach, for there were not enough canoes to carry all. They were not the most robust, I am sorry to say, being mostly those too weak to fight for a place of safety. These huddled together, looking helplessly about, and I believe fear had numbed their power of thought for the time. Suddenly they broke away and disappeared into the bush, no doubt seeking hiding places prepared for such an occasion.

I had nearly said I was left on the beach alone, but I had about as good a friend with me as a man could wish for in such an emergency, and that was Mr. Winchester. Worth a hundred chicken-hearted natives, I determined, as I filled the magazine chock full of cartridges, that his voice, so much more persuasive than mine in a case of this sort, should be heard on the matter.

Meanwhile, the canoes had drawn nearer, the flash of the paddles in the sunlight being visible, and the click of them distinctly audible from where I stood. The enemy were coming along in fine style, and I could not but admire the splendid time they kept, their paddles rising and falling, falling and rising, as methodically as clockwork. Thinking it about time to let them know they were not wanted here, I fired a shot over

their heads. The effect was instantaneous, for they stopped paddling at once, and indulged in what I knew afterwards as a New Guinea palaver, where everybody talks at the same time, and nobody listens. Presently they came on again, but hesitatingly, and not with anything like the same degree of confidence they had shewn before. They were evidently undecided what to make of the little missile that just now had hummed so viciously over their heads, and plunged into the sea astern of them. Never having heard anything like it before, they became suspicious, and when a native arrives at that mood, he also becomes as crafty as a fox. I capered about the beach on purpose to mystify them the more, and fired another shot. Again they stopped and held a confab, but, although they had ceased paddling, they did not seem inclined to retire.

Native life, or any other for that matter, was cheap in the Islands at this time, but it had never been my notion to take it unnecessarily. I could see by the half-hearted manner in which they dipped their paddles for a few strokes, and then stopped to reconnoitre, that it required little more to make them abandon the attempt to land altogether. If I could prove that the messenger I had despatched towards them was able to bite as well as sing, it would probably have the effect I wished for. Steadying the rifle on the gunwale of the boat, which the ebbing tide had now left high and dry, I took long and careful aim at the leading canoe. Her high bow presented a capital target, and as she showed broadside on to me I let go at her. I heard the dull noise made by the bullet as it plunged into the soft cedar wood, and the foremost native, who had been standing up shading his eyes with his hands as he gazed ashore, disappeared overboard. That he was more frightened than hurt was proved by the agile manner in which he gained the canoe again, no doubt having nothing worse than a splinter of wood to extract from his dusky body. Any doubt they may have had gave way to certainty that this was no place for them, and very little hurt, but very much scared, they made undignified haste to paddle seaward again. They didn't even stop to ponder any more on the matter, having made up their minds like a flash that whatever it was on the island that could reach them at such a distance, was uncanny and to be avoided. I drew a breath of relief as the canoes receded until they became mere specks in the direction of Fergusson. The enemy went away with the impression in their minds that some spirit of darkness had taken possession of the smaller island, and I knew that nothing under the sun would induce them to visit it again. It was a toss-up which of the two were the more frightened—they who paddled for their homes for every ounce they were worth, or the inhabitants of Sanaron, when they tumbled over and fought each other for places in the canoes. And so a little tube manufactured thousands of miles away, amid the peaceful hum of machinery, was the potent means of keeping the head upon my shoulders.

The natives who had deserted their island straggled back one craft at a time, and it was nearly sunset when the last returned. They hailed me as their deliverer, and even the women, whom I had hardly caught a glimpse of before, crowded round me with wonder, for they evidently thought I was invulnerable. It was clear I could now safely come on shore and live among the natives until I should make up my mind what was the best thing to be done.

I daresay fear of the law has kept many a civilised man honest, and, although I had no extravagant idea of native gratitude, I knew that fear, now that I had put to flight their enemies, would be a big incentive to keep their cupidity within bounds.

From this time forth, with the majority of them, everything was plain sailing for me, and I found myself installed on the island as an authority, one word from me being sufficient to settle any dispute, from whatever cause arising.

The house I had elected to occupy was on the outskirts of the village, and every day I found placed outside a collection of food enough to have satisfied the appetites of six ordinary men. Yams, taro, bread-fruit (when in season), bananas, and sago, formed the chief items, and these offerings never failed to appear at the dawn of each morning.

At first the natives were shy, but later on fetched and carried for me, showing such deference that I was in danger of suffering from swelled head (an ugly complaint), and viewing myself as a bloated potentate of a cannibal community.

Among other articles which I had brought with me from the *Aurora*, were some dozen charges of dynamite. They had been lying, with a beautiful disregard for the safety of the ship, stowed away in a locker in my berth. It was whilst searching in this receptacle just before my flight, to see if it contained anything likely to be useful to me, that I came across and confiscated them, with the thought that they might come in handy.

I shall never forget the first charge I exploded in the shallow water round the Island, nor the impression it created.

One morning a huge shoal of fish made their appearance along the shore, engaged in the pursuit of the smaller fry. Whatever may be said regarding the dislike for exertion of the New

Guinea native, it didn't apply to the fish; they were energetic enough, anyhow. They lashed the water white, jumping into the air sometimes to the height of twenty feet, and glistening in the sun like burnished silver.

Suddenly I thought of the dynamite lying idly in the house to which I had removed all my property from the boat. Here was a chance to increase my influence not to be ignored.

I rushed to the house, tore open the package, extracted a charge, and was back on the beach inside of a minute and a half.

The fish were still disporting themselves, evidently having chanced upon a happy hunting ground. Already several natives had their canoes in the water, and were on the point of embarking with the object of securing a few of the fish.

I waved them back with a gesture worthy of my exalted position among them. They obeyed, but stood wonderingly trying to understand the reason of my command. Meanwhile I was watching the fish intently, and presently, seeing a favourable opportunity, applied a fire stick, which I had snatched from a fire on my way down, to the fuse, and threw the charge among them.

It landed (if the word is permissible, seeing it was thrown into the water) just where I intended it should, and a few seconds later exploded with a dull roar, strewing the agitated surface of the water with thousands of fish, which slowly sank to the shallow bottom. "Pick them up! pick them up!" I roared, but not a native stirred, having lost the power of motion in their astonishment. Seeing they had no idea what was expected of them, and that perhaps they feared another explosion, I waded out up to my waist, and, picking up the fish within reach, started throwing them ashore.

Others soon joined me, and by and by all hands, like a lot of school-boys, were diving for the fish that lay on the bottom. A fine pile lay on the beach at the finish, of all sizes, all shapes, and, I may add, all colours, pursuer and pursued mingling in one heap together.

Dynamite was fairly well known round the Solomons and other islands, but considering that I was the first white man these natives had seen, such an article, of course, was altogether beyond them or their philosophy.

This episode increased my prestige amazingly, but, needless to say, having but a limited supply of material, I only resorted to it when such a result was desirable.

Having gained, in one way and another, a great reputation, any thought of sustaining bodily harm whilst residing among them vanished from my mind. But in this regard, like many another person before me, I reckoned without including mine host.

CHAPTER VI.

A NATIVE OTHELLO.

FAMILIARITY breeds contempt. Such is the saying handed down to posterity by some wiseacre.

My experience is that the person who coined this adage knew exactly what he was talking about. Anyhow, it came very near the mark in my case.

The chief of Sanaroa was an elderly gentleman, whose office was mainly nominal, for he possessed little or no authority. However, what he lacked in this respect was made up for in friendliness to myself, the old fellow being more profuse, and, I believe, more genuine than most of the others.

He had a daughter named Oobona (which signifies a star), a most pleasing maiden, and, being decidedly more intelligent than the ordinary run of native, I usually sought her out when in search of information.

My frequent conversations with her were viewed with evident dislike by a young native called Gawana, who, from the first, had held aloof and showed a marked disposition to be unsociable.

The more intimate I became with the old man and his daughter, the more this ill-will became manifest, until at last he hardly took any trouble whatever to conceal it.

Casting about for some reason to account for this working of his savage mind, I at last found a solution. "Great Scott!" thought I, when it struck me, "why, this is Othello all over again; the fellow is as jealous as they make them!"

In the ordinary sense, this knowledge should have made me careful not to further excite his anger. But my head was turned somewhat by the peculiar circumstances of my position in the way that all the natives bowed down to me. As it was, this very human passion on the part of Gawana gave me some unpleasant half hours, and, in the end, nearly cost me my life. But, after all, it was the best thing that could have happened, for it finally caused me to leave the island, a first and most essential thing towards the gratifying adventure that befell me.

If I hadn't left then, who knows, I might have degenerated and have been living there still, and have furnished another example, often met with in the Islands, of men who forget what is due to the parents who bore them, and the colour of their skin.

I never went about unless armed, the Winchester being my constant companion, or, failing this, a revolver strapped on. It was not that I had any fear concerning my safety among the natives, for that had passed from my mind

HE BALANCED ONE OF THOSE UGLY LOOKING SPEARS NERVOUSLY IN HIS HAND

after the first few days of my sojourn, and, in that respect, I felt as secure as though I were in the streets of Sydney. No! it was simply a habit I had acquired, and, as such, adhered to without serious thought or reason. Subsequent events proved it to be a most handy acquisition, which undoubtedly saved my life on more than one occasion.

I had been something like a month on the island, and began to think it was just about time to shape a course for some more civilised country. Most of my time was passed dodging about the reefs by which the island was surrounded, offering an attractive field for exploration that I never grew tired of. Nearly every day I came across specimens of shells that were new to me, or would gaze for hours into the limpid water and find new beauties in the wondrous formation of a coral bottom

Google

One day I was about to start on my usual recreation, and in addition, do a little bit of fishing, when Gawana, who, as a rule, gave me a pretty wide berth and showed no particular desire for my society, appeared on the scene.

"Hullo!" said I. "Anything I can do for you?"

"Can I come with you fishing, bada?" (master), he answered, shifting awkwardly from leg to leg, and behaving as though he asked the question with an effort.

"Feel like letting bygones be bygones, eh?" said I, smiling, "well, that's a good sign, anyhow."

He nodded his head gravely, not, of course, understanding my query, but taking it for an assent, at which I smiled.

Running gaily up the beach, he soon returned with a full complement of spears, among them two or three much heavier than those usually employed for spearing fish. They had protuberances running partly up them, something like a row of shark's teeth, which, instead of being upright, deflected along the spear, offering no resistance to penetration, but making extraction a much more difficult matter. The reason for their inclusion among the number was not made manifest to me until some days afterwards.

We proceeded out to the reef, and, whilst he with spear in hand cast his eye about in search of quarry, I, not being expert in that direction, contented myself with a method I was more familiar with, namely, hook and line.

We had been thus engaged for some little time, and I had just pulled my line up to rebait the hook when Gawana made a most awkward movement, and the next minute our frail craft had capsized. Feeling her going, and acting on the impulse that seized me, I snatched the revolver from my belt and held it above my head, with the intention, if possible, of keeping it dry, a perfectly natural action, for salt water plays the very deuce with firearms. Being successful in this, and my feet having found bottom, I turned to see how it had fared with Gawana.

He was standing in much more shallow water some five or six yards away, holding one of those ugly-looking spears, which he balanced hesitatingly, and nervously, in his hand. As I stood there with the water up to my breast and my arm extended to keep the revolver dry, he looked at me with a peculiar expression on his face, which, at the time, I took for chagrin at his awkwardness. Then, without a word, or any attempt to right the canoe, he waded for the shore as fast as the depth of water would allow him, and disappeared into the scrub. This rather strange behaviour on his part caused me very little anxiety. If I thought of it at all, which is doubtful, I came to the conclusion that he imagined I was angry at his clumsiness, so thought the easiest way out of a difficulty was to make himself scarce until my wrath had cooled. Fully a week went by before I set eyes on him again.

He presented himself after this interval, as, one day, I was sitting alone at the door of my house.

For some considerable time he hung about in the background, as though not quite sure what his reception would be, and seemed to me more fearful than the lapse of time and his fault warranted. Several friendly gestures were necessary to convince him that I was in an amiable mood, but even after he had approached, he never appeared quite to lose his nervousness during our interview.

I noticed that he carried in his hand a string of fish, which, after many covert glances, he at last offered for my acceptance. They were every colour of the rainbow, and certainly looked very pretty as he deposited them at my feet.

"Oh!" thought I, as he signified they were for me, "a peace offering; and what a nice way of putting it. Through his clumsiness the other day he spoiled my chance of fishing, and now he has been to the trouble of catching some to make up for it." I vowed to myself from that moment that the rather foolish amusement of arousing his jealousy by paying attention to Oobona, should cease, and that hereafter it should be plain sailing for him, so that all he had to do, as far as I was concerned, was to wade in and win.

He didn't stop long after he saw I had accepted his gift, which I did directly, not wishing to nip such a pretty sentiment in the bud, and went off evidently highly pleased with himself.

"Now, to square a little difference, that's about the prettiest way I know of," I ruminated, as he disappeared. "If 'Bully' Harker would only take a leaf out of Gawana's book in the matter of patching up quarrels, what a deal of trouble he'd save himself and other people!"

I was sitting thinking over little things like this when Oobona came along. She first of all looked at me, then at the fish, finally bringing her eyes back to mine in an enquiring sort of manner, which said quite plainly, "where did you get them?"

"A little present from Gawana," said I, extending my hand towards the fish, and answering the question I could see in her face. "Nice lot, eh?"

She didn't answer me, but, stepping forward, picked them up by the string, and before I could

do anything to prevent her, ran down to the beach, and threw them out as far as she could into the sea.

"What did you do that for?" I said, angrily.

"That fish no good to eat," she answered.

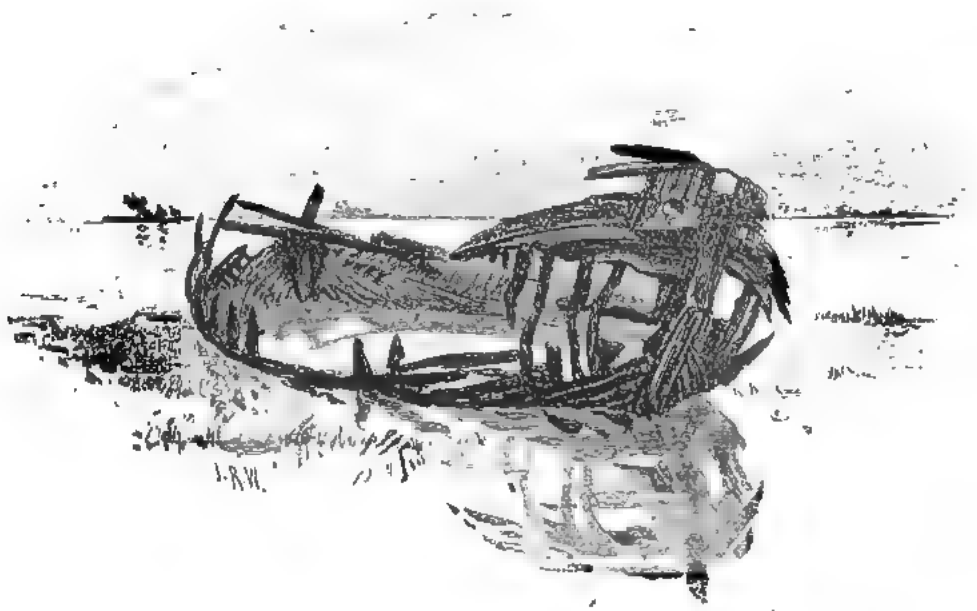
Perhaps my wits were rather dull that day, for even then it did not strike me there was anything wrong with them, and I let her go without asking any more questions.

A little adventure I had a day or two later put another complexion on the matter, and I saw many things in quite a different light. I had gone out to shoot pigeons, the trees growing the berries on which they fed being some distance inland. Sauntering along quietly, I thought I heard a noise behind me. It was a one man track I was following, with bush and long grass on either side as high as one's head, so that I could not see any great distance in front or ahead of me. At first I didn't pay much attention to the sound, thinking very possibly it was made by a pig that had wandered away from the village, as they will do in search of food. As I heard it again and again and it seemed to be following me, I determined to ascertain the meaning of it. So I dived behind a clump of bushes, and quietly waited.

Presently, from where I was concealed, I saw Gawana come into view. He glanced from side to side, stopping to listen now and again, a spear poised in his hand, and every nerve of his body as fine and taut as a harpstring. "Oh! that's it, is it!" I murmured, hastily bringing the gun to my shoulder, and covering him, "hardly a peace offering this time," for I saw at a glance that I was the object of his quest, and that he was stalking me in hopes of using his spear should the opportunity present itself.

Chas Protheroe

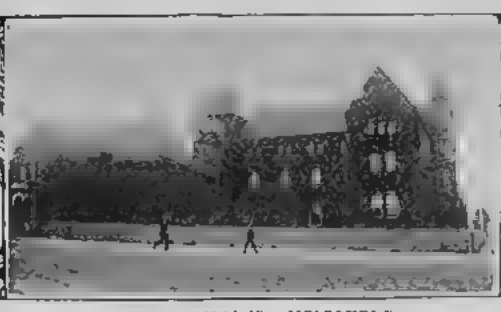
(To be Continued.)



SOME AUSTRALIAN SCHOOLS.

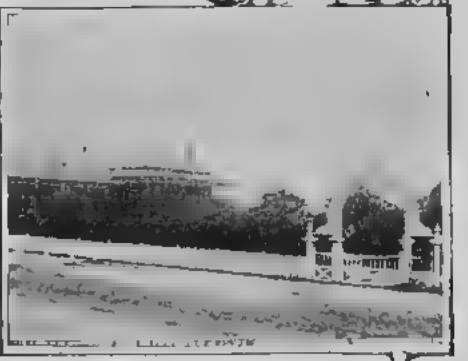
BEING SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL VICTORIAN COLLEGES.

Photographed by F. E. BEAVER.



SCOTCH COLLEGE, MELBOURNE

SOUTH MELBOURNE COLLEGE



HAILEYBURY COLLEGE, BRIGHTON, VICTORIA

ST PATRICK'S COLLEGE, MELBOURNE

CHURCH OF ENGLAND GR SCHOOL, S YARRA

WESLEY COLLEGE, WINDSOR, VICTORIA.

SEDBERGH SCHOOL.

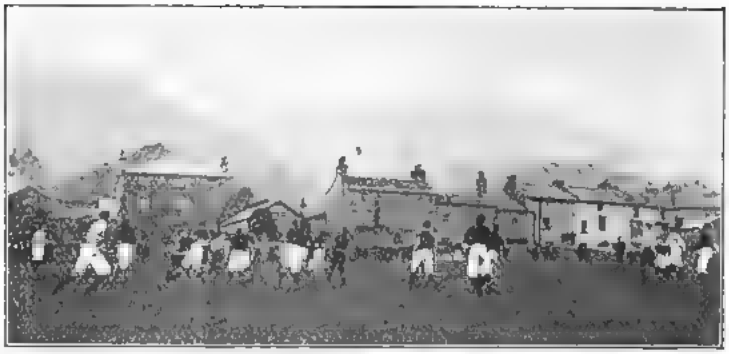
By A. E. JOHNSON.

VIEW FROM THE SCHOOL HILL.
Showing the Chapel, Gymnasium, Shop, Masters' Hostel, and School House; with the Cricket Field to the extreme left.

AN interesting essay might be written by a close student of public school life, upon the influence of scenery on the moral and physical life of a school. That the growing mind of youth is specially susceptible to environment is a truism that needs no reiteration, and to the wise parent the teachings of Nature form by no means the least important part in the education of a son. Nowhere, perhaps (unless at Trinity College, Glenalmond) can this educational aspect of Nature be so appropriately studied as at Sedbergh School, the theme of our present article. Situated in the midst of that wildly beautiful country where Yorkshire trespasses on the confines of Westmoreland and lovely Lakeland, Sedbergh has, indeed, opportunities unrivalled for fostering in the minds of her sons that instinctive love of Nature which, in after years, is a man's greatest safeguard, and at the same time for carrying out that lusty schooling which Sedberghians have in mind when they apostrophise their fostermother, in the words of the school motto, as *Dura Virum Nutrix*. Not a little reminiscent is that motto of Loretto's stern watchword: *Spartam nactus es, hanc exorna;* and, indeed, there is much in common, as we shall see, between the two schools. Life at Sedbergh is tinged in no small degree by that 'healthy disregard for stupid convention so characteristic of the Scottish Sparta, while both schools hold steadfastly to the belief that without the education of the boy physical, the training of the boy moral and intellectual is a vain attempt.

C. LOWRY, M.A., HEADMASTER OF SEDBERGH.
Photo A. D. Kissack.

The early vicissitudes of Sedbergh School form an interesting chapter in the history of our public schools;



FOOTBALL AT SEDBERGH.
Photo T. W. MacD.

but it is our intention here to deal with the living present, rather than to delve into the musty past. Suffice it to say that having been founded and refounded (first, by Roger Lupton, Provost of Eton, in 1528, and secondly, by King Edward VI in 1552), during the sixteenth century, the school progressed slowly through the two succeeding centuries, until what may be termed its modern history commenced with the headmastership of the Rev. J. H. Evans, in 1838. Reorganisation at the hands of the Endowed Schools Commission took place in 1874, the next occupant of the head-magisterial chair being the Rev. F. Heppenstall. In 1880 began the rule of Mr. H. G. Hart, whose resignation was accepted only three years ago. Mr. Hart was to Sedbergh what Arnold was to Rugby, or, to draw a nearer, if less familiar, parallel, what Dyne was to Highgate. His successor is Mr. C. Lowry, whose advent from Eton appropriately confirms the distant relations of the school with the college.

Our task, then, is to present a picture, or a series of pictures, of life at Sedbergh today. The cynic may, perhaps, smile at our instant reference to matters athletic; but, in sooth, the outward social life of a school centres in the playing field. Hence we proffer no excuse for taking the reader by the hand and leading him out of doors.

Of all sports in which Sedberghians are proficient, that in which they are pre-eminent, and with which the onlooker at once connects them, is long-distance running. Here we see, in a superficial way, the influence of environment upon the life of a school. Few schools besides Sedbergh could provide better ground for cross-country running, and in few places, if any, is

THE CRICKET FIELD.
Showing the Town Church, with Mr. Mackie's House on the left; Winder and Crook behind.

Google

a better, stiffer, more varied, more *thorough* course to be found than that covered by competitors in the Sedbergh "Ten Mile." Into a full account of this, the most famous of public school steeplechases, it is impossible to enter here; but it may be said that between the two short stretches of "straight" at the start and the finish, the runner has to encounter almost every conceivable kind of country at almost every possible gradient. He needs a stout heart and tough thews and sinews, who would emulate the feats of a Pumphrey, a Grandage, or a Bushell.

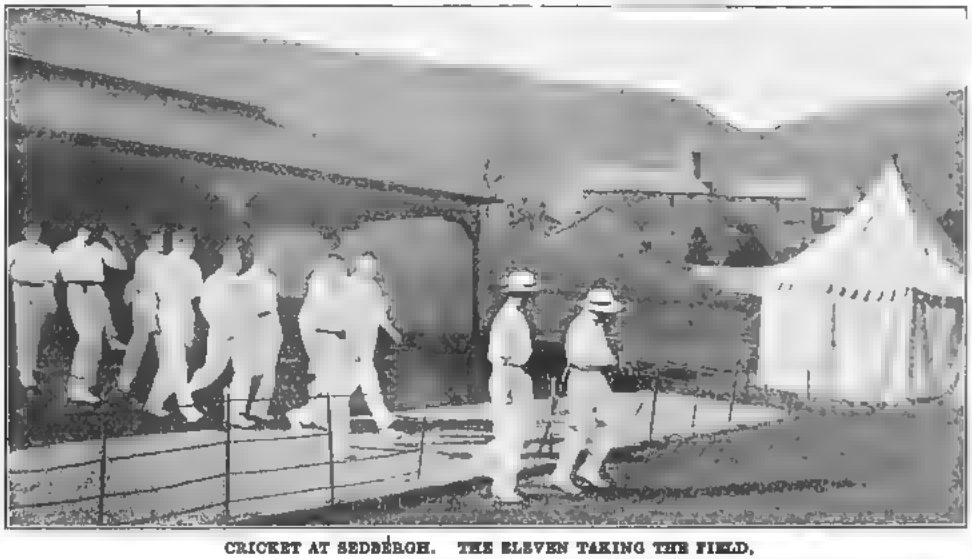
IN TIME OF DROUGHT. WATERING THE CRICKET PITCH WITH BUCKETS FILLED FROM THE SWIMMING BATH.

Running, however, is a recognised and well-organised sport at Sedbergh. As at Loretto, a "run" (over an officially defined course) is accepted in lieu of the compulsory afternoon football. On Thursdays, too, the Sedberghian goes with his fellows for a "house run," of from three to four miles, and thus from his earliest school days is training his wind and limbs for those feats of athletic endurance which he is to accomplish when a senior. Before a boy passes the age of fifteen, there is the Three Mile Steeplechase in the Easter term to test his abilities, and to whet his appetite for the hard fare of the "Ten Mile"; for which latter race serious training commences about the middle of the Easter term. Would-be competitors have first to undergo a medical examination, repeated immediately before the event is decided. Thus only the absolutely fit have a chance of running, and competitors whose grit might exceed their strength are excluded, and

A HOUSE RUN.

the possibility of calamity is prevented. The record for the "Ten Mile" is held by C. E. Pumphrey, the Cambridge cross-country runner, whose best time was 1hr. 10mins. 16 3-5 secs. It is not surprising to find that the inter-'Varsity cross-country contest usually sees a Sedberghian competing, and, as likely as not, winning as well. In those branches of running, considered as a sport, which are generally included under the category of "Athletic Sports," the school has no specially remarkable records; this being due, in great measure, to the track, which is not only grass, but usually very wet and sodden.

Another Easter-term pastime, for which Sedbergh has almost peculiar facilities among public schools south of the Tweed, is tobogganing, which not infrequently lasts for two or three weeks after the holidays. Skating is also possible when the frost is hard, ice-hockey being very popular on a large sheet of water in the neighbourhood known as Lilymere.

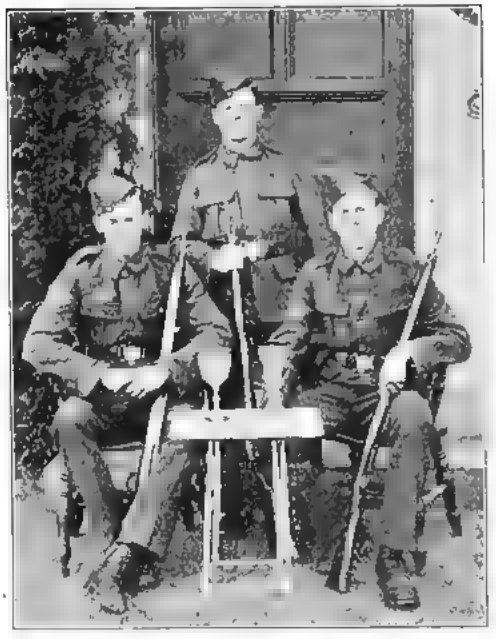


CRICKET AT SEDBERGH. THE ELEVEN TAKING THE FIELD.

As a footballer, the Sedberghian ranks almost as high as he does in the rôle of cross-country runner. Despite the comparatively small numbers of the boys (about 250 is the average), many first-rate players have been turned out. It will probably be remembered that in the inter-'Varsity match of two years ago, the brothers Odgers, *Sedbergiani ambo*, were playing on opposite sides. It seems superfluous to remark that the school plays under Rugby rules. Sedbergh football owes much to the sedulous care devoted to it by two of the masters, Messrs. Lemarchand and Gooch. This disinterested example is followed, however, by all the masters, whose keen participation in the sports, from football to swimming, either actively or as coaches, is one of the pleasantest features of the school life. Big-side in footer, which generally includes one or two masters, plays on such Wednesdays and Saturdays as are not set apart for matches, and on other days the "Sets" play, each game being under the eye of a master or responsible big-sider. The remote situation of the school places the fifteen at a great disadvantage as regards matches, the number of clubs available as opponents being very limited, and yet further reduced of recent years by secessions from the Rugby Union. Many clubs that did not care to join the Northern Union have been compelled to dissolve, or have adopted "Soccer" as the only means of salvation. Sedbergh Town has pursued this latter course, and the school's old "town match" is a thing of the past. Three school matches are played, however, against Loretto, Merchiston, and Giggleswick. Battles of giants are these, when the school field is thronged by a cheering mob of Sedberghians egging on the fifteen, resplendent in brown and gold, with repeated and vociferous shouts of "Brown"! The bulk of the season, however, is filled up by house matches in the competition for the Inter-House Challenge Cup. Football comes to an end about the sixth week in Easter term (unless terminated earlier by Jack Frost), after which there follows, as we have seen, training for the sports and the "Ten Mile," varied by preparations for the gymnastic competition. The ordinary work

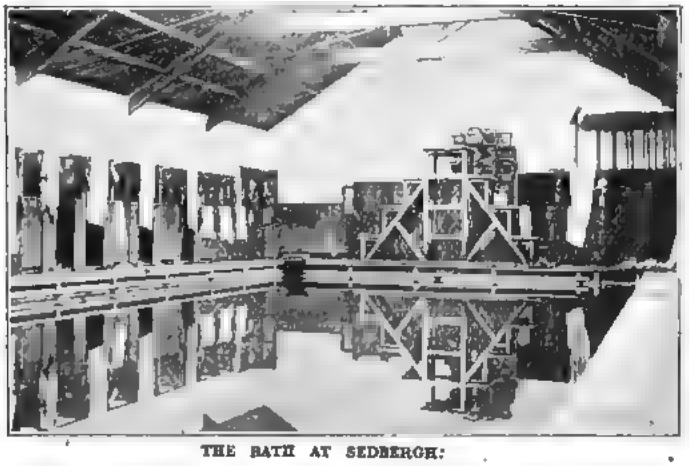
done in the gymnasium, by the way, is very thorough, and every boy gets at least two half-hours a week on the apparatus.

During the summer time, swimming and cricket naturally occupy the most of a Sedberghian's hours of recreation. The school has a swimming bath which, in the chillier months of the year, is a boon indeed; but in the summer it is scorned. Are there not, in the Rawthey and the Lune, some half-a-dozen places or more, where clothes can be hastily cast off and a glorious plunge made from the bank, or from the rocks, into clear running water? Besides, even were there any bathers so unnatural as to prefer the covered bath, there are times during summer when they could not gratify their wish; for at the first indication of a drought, the bath is emptied and the precious water saved for more necessary purposes. Or it may have to serve the purpose of watering the cricket field, as occurred two years ago, when the boys were formed up in two long ranks (as if for a fire drill), between the pitch and the bath, and five hard-worked buckets passed up and down until the thirst of the parched earth had been partially assuaged. No boy is allowed, however, to bathe in either of the streams before he has passed a test of eight lengths (about 150 yards) at the bath, whither he has to go—unless medically exempt—three times a week, in whatever temperature, until he is proficient. Once the test is passed, a boy is free to bathe twice every day of the week if he chooses, once before breakfast and once after. And a very moist person in summer is the average Sedberghian!



MR. FOWLER'S HOUSE TEAM. WINNERS OF LORD ROBERTS' SHOOTING CUP, 1902.

Sedbergh looks its best, though not, perhaps, most characteristic, on a warm summer's day. Charming is the cricket field on a fine half-holiday, when a match is in progress. Smooth and restful to the eye stretches the green sward, ringed by the school buildings, the antique tower of the church, and the grey walls of the little village deep-set in the hollow of the rolling hills—a pleasant scene, indeed, of the sort that lingers long in the memory; though the captain of the eleven, as he heads his men when they file out of the pavilion—their brown caps and blazers doffed—will probably be grumbling that the wicket is either too slow and heavy, or (in time of drought) too hard and bumpy. Sedbergh wickets have a way of failing to attain the golden mean. The principal matches are against the Old Rossallians, the Northern Nomads, and Giggleswick, the most get-at-able school from this secluded corner of the North. House matches, as in football, are the mainstay of the season.



THE BATH AT SEDBERGH.

Space contracts; and we can but touch in the briefest manner on the chief features of the Sedberghian's indoor life, within one or other of the five Houses. The sumptuary laws of the school deserve special notice, being very typical. The most noteworthy thing about them is (to perpetrate something near akin to an Irishism) their almost complete

absence. In the matter of collars only is there any strict rule. "Stickups" are the especial jealously guarded privilege of the Sixth, Prefects, XV., and XI.; the lower school wear an Eton collar outside the jacket, while the middle school effect a compromise with a species of collar known as a "lie-down." Taste in ties, also, is under supervision, plain black being the only alternative to one denoting the House, XV., or XI. colours; though for the Sixth and Prefects there are also special ties. But dress generally is "subject to no academic rule," and Norfolk jackets and knickers are the favourite garments; while during the summer flannels are permitted in school as well as out between 11 o'clock and tea time.

J. G. THOMPSON, CAPTAIN OF SEDBERGH.
Photo by Greenbank.

Also characteristic of Sedbergh are the musical inclinations of her sons. A rule of the school demands that every boy shall sing or play an instrument. Hence the musical society (from which is selected the choir), the band, and the non-musical society, the latter being a jovial collection of brazen-lunged roisterers whose meagre musical attainments unfit them for membership of the society whose members can sing or play tolerably, or even exceedingly, well.

Returning to the outdoor life of Sedbergh, mention should be made of the recently-established Cadet Corps. As yet it is too early to speak of the military doings of the school. Inter-House shooting competitions for the Lord Roberts' Shooting Cup have already been instituted, however, and doubtless a Sedbergh Eight will, in due course, make its appearance at Bisley. At field-days, certainly, the War Correspondent of THE CAPTAIN will look anxiously for the new recruits of the public school army.

In the few pages at our disposal, it is difficult to give a picture of the mere outward life of a school, and it is well-nigh impossible to even suggest or hint at that inward life, which, after all, is the true life. Yet at Sedbergh that inward life, inspiration, *esprit de corps*, call it what you will, is especially strong, partly, no doubt, by reason of the school's isolation, but chiefly from causes

RIVER BATHING IN THE LUNE.

known only to Sedberghians, and to them only in a blind, unconscious sort of way. It is to the songs of a nation or a school (which is a nation in miniature) that we must look for the expression of feelings such as these, and accordingly we make no apology for concluding this inadequate sketch with a couple of verses from, perhaps, the most characteristic of Sedbergh songs, "The Ten Mile." After referring to the competitors in the ancient Olympian games, the bard (Mr. R. St. J. Ainslie) proceeds:

THE SEDBERGH CORPS: A RECENT ADDITION TO THE PUBLIC SCHOOL ARMY.

Sedbergh in the hardy North,
  She her runners too can show,
Sends her fleet Athenians forth,
  Trains her Spartans in the snow.
Herald March the blast is sounding,
Rugged fells the course surrounding,
Don your jerseys, make you ready,
Up and off, lads, swift and steady!
    Strain and struggle, might and main,
    Scorn defeat, and laugh at pain;
    Never shall you strive in vain
      In the long run.

At Olympia, far away,
  When the victor wore the crown,
Breathing marble, burning lay,
  Made immortal his renown.
What though fate has given to Winder
No Praxiteles or Pindar?
Yet her sons who bravely bear them,
Sedbergh in her heart shall wear them!
    Strain and struggle, might and main,
    Scorn defeat, and laugh at pain;
    Never shall you strive in vain
      In the long run.

THE TEN MILE.
Ten Mile Lane: one mile out

Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.

No. II.
A BONE-SHAKING ADVENTURE.

I.

THE happy youth who chances to be the proud possessor of a bicycle is apt to look with supreme contempt upon the old-fashioned, high-wheeled machines that served a by-gone generation. Bone-shakers, you call them, eh? Well, may be so; although I have a hazy sort of notion that the modern safety more closely resembles the primitive velocipede than did the wheel of the early eighties. But in one way, at least, we fellows managed to put our cycles to a use to which it would be impossible to turn the most highly patented of recent inventions. You doubt it, eh? Well, let me explain matters.

The western boundary of our playground was a long, ordinary brick wall; and very convenient some of the beginners found it when the cycling craze first seized upon the school. Indeed, one hardly knows how some of them would ever have learnt with the present machines. As matters stood, the wall was just of a convenient height. When mounted on our steeds, those of us who were tall enough could lean comfortably on one elbow and review the situation. Even the youngsters could reach up with one hand and rest their fingers upon it. We required no other friend to assist the unsteady efforts of the beginner. By the wall he mounted, and to the wall he clung; first groping his uncertain way with one hand clutching his ally; then making frantic little bursts of a yard or two, to conclude with a convulsive grab at the top bricks; and at last proudly, yet cautiously, wobbling round the playground, ready at any moment to make a frantic dash for the friendly helper. Now and again a wheel doubled in the shock; but, on the whole, our mute assistant behaved well, and seemed to know what was expected of it. Greatest of all boons to the beginner, it avoided the necessity of having to dismount. And when the craze was at its height, you might have found the boundary simply studded with cyclists; all resting by, or clinging to, its support, in different attitudes of complacency, resignation, determination, or despair.

Now, as above-mentioned, those fellows who were of moderate height could rest comfortably with one elbow on the wall; and naturally enough would frequently turn their wandering gaze to the prospect beyond. And then some of those who had got over the terrors of remounting acquired the habit of resting awhile on the top of the wall with feet dangling towards the playground below. And then at times some would be found with back turned to the school, and feet dangling on the other side. Next, what more natural than for some playful youth, in riding by, to give his unsuspecting chum a push and send him sprawling on the other side! And sometimes when this had been done a master would be descried approaching; and, whilst friendly voices cautioned the fallen one to remain where he was, some faithful ally would rush to the vacant machine, and either mount it, or, if too inexpert, stand by it, ostentatiously dusting his clothes or gingerly feeling his elbow. And the boundary being, as has been said, literally studded with machines, even a suspicious master would have taken a little time to clear a way through the barrier and climb the wall to prospect. And hence it happened that it began gradually to dawn upon the livelier

members of the lower school that here was a new and promising method of breaking bounds with impunity. And then there spread before them an enticing vista of unlimited larks.

It was young Lewis who was really the first to grasp the situation; although, speaking literally, others had, no doubt, tumbled to it. But it was Lewis who first alighted on the other side of malice aforethought, and filled with the fell intent to supplement the provender provided for our simple meals with illicit delicacies gathered from the town. He jumped, he sped, he conquered; returning presently laden with the spoils. Willing hands, stretched over the wall, hastily snatched the fruits of victory; and, hugging them close to our bosoms beneath tightly-buttoned coats, Carter and I rode gaily off, whilst Bannister remained leaning against the wall in contemplative mood, ready to intimate to our colleague when the coast was reasonably clear. Soon both of them joined us, and great was our triumph at the success of the venture.

And, as invariably happens in the case of a successful experiment, our example soon raised up a host of imitators. In vain do the great discourage followers. The whole of the lower school seemed determined to walk in the path we had trodden. Even Walters partially succumbed to the prevailing mania. He would not venture over the wall; but, bribed with the offer of a portion of the spoil, he was persuaded on one occasion to rest his machine against the boundary and gather in the forbidden fruit. His unexpected complaisance almost proved our undoing. As he sped from the wall, grappling divers articles to his breast, the Senior Classic appeared on the scene. A more trustworthy member would have ridden serenely on, but Walters was weak and wobbled. The master, half anticipating a spill, turned to look at him. The guilty conscience of Walters smote him. He wobbled again, and a bottle of lemonade fell to the ground and exploded with a loud report. Old Slowcoach, as we irreverently termed the sedate senior, who formed so striking a contrast to his wide-awake Junior colleague, paused in his march, and another bottle fell. "Give them to me, you ass," savagely murmured Carter, who had spurted to Walters' side. The latter strove to comply, but, in his nervousness, the attempt to pass the goods and at the same time steer his machine proved too much for him. He swerved clean into Carter, and the two boys went over; whilst a large currant cake, a masterpiece of the confectioner's art, bounded violently to the ground and shivered into a thousand fragments at the master's feet. Walters set up a piteous lamentation. "I'm caught; I'm caught," he cried. Even then the suspicions of the Senior Classic were not aroused. "Pick yourself up, Walters," said he, severely, "and don't go crying like a great baby over the loss of a cake. Where did it come from?" Carter scented danger, and cut in at once. "Please, sir," said he, "it wasn't my fault, was it? Walters swerved on to me; didn't he, sir?" "Walters certainly appeared to me to be in fault," responded the Senior Classic, as he gazed mildly at Carter through his spectacles, "but where—" "There, I told you so," exclaimed Carter indignantly to Walters. "You are always trying to put the blame on me, but it wasn't me this time, was it, sir?" "I have already said—" commenced the Senior Classic. "There you are now," quoth Carter. "Oh! he's cut his hand. Had he not better go and wash it, sir? He might get some dirt into it." "It would be as well," said the master; "but where—" "Come on, Walters," cried Carter, "I'll pump for you although you did run into me." And, seizing Walters by the hand, Carter rushed off, leaving the master gazing after him perplexedly. But murmuring something about a hamper he supposed, the tutor resumed his walk and speedily forgot all about the matter.

"Lucky it wasn't the Junior Classic," said Carter afterwards. "Didn't I manage it well, though?"

"Pretty well," quoth young Lewis.

"Only pretty well!" ejaculated Carter, hotly. "And what would you have done, I should like to know?"

"I think I should have drawn Old Slowcoach for the price of the cake," responded young Lewis, mildly.

And as we gazed upon the ingenuous countenance of the angelic one, we verily believed he would.

II.

For some little time after the fiasco brought about by Walters' incompetence, the fellows generally kept pretty quiet. Their eyes were opened to the fact that they were running a certain amount of danger; and although the Senior Classic had evidently forgotten all about the matter, it was felt that a second mishap would arouse even his suspicions. Yet, in the course of a week or so,

the effect of the warning began to wear off, and, as the Fates would have it, the second week found Bannister the happy recipient of a brand new bicycle from home, sent to commemorate the occasion of his birthday. Proud as a peacock was that elated youngster as he rode round the playground in the full joy of possession, and expressed his commiseration for us unfortunate wights, confined to the cumbrous second-hand machines which were at the service of the lower school. Carter's slumbering jealousy was fanned into resentment at the patronising tones of his old ally. "Doesn't he just fancy himself!" he exclaimed. "Why, the place won't be big enough to hold him soon." The prophet was right. Bannister soon got tired of perambulating the confined area which was within the limits of bounds for the lower school, and waxed anxious to try the capacity of his new machine in some long excursion, which might form a test as well of its speed as of his own prowess.

HE WAS PERSUADED TO REST HIS MACHINE AGAINST THE BOUNDARY WALL AND GATHER IN THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT

And although he was confident that he could leave Carter, Lewis, and myself far behind if we accompanied him, and that we should only be hindrances to his progress, it was evident he saw no fun in breaking bounds alone. We three felt strongly inclined to leave him to his own devices. Not because we feared our inability to keep pace with him—oh, dear me, no! Each and every one of us had ample confidence in his own prowess, and was secretly convinced that his superior skill was more than sufficient to make him a match for any other member of the lower school, however much better mounted. Bannister, however, had given himself such airs over his new possession that our usually friendly relations had shown signs of becoming rather strained. But when the matter came to the point the old loyalty triumphantly reasserted itself. Could we desert our friend and allow him to incur all the risk of breaking bounds alone? Certainly not. He only proposed to pay a visit to the neighbouring town, some ten miles distant; but the journey might have been twenty or thirty for all we cared. We would abide by his right side and break the bounds with him.

And so it happened that one bright Saturday afternoon, Carter, Bannister, and I, accompanied by young Lewis, crept stealthily out of the school gates and made our way down a side street of the town out into the country beyond. We had carefully chosen the moment of our departure, and deemed we had made our exit secure from all hostile eyes. How we were to get back unobserved

was a matter we had not really considered. "Take short views of life," was a maxim once laid down by a great authority as the straight road to success; and whether the advice be sound or not, it is not unusual for small boys to act upon it. Once clear of the town, we rode off at our best pace, or, at least, at the best pace of three of us. For, before we had gone half-a-mile, Bannister was already grumbling at being constantly compelled to slacken down in order to allow our more cumbrous machines to draw level. We had need to move if we really meant to reach our objective, which was on the high road that ran straight through the town. This route, for the present, we did not dare to take. It was our intention to complete a circuit of about five miles of irregular lanes, which would lead us back into the high road at a point about two miles from the town. At that distance we judged we should be safe in continuing our journey along the main thoroughfare.

Now, in thinking we had effected our departure secure from all hostile eyes, we had, unfortunately, overlooked one unsuspected danger. Joey, the school factotum, had been watching our proceedings at first with idle curiosity, then with suspicion, and lastly with joyful indignation as the inner meaning of matters dawned upon him. The indignation may have been an empty parade of affected virtue. The joy was real enough. Joey had more than one score to play off against Lewis; and now, at last, he saw an opportunity of getting even with his young tormentor. He would carry his tale to the strictest master he could find, and invite him to start in pursuit and catch the offenders red-handed. The butler chuckled gleefully as his imagination already depicted the scene, and the retribution which would of a surety be exacted for the breach of bounds. But which master should he go to? Fate decided the question for the butler. At that very moment the German master, Leutenegger, came sauntering slowly across the playground. The very man, thought Joey.

I hope I shall not be deemed guilty of *lèse-majesté* if I write that Leutenegger was probably the best-hated man that ever exercised any authority at the school. It was not so much that he was a foreigner, or that he played no games. Jalaguier, the French master, suffered from both these disadvantages, and yet was unanimously voted a good sort. It was rather because of the general opinion that Leutenegger did not play *the* game. He was wont to resort to any little trick or device to detect the objects of his suspicions, and to display an unconcealed enjoyment whenever he was successful in securing their punishment. Joey was right in thinking he had found the very man for the job. The German listened eagerly to the butler's breathless statement, and expressed his readiness for the pursuit. But how was he to make sure of capturing the delinquents?

"Lor, sir," said the butler, "that's easy enough. They ain't gone out for a two minutes' ride, that's certain. Now, I know them there lanes, and they only lead back to the high road about two miles further on. So I horses the master's carriage and drives you straight down the High, and you will get to the turning afore they can. Then if they don't come we shall know as they've decided to go back the same way; so what does we do but whip round and catch 'em the other end?"

"Good!" exclaimed Leutenegger, "but you haf the real genius."

The gratified butler had out the doctor's horse and brougham in the twinkling of an eye. In a very few minutes after we had started, the German master was being driven rapidly down the High, intent on entrapping us at the point where the lanes wound into the main thoroughfare.

III.

In the meantime, unconscious of impending danger, we cyclists sped gaily upon our unlawful way. Or, rather, to put it more accurately, Bannister sped gaily on his way, and frequently had to turn and come back for the others, with whom he remonstrated vigorously on the slowness of the pace. The outraged trio retorted with equal vigour, and made various disparaging allusions to Bannister's estimate both of himself and his machine. Then that youngster, finding our united vocabulary too much for him, tried another tack, and took to riding by himself until he was safely round a corner and out of sight, when he would dismount, and, leaning against the hedge, await our arrival in ostentatious silence and with folded arms. In this manner relations were beginning to get a little bit strained, and it was just as well for the harmony of the party when the five miles of circuitous lanes had at last been covered, and the deviation into the high road had to be accomplished with a care and caution that necessitated the use of concerted action.

THE GERMAN MASTER FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR, AND, ALIGHTING ON THE ROAD, SHOUTED TO US TO STOP

"It's all safe enough," said Carter. "I knew there wouldn't be any one about at this distance from the town—Great Scott! the doctor's carriage!"

For there, drawn close up under the hedge on the off-side, so that we had missed it in our first hasty glance up and down the road, was the doctor's brougham, and as Joey, mounted on the box, caught sight of us, he raised a yell of exultant triumph. The German master, who had been reposing inside the brougham, flung open the door, and, alighting on the road, shouted to us to stop.

"It's Leutenegger!" cried Bannister, and off he dashed at top speed, away from the school and along the High. What we expected to gain by flight I hardly know, for we had clearly been recognised, and probably were only making matters worse. But in moments of danger instinct is ofttimes a wiser counsellor than reason, and instinct distinctly bade us fly. So we fled. Bannister first, as I have said, and then the other three after him, all bending double over their rickety old machines and pedalling away at their utmost pace.

We had secured a flying start, for Joey had to wait for the master to re-enter the brougham before he could pull it to the centre of the road and whip up in pursuit. If we could only maintain our lead for a few minutes we felt we should be safe. For, about a couple of miles further on, the road descended a steep hill, which we knew Joey would be compelled to take cautiously, and then, after another mile or so, ascended a corresponding hill, which would prove an even more serious obstacle to the pursuit. The thing was to reach the first hill, and it must be remembered that mutual loyalty regulated our pace to the capacity of the oldest machine and the least expert rider. Lewis, in particular, who was smaller than the rest, could only just reach with the tips of his toes the pedals of the cycle he had secured, and this was not conducive to pace. And as for the machine on which I was mounted, I had been misguided enough in our hasty flight from the school to collar the first, which proved to be the heaviest, that came to hand. With Leutenegger on our heels, I could have vowed it weighed fully a ton. Still we sped manfully onwards. Bump, bump! Ugh! what a stone! Meantime, Joey urged on his frantic steed with wild shouts and yells of imprecation, standing upright on the box the better to lash the unfortunate animal, whilst the master leaned half-way out of the window and hurled at us both injunctions to stop and threats of punishment in a curious medley of German and broken English. "Steady, Lewis," said Carter, breathlessly, as the youngster swerved, "you nearly had us all over that time." On we went, but the sound of the wheels of the remorseless pursuit drew nearer and nearer. Oh, joy! the hill at last! At a desperate and reckless speed we rushed full-tilt down that steep and dangerous declivity. How we ever contrived to get to the bottom unscathed I do not know. It was one of those foolhardy escapades of youth at which, in maturer age, one looks back in wondering amazement. But the special providence which seems to watch over the mad hazards undertaken by small boys brought us safely through the risk. Bump, bump, went my machine as it reached the bottom, and I confess, for the moment, my heart was in my mouth. But, beyond bucking like a colt during the first level hundred yards or so, nothing happened. "We—we—we c—c—came down that hill w—w—well, d—didn't we?" panted Bannister, "we must have left them behind now." We gazed backwards in that fond hope, but to our amazement Joey had forgotten his discretion in the excitement of the moment. If he could not fully emulate our break-neck pace he had followed so fast on our heels that the brougham was already nearly at the foot of the hill. With despair tugging at our hearts we prepared again to fly, when a sudden shout of alarm caused us to gaze back once more. Joey had lost control of the reins as the brougham gave a violent jerk on reaching the foot of the hill. The frightened horse swerved, and charged wildly into the hedge; and there, half slanting over, was the carriage stuck fast in the ditch, and we felt it would take at least half an hour for the united efforts of the two men to succeed in extricating it from its position.

IV.

GREAT is the relief of escape from immediate danger, even when it is not apparent that any substantial benefit has been gained thereby, and the threatened evil seems as certain in its ultimate operation as ever. When we saw our pursuers temporarily disabled we could scarcely restrain a shout of exultation, and we jogged on awhile as blithely and merrily as if we had escaped unobserved. It was not until we arrived at the foot of the long

TURNED A SOMERSAULT IN THE NEAREST DITCH.

hill, a mile or so further on, and paused for a few moments to recover our breath before attempting the ascent, that we began to reflect on the situation and to wonder whether we had done much good for ourselves after all. And even then our thoughts only turned to the risk of immediate capture.

"I say, Bannister," sang out Carter, as he surveyed the hill with somewhat modified enthusiasm. "Is it any use to go sweating up there? We've got time, I suppose?"

"There's time enough," said Bannister. "But where else could we go if there wasn't? Back again would lead us straight into the arms of Leutenegger."

"Then how are we going to get back again at all?" queried Lewis, suddenly.

In our hasty flight we had not thought of that. Each gazed blankly at the others, and sought vainly for inspiration in the faces of his chums. But no one had any practical suggestion to offer.

"Is there no side lane somewhere?" asked Carter desperately.

Bannister shook his head despondently. "No turning at all that is any use until we get to the next town, and then, I fancy, it is twenty or thirty miles round on any decent road. Besides, I don't know the way."

"Not much use if you did. We should only make it worse by being late for lock-up."

"I suppose Leutenegger is sure to wait for us?" I queried.

"Wait!" said Carter, savagely. "He will wait till sunset if I know the beast. Especially now his dander is up."

"Well, anyhow," said Bannister, gloomily, "I'm not going to squat here to be caught. Let's go up the hill, and then if we see them coming we shall have time to decide what to do."

"Right," acquiesced Carter. "But just wait for this chap to get down, or he will run into us. By George, he is coming a pace."

We looked at the approaching cyclist, who was coasting down hill in the old-fashioned style, with legs hanging over the handles. For a moment or two we did not recognise the approaching figure, although there was something in his appearance which seemed familiar to me. Then, as he drew nearer, the discovery dawned simultaneously on all four of us. "The Junior Classic!" I exclaimed.

Scarcely were the words out of my mouth when the machine, escaping from its rider's control, rushed violently to the foot of the

hill and, swerving as it careered against a stone, turned a somersault in the nearest ditch. The master was flung over the front wheel to the ground, where he lay motionless and unconscious.

"Oh," cried Bannister, in alarm, "he's dead, he's dead." And we all rushed towards the prostrate form. Dipping his handkerchief in the brook that ran by the wayside, Carter began to bathe the master's forehead, which had sustained a nasty cut. To our relief, the Junior Classic opened his eyes after a minute or two, and, sitting up, began to stare about him in a dazed sort of way.

"By Jove," he said, "I was clean knocked out, I suppose. And you have come to the rescue, like good kiddies. Serves me right, though, for coming down the hill like that."

"Are you better now, sir?" inquired Carter, anxiously.

"Oh, I shall be all right directly. I only hope the machine is."

Lewis and I picked up the bicycle, whilst Bannister neatly bandaged the master's forehead, which still bled a little, with his dry handkerchief. The Junior Classic pulled himself up slowly, ran his fingers gingerly over his limbs, and regarded the damaged machine ruefully.

"Bent bar, twisted pedal, two spokes gone, wheel rather rocky," he enumerated mournfully. "I can't ride it like that. Means walking all the way back, I suppose."

"I think I can help you, sir," cried Bannister, eagerly, overjoyed at the prospect of showing off his new possession. "I have a complete outfit in my bag."

"Splendid," ejaculated the Junior Classic, as he saw the tools. "I think I can manage to doctor it up now; at all events, well enough to ride it back to the school. You are well set up, young man. And what a jolly bicycle! But——"

He paused, and looked at us doubtfully. In the excitement of the moment, both sides had taken the meeting as the most natural thing in the world. Now the inevitable had happened, and we hardly wanted the master to complete his sentence in order to know what was coming.

"What are you boys doing here?" demanded the Junior Classic.

V.

"WHAT are you doing here?" repeated the master; and for answer we hung our heads in mute confusion.

The Junior Classic turned away silently, and commenced to devote his energies to the repair of his machine, whistling softly to himself the while. Possibly for once in a way he was a little puzzled as to the course he should pursue. Breaking bounds was a serious offence, and not one he was disposed to pass by lightly. On the other hand, a far sterner master than himself might well have been a little touched at the spontaneous sympathy rendered to him in his misfortunes; and he could not but reflect that we might have ridden off whilst he was lying unconscious, and —so far as he knew anything to the contrary —have escaped detection altogether. The master finished his task in silence, and then slowly handed back his tools to the abashed Bannister.

"I think that will do, thanks to you, young man," he said. "But you must not think I shall let you off. Breaking bounds is rather a serious business, you know. You will each write in Latin and English fifty lines of the first Georgic. And now, I think, you had better ride back to the school with me."

We resumed our cycles with feelings of glee and gratitude. Fifty lines! And those from a book which, thanks to the efforts of the speaker, we knew almost by heart. Leutenegger would have been good for at least a thousand lines of crabbed German, even if he had not insisted on sending us to the doctor.

So we rode back with the young master, and presently reached the foot of the hill which we had descended with such unusual celerity. Leutenegger and his perspiring coachman had just succeeded in extricating the brougham from the ditch, and the latter was resuming his seat on the box preparatory to continuing the pursuit. At the first sight of the cycles Joey gave vent to an exultant whoop, which brought the German out of the carriage in a trice. "Here they be, sir; here they be, the young rascals!"

Ere the words were fairly out of his mouth his eyes fell on the Junior Classic; and never shall I forget how Joey's jaw dropped as his face grew the length of the proverbial fiddle. Leutenegger seemed as much exasperated as his companion, for he darted at the unfortunate coachman a look of wrath and fury, which spoke plainly enough his thought that the latter was in a conspiracy to bamboozle him. Then he turned to his classical colleague with a forced smile.

'Ach! But my goot frendt, vot an egg-

sellent joke—an eggsellent joke! It is, indeed, ze spoof. I knew not that you were with ze boys."

The Junior Classic surveyed the speaker for a moment in silence, and then looked curiously at us. I expect he was making a pretty shrewd guess at the truth of the matter. But if there was one man in the world the young master detested it was Leutenegger, whose shifty devices and mean plottings to catch the boys he could not away with. He had no intention of surrendering us to the German's tender mercies.

"The boys!" he said interrogatively. "Oh, yes; they are going to have tea with me. Jolly day for a ride, isn't it! I see you have the doctor's brougham out. Ta, ta!"

And we sped gaily on our way. When safely out of earshot the Junior Classic gazed round on the quartette and addressed us with more than a flicker of a smile at the corner of his lips.

"I shrewdly suspect, young men, that there was a little episode I ought to have known before I fixed the number of those lines. But as it is too late to alter them now you may as well spin me the yarn over the muffins."

We did.

BARS TO SUCCESS.

II.—ON CHOOSING THE WRONG PROFESSION.

By ALFRED T. STORY.

Author of "How Smoking Hurts You."

ONE of the most serious steps which a youth has to take in entering upon the practical duties of life concerns the choice of a profession or calling. It frequently happens, of course, that a boy is not consulted in the matter as to what he shall do. This seems hardly right. He who will have to live the life that is to be decided upon ought, one would think, to have something to say as regards the course it should take. Howbeit, that is not always possible. Family necessities have to be considered, and in many instances youths are obliged to adopt a calling at an age when they are hardly in a position to judge what is best for them.

Still, as a rule, nowadays, boys are given more liberty as regards the choice of a profession or business than was formerly the case, and, what is more, they have a far better chance of suiting themselves than their fathers or grandfathers had before them. This for the reason that there is now much more written about openings for boys and young men than used to be the case. Moreover, everybody has now a larger field of choice than he formerly had. There is, therefore, very little excuse for either boy or girl getting into a wrong calling.

Many still do so, however, with the almost inevitable result that failure ensues. Sometimes it happens that a young fellow who has started upon a wrong career manages through good luck or from natural ability to get into the right channel after all, and finds even that his wrong beginning has been to his advantage rather than otherwise. For there is hardly a single position or calling in life, however uncongenial, from which some useful knowledge or some insight into things beneficial may not be derived by a quick intelligence.

DON'T MAKE A FALSE START.

It is, however, best on the whole to begin right and to have no false starts. All do not possess the qualities to distil benefits out of misfortune or out of unfortunate experiences. In many the wrong start is apt to cause a feeling of disappointment that is

not easily got rid of and may leave permanent marks upon the character, just as a boy if deceived in going into the water for the first time is liable to be timorous ever after as a swimmer.

DON'T AIM TOO HIGH.

Ruskin tried to explain many of the failures in life's battle by suggesting that most people approached the question thus: I am not quite fitted to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, but I think I could manage a big railway or shipping company. Ruskin explained that the result of this attitude landed hundreds of men in hopeless ruin, and when the golden period of youth was passed they discovered to their dismay that they were only fit to be understrappers at a desk or hucksters in a very small way.

DON'T BE A SNOB.

One mistake that both parents and the young make in selecting trades and professions is that of thinking too much of what is called a "gentlemanly employment." Let us be clear on this point at once. It is not employment that makes the gentleman—it is character, and nothing else but character. On this subject I hope to have something to say elsewhere; but I would have young men keep this principle clearly in mind in choosing a profession, that they can sustain the character of a gentleman as well and as easily whilst following the calling of a blacksmith as in that of a clerk, and that a man may be as perfect a gentleman serving behind a counter as when holding the King's commission. There is a vast deal of nonsense talked about this "being a gentleman," and the sooner a lad gets it out of his head the better.

THE GOOD CLERK.

Charles Lamb sketched the character of this individual in his quaint and inimitable style in the Essays of Elia. The sketch is still worthy of perusal from a practical point of view. I recommend my readers to supplement this article by Elia's remarks

Some few years ago there was an excessive run on clerkships. Every young fellow appeared to think that the acme of life's possible successes lay in the direction of clerical work. It required no great exertion, its duties could be filled without taking off a coat, and without unnecessary soil to collar or cuff. The would-be clerk did not look far ahead.

The fact is, a clerkship should never be looked at as an end in itself, but only as a means to an end. To be able to write "a fair and swift hand, to be competently versed in the four first rules of arithmetic, and in the Rule of Three (sometimes called the Golden Rule"), is all very well in its way, but every young man with any ambition in him should look forward to a larger career than that. And here we come to the very essence of the question of success. I take it that a young man of fair abilities looks forward to something more than a salary of two pounds a week. If he feels that he can be satisfied with such a salary—well, he is entitled to his satisfaction.

HAVE A GOOD HARD THINK ABOUT YOUR FUTURE.

But if a youth, out of pure thoughtlessness, takes to a trade or calling that promises nothing better than thirty shillings or two pounds a week, as the best he can expect, let him not be disappointed if he finds, when it is too late to change, that he cannot live on the stipend. The majority of boys have to begin to think about work when they reach the age of fifteen or seventeen.

But too many boys, unfortunately, do not think at all on the subject of what they are going to be, and this lack of thought is one of the most prolific causes of failure. Even when they have made a thoughtful choice they often fail to do the best they might to prepare themselves for their career. A friend of mine, who is a contractor in a very large way of business, and who has passed scores of youths through his shops, used to find that his apprentices never did anything to improve themselves after they began work. So, in nine cases out of ten, they simply developed into ordinary workmen. He accordingly inaugurated a new method. He required each of his apprentices to undergo an examination in scholastic work; then he made it a condition that each should attend technical classes on certain evenings of the week while serving his articles. The result was that he now got a very superior type of workers, and that in each case his apprentices, when they had completed their apprenticeship, were soon employed as foremen, managers, etc., at salaries of from £250 to £300 a year. And there was, and is, never any lack of posts for them.

PUSH YOUR EDUCATION AS FAR AS POSSIBLE.

These were young fellows who could have done very well as clerks, but they had the good sense to see that they could do better by pushing their education a little further. One of the great secrets of success at the present day lies in that—pushing the education a

little further in the technical direction. When it is considered that a little more education is as good as two or even three additional strings to the bow, there is no excuse nowadays for any boy or young man failing to get it.

> The little more and how much it is,
> The little less and what worlds away.

A clerk—one who can merely use his pen seated at a desk—is practically tied to his native place. Everywhere there are plenty of his sort—they are produced so easily and so cheaply. But let a young man in addition be able to use his hands in some technical capacity—even if it be no more than the knowledge of a little carpentry, a little mechanics, a little chemistry, etc.—and he will find his way round the world, and eventually pick out his place somewhere amid the million-million acres of the English.

TRAIN YOUR HAND AND EYE.

The gist of the whole matter is, get as much brains into your fingers, so to speak, as is possible, and get it there while you are young, for then it sticks. In the north country the women and men in workshop and factory, in weaving-shed and foundry, possess an inherent deftness of hand and finger. It is the result of generations of training and skilful direction in the practice of arts and crafts. That should be every boy's programme, thoughtfully laid out, and determinedly adhered to, from the time he begins to think until he reaches man's estate. Nor should he allow himself to be turned from his purpose by false pride, by the sneers of foolish people, or by stupid conventions. Don't think, because your father is a doctor or a clergyman, that it would be *infra dignitatem* for you to "go into trade." That used to be the talk of professional people. It would be said that for such a person "to go into trade" would be to dishonour his family. All that sort of chatter is foolish. It has led to many men going into the clerical and the medical professions who were totally unfitted for them. And not only did the professions suffer by their incompetence (to say nothing of their clients), but they themselves suffered the disgrace of failure; whereas, if they had gone into a business or calling suitable to their abilities, they might have done well.

TRADE WILL NOT DISHONOUR YOU.

There is nothing dishonourable in trade. A man may pursue any calling, even the lowliest, with perfect honour—if he pursue it honestly and with entire worthiness. Moreover, if there be anything in a man, the lowliest trade does not stand in his way. Arkwright was a barber, Bunyan a tinker, Carey, the missionary, a cobbler! And how many more there are that might be named who rose from the humblest callings to honour and usefulness.

It remains to point out one other frequent source of failure. I refer to the fault of oversensitiveness. It is not a thing that is easily overcome. The peculiarity is one that, often enough, runs in the blood. It gets the name of modesty; it is sometimes spoken of as bashfulness; whatever it is, knocking about among one's fellow men—rubbing shoulders as much as possible with the world, that is—does a lot to alleviate it. Sensitive boys and young men are far too prone to shrink from going into society, conversing with the opposite sex, etc. Let them remember, however, that, in order to get on in life, they must "face the music," and not be always wanting to run away and hide themselves.

THE CURSE OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

The way it acts is to make persons suffering from it too self-conscious or overconscious of inferiority, and thus unable to push themselves forward or even to do the simplest thing that brings them in contact with others without shrinking and pain. Of course there are degrees of the affliction; but in all cases the only cure for the trouble is to be found in the cultivation of nerve and courage. The writer once knew two young men who were thus troubled They were artists, and recognising that this common weakness would mean utter ruin to their prospects if they did not overcome it, they took a very bold step as a means of cure. They determined to call upon all the well-to-do people within miles of their homes, to make excuses for engaging them in conversation, and so on. Sometimes they found themselves in very awkward positions, and it required all their wit and presence of mind to carry them through the ordeal; but they generally managed to come out all right in the end, and, in any case, the method was successful in curing them of their over-sensitiveness, and both are now successful men.

I do not necessarily recommend the method as a good one for all to adopt; but it shows what may be done by courage and resolution, and these are the only qualities which can successfully combat and overcome so painful and disqualifying a malady.

LUBENSTEIN'S BIG DEAL.

By C. MALCOLM HINCKS. *Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.*

I.

LUBENSTEIN'S father was a stockbroker, and the son seemed to have inherited some of his father's business instincts. He came to St. Vedas when he was fifteen, and was placed in the fifth.

One evening, whilst walking in the quad, he was meditating ruefully upon his shortness of ready money, for his father, although metaphorically rolling in wealth, allowed him but a meagre supply of pocket-money, upon the principle that if he wanted more he must get it by his own efforts.

He was wondering how he could best put this laudable idea into practice, when he noticed a light in the tuck-shop window. More out of curiosity than anything else, he strolled across, and, opening the door without any ceremony, walked in.

Mr. Patrick Dennis, the school porter, glanced up from a very dirty-looking book, over which he was running an equally dirty finger.

"Well, Master Lubenstein, what be ye wanting here?"

"That's what I was going to ask you, Pat. I'm just going back from the gym."

"I'm calculating up me books," said Dennis, importantly.

"Looking up your big profits, eh?"

"Oi don't make much of them nowadays, sir, since old Chuffles has been an' raised the price of tarts from ninepence to tenpence a dozen."

"Tenpence a dozen?" ejaculated Lubenstein. "You don't mean to tell me that you pay that for them?"

"Yes, I do, sir, bad luck to the old thafe."

Lubenstein suddenly became interested. He asked the cost price of several other edibles, and the Irishman, evidently struck by his manner, gave him all the information he desired.

"I suppose you mustn't increase the prices?"

"No, sir. The Doctor wrote out a list of the prices I was to charge, told me where I could buy the goods, and said I could have the profits as part of me wages."

"Now, look here, Pat, I think I know a place in London where I could buy the tuck for about half the price, and no one need know the difference. I'll manage to go up to London to-morrow and make arrangements for getting some of the goods down."

"You're very good, sir, but how about the money?"

"Well, we're both business men; I'll find

"LOOKING UP YOUR BIG PROFITS, EH?"

the ready money now, and we will go halves in the profits. Do you agree to that?"

It struck Mr. Dennis that he wasn't going to get so much profit out of it as he had at first expected, but he grudgingly agreed, and Lubenstein, after making some further arrangements, went his way with a light heart.

That evening he wrote in a carefully disguised hand a most affectionate and touching letter to himself, and the next morning it was understood that Lubenstein had gone to London to see an aunt, who was seriously ill.

It was about a week after the foregoing episode that some of the regular patrons of the tuck-shop began to detect a difference in the quality of the goods. They complained to Dennis, who said he could not understand it, unless it was that Chuffles didn't put such good material into them.

Now, unfortunately for the ingenious Irishman, it chanced on the Saturday following the introduction of the new management at the tuck-shop, that Lambton and Braddon, on their way up from the station, called in at Chuffles' for some tea.

When Chuffles himself brought their bill, Lambton asked him why it was the stuff he sent up to the school wasn't as good as that he sold at his shop.

"I haven't sent anything up to the school, sir, for about a week."

"Oh," said Braddon, in astonishment, "how's that?"

"I don't know rightly, sir. But Dennis came down and paid my bill, and said he was going to buy elsewhere, as he could get it cheaper."

These revelations gave the two boys food for much conversation, and when they reached the school they talked it over with several cronies, who grew righteously indignant, and demanded punishment for the impostor who dared to foist inferior tuck on them.

Then young Harvey happened to mention that he had seen Lubenstein leave the tuck-shop with Dennis one evening about a week ago, and this, connected with the former's visit to London, began to awaken suspicion.

By Tuesday morning they had no doubt who was the originator of the scheme, and in the afternoon, when they saw a fresh supply of the cheap goods from London taken in, they at once decided to strike a decisive blow.

Braddon's study was packed to its utmost limits when the committee of protest met together to decide what steps to take. Lambton, being a prefect, could not very well attend, but he sent some useful advice by his friend Braddon, and after a meeting lasting about half-an-hour the boys left the study with a stern, determined look upon their faces.

The next morning a junior met Lubenstein as he was making his way into hall for breakfast, and with a most innocent and shocked expression on his face informed him that the tuck-shop had been raided during the night, and relieved of all the tuck it contained.

Lubenstein turned pale, then flushed crimson.

"Who discovered it?" he asked.

"Pat; he's gone to tell the Doctor."

"Fool!" said Lubenstein, and walked on.

Mr. Dennis certainly deserved this sweeping denunciation. He had discovered that the shop had been broken into and stripped of all its contents. To crown all, on the counter was a brand new farthing with a card bearing the words: "For value of goods taken." This had raised Mr. Dennis's anger to boiling point. Without a moment's thought he tore off to the Doctor's house, where, as luck would have it, he met that gentleman coming out of his study after an early morning's work.

He breathlessly poured out his tale, and produced the farthing and card. The Doctor listened incredulously.

"It certainly looks like the boys' doing," he said, "but I can't understand it—they always seemed pleased with Chuffles' goods before. I must go and see him about it."

Then it was that Mr. Dennis realised the foolishness of his action, and, thinking that (as there was no other way out of it) it would be best to make a clean breast of it, he told the Doctor the whole story, making things as black as he could for his partner, "who," he added, "had tempted a poor hard-working man."

The result was that Mr. Dennis left St. Vedas, Lubenstein had a very uncomfortable quarter of an hour with the Doctor, and the school lost a half-holiday by its high-handed action.

Lubenstein was severely cut for some time by the majority of the fellows, but, as he seemed to treat this with cool indifference, they soon got tired of it, and he was allowed to mix with them as before. The bigger fellows said that he was without any spirit or feeling, and that it wasn't worth the trouble to cut him.

But had they been able to read the young

financier's mind, they would not have felt quite so sure on that point.

And Lubenstein's motto was "Wait."

II.

When the school re-assembled for the summer term, the tuck-shop incident was nearly forgotten. A new porter had taken the place of Dennis, and Chuffles' celebrated pastry was again on sale.

Almost from the beginning of the term there was much speculation about the cricket match between the school and Bunteford—a town some six miles distant. Its eleven was a very strong one, but there were great hopes of the school winning this year.

The match was to be played on a Saturday, and on the previous Tuesday evening some of the leading lights of the fifth were chatting things over after "prep."

"I hope old Parsons lays in a good stock of drinks," said Richards, who was a great and rapid consumer of light beverages.

"That's all you fellows think about," said Lubenstein, who had just entered the room.

"You'd think about it a bit after watching a cricket match in the blazing heat for several hours," retorted Richards.

"I never do such a thing," said Lubenstein, shortly; "but why are you so anxious that one man should lay in such a big stock?"

"You haven't been to the Bunteford ground, have you?"

"No."

"Well, the ground is a mile and a half from the town. There are no houses or shops near it, except a little cottage kept by a man named Parsons, who always gets ginger-beer and things in stock, when there is a match to be played."

"So you are dependent on him?"

"Entirely."

"Rather awkward," said Lubenstein carelessly as he turned on his heel.

The next morning he was down in the town sending a telegram to his father at Copthall Court, London, E.C.

* * * *

THEN IT WAS THAT MR. DENNIS REALISED THE FOOLISHNESS OF HIS ACTION.

Hobson and Crawley had yelled themselves hoarse, and, as the interval in the match was fast approaching, they thought they would betake themselves to Mr. Parsons' and obtain first choice of his store.

They ran across a field into a little country lane, and there, almost opposite to them, was a small, tidy-looking cottage. They walked up the neatly-kept garden and entered the parlour, which was arranged as a refreshment-bar, a tempting display being laid out on shelves behind the temporary counter.

"Good afternoon, Parsons," said Hobson to the honest-looking old countryman who was sitting behind the counter.

"Good afternoon, sir."

"Got a good stock?"

"Yes, sir, I think so. How's the match going?"

"We're doing very well; I think we shall lick 'em."

"I'm glad to 'ear it, sir. What can I get you?"

"I'll have a lemonade," said Hobson. "What are you going to have, Crawley?"

"Oh, I'll have a lemonade too, thanks."

Parsons poured out the drinks, and the junior handed him a shilling. After some time, as no change was forthcoming, he remarked carelessly:—

"You haven't given me my change yet, Parsons."

"There's no change, sir."

"What!"

"No, sir, prices 'ave gone up. I ought to have told you before, sir, but I forgot to."

Hobson turned pale; the shilling was all he had with him, and he had intended to make it do for the afternoon.

"It's a swindle; you should have told us when I gave my order. Wait till I see the other fellows, that's all."

"I can explain——"

But Hobson was rushing out of the room, pulling Crawley with him.

In the lane they met a crowd of other fellows making for the cottage.

"I've been swindled!" yelled Hobson.

Lambton caught him by the ear.

"Well, don't go mad if you *have* been swindled. What's it all about?"

"Parsons charged sixpence each for two lemonades."

"Yes, Lambton," put in Crawley. "Hobson put down a bob, and the old beggar stuck to it."

Lambton turned to the others.

"I don't know whether these kids have gone off their chumps, or Parsons off his. We'd better go and see him about it."

They moved in a body up the garden and swarmed into the little room, which they more than filled.

Lambton, still holding Hobson by the ear, made his way to the counter.

"This youngster says you've swindled him, Parsons."

"No, no, sir. I was going to explain to him when he rushed out, sir."

"What's the explanation, then?"

"Well, sir, a gentleman 'as bought my stock for this afternoon, and 'as raised all the prices. I've nothing to do with it; I'm only selling them for 'im."

"Do you mean to say he has bought your stock outright?" demanded Richards, apprehensively.

"That's it, sir. 'E came in 'ere yesterday afternoon, just as I was a-starting to arrange things. 'Is your name Parsons?' 'e says. 'Yes,' says I, 'at your service, sir.' 'I see you've got your stock in,' 'e says. 'Yes, sir,' says I. 'What do you want for it?' says 'e. I was struck all of a 'eap like, o' course, but I manages to stammer out that it was worth about two pound ten to me.

"'Very well,' 'e says, putting down two pound fifteen. 'I want you to sell the grub for me. The extra five shillings is for your trouble. You must sell at the prices I 'ave written down 'ere.'

"Then 'e gave me a list with all the prices written down. 'E was a nice, civil-spoken young gent, and we come to terms there and then. I 'ope you don't blame me for doing a stroke of business, sirs?"

"What sort of a chap was he?" demanded Harrison.

"Oh, a darkish young gentleman, sir, 'bout your 'ight may be."

"Lubenstein, or I'm a Dutchman," ejaculated Lambton.

"I vote we don't buy anything," suggested one or two fellows from the back.

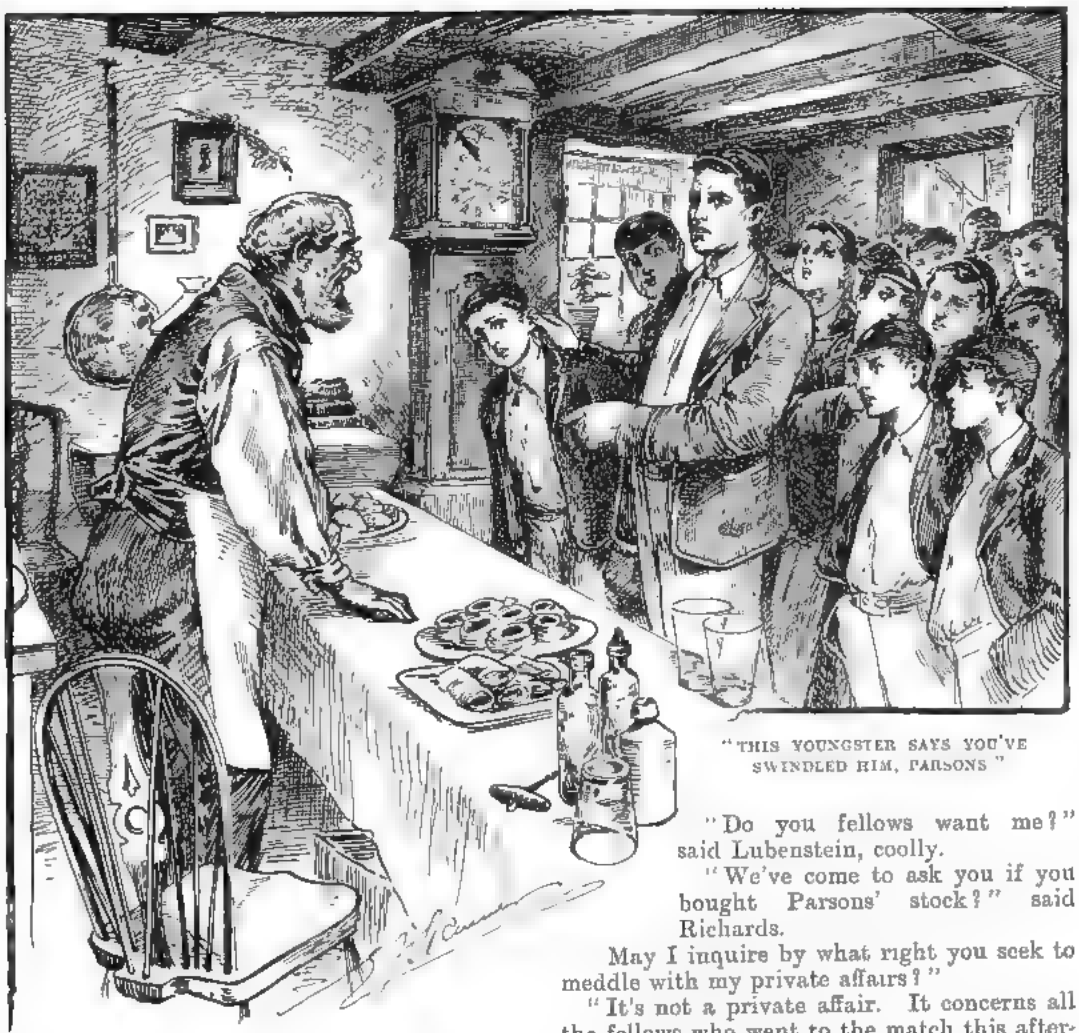
This laudable proposal was cheered, but it was a very hot afternoon, and the idea of going away thirsty did not commend itself to the majority, however angry they may have been.

"Can't you let us have it a little cheaper, Parsons?"

"No, sir. 'E was a regular business gent; 'e counted everything, and I've got to account for it when 'e calls next week."

Harrison suggested that he might not be alive by then, and the juniors cheered lustily.

Ultimately, those who could afford to buy



"THIS YOUNGSTER SAYS YOU'VE SWINDLED HIM, PARSONS."

did so, and those who could not depended upon the charity of their more fortunate fellow sufferers. When they all returned to the match, the greater part of the stock had been cleared out at the increased prices, which meant that Parsons' "proprietor" would make a clear profit out of the "transfer."

It was by no means a good-tempered crowd that returned to St. Vedas that evening. By way of a finishing touch to their misfortunes, the school had been beaten by four runs, and certain of the spectators ascribed it to their having been unable to cheer their side for the lack of the stimulating fluid that should have moistened their throats.

Lubenstein was in the main corridor chatting with a friend, when an angry crowd, headed by Harrison and Richards, approached him.

"Do you fellows want me?" said Lubenstein, coolly.

"We've come to ask you if you bought Parsons' stock?" said Richards.

May I inquire by what right you seek to meddle with my private affairs?"

"It's not a private affair. It concerns all the fellows who went to the match this afternoon. Are you going to answer or not?"

"Well, as you seem anxious to know, I *did* purchase some things from Parsons this week."

"Which you told him to sell to us at double or treble the price?"

"That is also correct."

"Then you're a beastly cad!" burst out Richards.

"That is a matter of opinion," said Lubenstein, coldly. "On 'Change it would be considered clever. When you get older and are more used to money matters you will find that there are more ways than one of looking at a thing. You call it a caddish thing to do; I prefer to call it a big deal."

And Lubenstein, linking his arm, with the utmost composure, into that of his friend, walked coolly away down the corridor.

THE CYCLING CORNER.

By HAYDON PERRY.

HOW TO TEACH CYCLING.

ALTHOUGH it is long ago, and "ancient history," I will tell you how I myself learnt to ride. It was in the days of the old bone-shaker, when the average machine was not so dissimilar in principle from the modern safety as the rider of to-day might suppose. The main difference lay in the fact that you had to exert your driving powers on the front, instead of the rear, wheel, and this had a totally different effect upon the steering.

If on the modern safety we pedal evenly and with smooth motion the steerage is scarcely affected at all, and the style of riding known as "without handles riding" becomes very easy, the impetus of the machine itself helping one to keep along the straight line. That is because the connection between the pedalling and the steerage is very indirect, and if the handle-bar be left easy, there will be no marked tendency on the part of the front wheel to answer any properly delivered crank-thrust.

TEACH YOURSELF.

In the old way it was altogether different. The driving, as well as the steering, was directed upon the foremost of the two wheels, and every crank-thrust tended to upset the equilibrium. It was found in practice—and in theory you can readily see it—that every right foot stroke had the effect of swaying the front wheel to the leftward, and *vice versa*. Riding without touching handle-bars required quite a different sort of skill from that now demanded

I learnt on one of these primitive machines, and I had no teacher. I taught myself, and I should advise every learner, who is so situated as to have similar opportunities, to do the same. Whatever sort of a machine you have, it is essential that its framework should be provided with a step. Any kind of bicycle so equipped is suitable for the method of self-teaching which I am about to describe.

HOW TO DO IT.

First of all take the machine to some convenient place where the surface is smooth and the road comparatively wide. Every learner who is self-taught is sure to do a bit of initial "wobbling," and so is every learner who is taught by another person, provided that the other knows how to teach. The surface, then, should be smooth in quality, spacious in extent, and, above all, *level*. Those who advise learning on a slight down-hill gradient are unwise. The beginner will be in constant fear of being run away with by his machine; therefore, keep on the flat.

For the purposes of self-teaching it is advisable to hire an old "crock," for, although by the method I advise falls are not likely to occur, still, if they do, the uninitiated will exercise all his spare efforts in saving himself, and will not think of how to save the machine—even if he knew that art, which becomes almost the first instinct of the old hand. There were no old "crocks" to hire or borrow when I learnt, and my schoolmate was a very generous fellow to lend me his brand new machine. His generosity was accentuated by the fact that he knew I meant to teach myself.

A RACE WITH A TIGER.

But then, he was one of the most generous fellows I ever knew. An odd fellow he was, too. At school he was never so happy as when drawing animals, and at Cambridge he specialised in biology. When last I saw him he was engaged in industriously plying a guillotine, of which a common razor was the cutting instru-

ment, and with it he was slicing the brain of a dead frog into goodness knows how many hundreds of lamina, in order that he might examine each with care under the microscope. I believe he ultimately entered the Indian Civil Service, and had an exciting run one evening somewhere in the Central Provinces, whilst escaping on his bicycle from the attentions of a man-eating tiger.

THE FIRST POSITION.

Having got your "crock" and led it to a suitable place, place it before you in such manner that you are standing behind the back wheel and reaching far over the machine so that your hands may firmly grasp the two handle grips. The next thing to do is to place the left foot on the step, and you will soon find by experience that the machine must be leaned a fractional angle to the right in order to compensate for the weight of the body which the step is presently to support

HOW TO HOP.

A sort of hopping motion should now be made with the right foot, but it should not be the sort of scuffling hop which works against itself and leaves the machine and rider with no more impetus after the tenth hop than had been acquired after the third. The hop should really be a vigorous rearward push, and after about two of such actions the machine will be well under way and the whole body may be poised upon the step. At first make no attempt to gain the saddle. The only business in hand at the outset is to acquire the art of "body balance," and this can quickly and safely be done from the step.

HOW TO AVERT FALLS

It will at once be noticed that there is a tendency to fall either to the one side or the other. People ignorant of mechanical principles will tell you that the antidote of this is to steer in the direction away from that in which you feel you are falling. This is all wrong. The declension from the erect attitude can only be corrected by the aid of centrifugal force, and to set up this it is necessary to steer a curve with its centre lying in the direction of the threatened fall. Therefore you must steer towards the side to which you feel you are falling. By acting thus you will find that your body and machine will once more resume the vertical position. Any other course of action must necessarily end in disaster.

THE FALLING SENSATION.

After a little practice the slightest departure from the vertical position will be detected, and the precise amount of correction—a very fine deflection in the steering—will be instinctively administered. The falling motion which is so disconcerting to the beginner, and which produces the violent "wobbling" that proclaims him the novice to all observers, is still present always, even in the old hand who is an expert rider.

It is all a question of degree. The beginner is distressed because he lets the falling motion go to considerable developments before he detects it. The old rider, on the other hand, develops an instinct by which his nerves detect the fall almost before it has begun, and a quite involuntary and quite slight impulse counteracts it without his troubling to think about it at all He is exercising such little impulses all the time, although he may be quite unconscious of them, and may be employing his deliberate faculties in viewing the surrounding scenery or in chatting with a companion.

CULTIVATION OF THE BALANCE.

We say of the good rider that he "rides a straight line." In actual fact it is scientifically impossible for him to do so. He really has acquired so great a degree of skill that he requires next to no centrifugal force to correct his incipient falls, and the consequent curves he makes in the roadway are so slight as to be quite unobservable. After a little practice in balancing on the step, the learner will feel that he is approaching this happy condition. The proof that he is doing so will present itself to him as soon as he can allow the machine to slack off to dead slow and yet retain his balance.

PLENTY OF TIME.

When this stage has been reached it is time to boldly take to the saddle. The learner has found out that he can keep the machine erect for quite a considerable number of seconds. To mount the saddle need not occupy more than one or two, so that there is plenty of time to seat one's self leisurely. It is well to remember this, because any hurried, nervous action may have the effect of upsetting the equilibrium. Difficulty may at first be found in getting at the pedals. But there is plenty of time for this also. If the pedals are not captured before the machine slows down too much to be any longer manageable, the learner can put out a leg on the side towards which the fall is developing, and alight upon his foot without danger.

In this way the self-taught rider should get through his task without even a scratch or a bruise. After two or three tries he will find is quite easy to get at the pedals before the initial speed has sensibly slackened. He can then maintain sufficient pace to make the steering easy. It is not to be supposed that the art of pedalling properly is unimportant. The con-

trary is the fact; but the matter of body balance is so important that it is the *sine qua non* of cycling, and therefore must be mastered first.

TEACHING GIRLS.

It will be seen that a girl cannot teach herself in the manner above described unless she wears "bloomers" and rides a man's machine. To begin with, a girl's machine never has a step. The great majority of girls, therefore, require some sort of assistance in the process of learning, and the best teacher is the one who has in mind the principles I have sketched above. Best of all is it for the teacher to have been himself in the first instance self-taught. He will then know more about the initial difficulties which he was obliged to tackle single-handed.

THE TEACHER'S DUTIES.

The teacher should guard against giving the pupil too much help—a very common mistake. Having first of all adjusted handle-bars and saddle so that the pedals come within comfortable reach of the learner, the latter should take an easy pose, while the teacher, standing on the left side of the machine, holds it erect and still. All being ready for a start, the teacher's left hand should lightly grasp the left hand of the learner, who will thus feel all the little steering impulses which the teacher exercises, while at the same time he carries on a running explanation. The word "running" must be taken in its figurative sense, for the teacher must on no account run. With a little patience the learner will master the art of steering at three miles an hour or less, and it is not necessary to state that steering at higher speeds is relatively easier.

DON'T PROP UP YOUR PUPIL.

The teacher's right hand should not touch the pupil or the saddle, but should rest upon some portion of the framework so that the learner does not know whether it is there or not. The upper portion of the back stays is a good place by which to hold, but remember that the hand is only there to prevent an actual fall, or, in the very early stages, to assist in propulsion. It is not there to prop up the machine, for machine and pupil are not on any account to be allowed to lean towards the instructor, but must be kept upright. All falling tendencies should be corrected by the steering hand of the teacher until such time as the pupil has picked up enough of the art to dispense with assistance.

"NOW YOU CAN RIDE."

Do not, if it is avoidable, let your pupil have a single fall. The moral effect is bad, and the time when full confidence will be established is delayed. The teacher should gradually loosen his hold upon the back-stay until he relinquishes it altogether. This is to be done after his left hand has ceased to be needful as a factor in the steerage. The letting go should be done without the knowledge of the pupil. I have taught many in this way, and taught them very rapidly. Sooner than ever the pupil expected, I have been able to make the remark—always received at first with incredulity—"You have been riding all by yourself for ten minutes, that is, without my touching you at all. Now you can ride."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Jaques (Silcoats).—You may rely upon the machines made by Messrs. Hobart, Bird, and Company, of St Patrick's Road, and Cheylesmore, Coventry. The Hobart fork ends are of good design, and are so contrived as to allow of the wheel being at any time removed without the usual operation of "springing" the forks—which can obviously do them no good. The patent crank bracket of these cycles is also a good feature. Its adjustment is simple and easy, and it is thoroughly well made. **Leonard P.** (Woolwich).—The Veeder cyclometers marketed in this country by Messrs. Markt and Company, of 20 Chapel Street, Milton Street, London, E.C., are the things for your purpose. I have spoken of their pretty watch-like mechanism before in an article devoted entirely to the subject of cyclometers. The makers, who are located at Hartford, in Connecticut, U.S.A., have lately launched upon a new departure. They have discovered that many English-made bicycles have wheels measuring about three-quarters of an inch less than is stated to be their diameter, and that the wheels in question, when shod with tyres fully inflated and ready for use, really measure approximately 25¼, 27¼, and 29¼ inches respectively. It is unnecessary to point out the importance of having a trustworthy counting machine in cases where you decide to entrust your counting to a machine entirely. The manufacturers of Veeder are equal to the occasion, and if you will tell them accurately the diameter of your wheel they will supply a cyclometer adapted so as to correctly record its revolutions. **L. F. G.** (Truro).—The "Liberty" bells, which I have favourably noticed before, are a good set to select from. The sole English agents are the Messrs. Markt and Co. mentioned above; but your local cycle agent has them, or, if not, ought to get them at once. **H. H. S.** (York).—Of the seven machines you name, any of the first four may be called first-rate. As to the frame, it must fit you or it will not do. Take a fork measurement in the manner I have explained previously, and see exactly what size the frame should be. Am glad this Corner has been helpful to you. **H. H.** (West Didsbury, near Manchester).—I cannot recommend the machine. It is not possible to produce a really satisfactory mount at the price in London, Manchester, or anywhere else. Try to get about £3 more, and I will give you a liberal choice. **A. P. T.** (Forest Hill, London, S.E.).—Any of the following would do, nor need you suppose that their names in any way exhaust the list:—Swift, Singer, Centaur, Humber, Hobart, Rover, Rudge-Whitworth, Sunbeam, Elswick, Enfield, and any of the firms I have praised in the past. Am sorry that replies can under no circumstances be posted direct

H. P.

THE MAN-EATER

BY D. COCKBURN REYNOLDS

Illustrated by the Author.

FACES! nothing but faces! A never-ending stream of wondering eyes and open mouths. They give no rest. I am old and weary and soon must die, but I would die in quiet. The end is not far off; and here in this land of cold and gloom, where the sun gives no heat and the moon no light, I shall die miserably like a caged rat. I, who have ruled vast jungles and taken tithe of cattle at pleasure from the villages of men.

They crowd with exclamations of surprise to see me eat my mouthful of horseflesh daily. But what would they say to have seen me in my prime break, with a single wrench of my jaw, the neck of the great bull leader of the herd? Aha! but that was a sight worth seeing. Now the little children make sport of me; but once man was my sport; yes, I will make confession. There were other things than cattle I preyed upon. Alas! that was my undoing; if I had hearkened to the voice of my sire, I should have let man alone, for, as he said, "that brings trouble always."

I grow old, and it is hard to remember those times, yet, with eyes closed to keep out that pestilence of staring faces, I shall try once again to awake mind-pictures of those long gone days.

And now I think I see as clearly as if it were yesterday Shere Ali and Afzul Khan, my two brothers, rolling over each other in the sand on the floor of our cave, our fond mother purring with pleasure and pride as she watched us play. Those were times—what games we cubs had! Well had our sire chosen his abode; it was high up in the face of the rock, large and open to the day. From it we could see some fifty miles away over jungle, river, and plain to the blue hills in the distance. We could watch the herds of pig and antelope feeding on their grounds two miles off, and sometimes we watched with great excitement our sire stalk his prey and make his kill, all in full view of the cave.

The day I killed my first buck I shall never forget. He was grazing in the open—only some scattered bushes and a few tufts of grass were between us. Both my sire and dam looked approvingly on as I crept carefully from bush to tuft, quivering with excitement and stopping quite still whenever the buck raised its head to look round. After what seemed an endless stalk, I got behind the last bush; there I waited, while the buck, all unconscious of danger, grazed nearer and nearer to destruction. Then, with a sudden rush and spring, I was on the back of the deer before it knew its danger. I dug all my claws into its shoulders, and, seizing its neck in my jaws, as I had seen my sire do, I did all I could to break it, but I was not strong enough, and, to my shame, the antelope ran with me on its back some distance before my mother, coming up, helped me to kill it. Yet it was a glorious experience, that first kill.

The next great adventure I can remember did not have so happy an ending.

We three cubs were nearly full grown, and had been killing for ourselves some time, hunting together or singly. We were rather proud

to find how we terrified the creatures of the forest, and seldom lost an occasion to show off our strength and daring. One day our pride received a severe check. We three were drinking at a pool, when an old grey boar came up, and, paying no attention to us at all, began to drink. Shere Ali, who was very hot-tempered and the strongest of the three, ordered him to stand aside till his betters had done drinking. The boar paid not the least attention, but drank on quietly, and Shere Ali, greatly angered, sprang at him with a roar which meant instant destruction.

The wild boar quickly changed his front, and instead of alighting on his back, Shere Ali fell on his sharp tusks, and we heard a loud chu-r-r-r, like the tearing of cloth, as his skin was ripped open by the savage beast. Shere Ali was stunned as much by the daring of the boar as by the force of the blow, yet, quickly recovering from the shock, he roared as he made another spring. This the boar met in mid-air, and another gash on the side was the result of the encounter. My brother bled freely from his wounds, and this, no doubt, made him a little cautious, as he now waited for the boar to attack him. The old grey warrior, who seemed to quite enjoy the battle, soon charged with a savage "hoo! hoo!" but this time Shere Ali sprang high, and, clearing the boar's head, alighted on his back. In another instant he would have torn open the loins of the boar and so finished him, but the cunning enemy turned over on his back, throwing my brother to the ground and rolling over him. For a moment they were mixed up together; but in the next the boar was above poor Shere Ali, and, with a long, ploughing stroke, ripped him up from stomach to chin. That did for Shere Ali, for, with one groan of agony and a blow of the paw which tore the scalp away from the wild boar, he lay still, and never moved again. We brothers would have gone to his help much sooner in the fray, but he bade us stand aside, as he was quite confident of his power to settle the old pig, as he called him.

Now, furious at the loss of our brother, Afzul Khan and I attacked the old boar together, quite forgetting all idea of fair play in our rage against the victorious enemy. He was a gallant beast, that old grey boar; he received his two fresh enemies as if it was not uncommon to have slain one tiger and to engage two more immediately after. Putting his back against a thick bush of thorns he awaited our attack, but having grown cautious from what we had already witnessed of the old fighter's powers, we were in no hurry to expose ourselves, so we skirmished about for full half an hour, in which we had each given and received a few wounds without any great advantage. The old boar, who was almost blinded with blood from his torn scalp, now wanted to finish the fight, and charged furiously at Afzul Khan, who, repeating Shere Ali's manœuvres, jumped high and fell on the back of the boar as he passed under him, and I, thinking that the enemy would try the same trick by which he killed Shere Ali, made ready. True enough, the boar threw himself on his back again, but before he could turn over I had pinned him by the throat and so held him, biting deep, in spite of his great struggles, till his breathing slacked and ceased, and the brave heart gave up its life in one great, choking sob. But we were not proud of our victory. I had received wounds, the scars of which I bear to this day, and as for poor Afzul Khan, he was stabbed through the right shoulder and was lame of that leg ever after.

Our sire raged wildly when we took home the news of Shere Ali's death.

"Have I not bade you never to meddle with an old boar!" he roared, "there is no animal in the jungle that is more dangerous to us than an old tusker. Eat pig in plenty, but pass by on the other side when his hair is grey and give him room at the drinking place. This pig you have killed through great good luck is a fighter of much repute. I myself would not have given him battle. Small wonder that he made such short work of Shere Ali."

One day, as I was returning from hunting, I heard a groan, and presently came across my sire, lying in the shade of a Kurronda bush, dying from gunshot wounds. There had been a great hunt, he said, and my mother and Afzul Khan had been slain, while he had only escaped to die of his wounds; then, advising me to go to a distant jungle, he expired. I was filled with sorrow at the sudden loss of both parents and my brother, but I could not stay to mourn then, for the sound of the beaters advancing could be heard, so I fled from that jungle, never to return.

The jungle I now took up my quarters in was full of pig and antelope, but, as I had grown to my full size, I felt I did not get enough meat off these small creatures. One day I met a fine bull that had strayed into the jungle. I stalked and killed it successfully; it made a grand meal. Thereafter I killed nothing but the cattle of villagers. Two a week; eating nothing but the choicest portions and leaving the rest for vultures and hyenas.

Thus I became a terror to the villagers. So bold did I grow in time that I have made my kill openly in broad daylight. Within a few

paces of the herdsman have I struck down my bull and commenced my meal, and he, paralysed by fear, has looked on helplessly till, his senses returning, he fled, crying for help.

One bright moonlight night I returned to my kill of the day before to make another meal. It was just on the meeting of the jungle with the village plain. I found to my surprise that there was one of those platforms on four posts, from which the villagers scared the animals away from their crops, erected near the spot. It had not been there when I made my kill; also, there was no reason for it, as there were no crops to

by the side, shook him to and fro as a dog does a rat, while my fangs drove deep into the hip joint. When he seemed lifeless I dropped him at my feet and licked the blood off my lips. And the blood was unlike that of any animal I had ever killed. It was sharp and salty, and much to my taste, and I was glad, because I had found a new meat better than all the flesh of the jungles. So I settled down to make a feast of the man. But my sire's warning came to my ears—"let man alone," he used to say, "that way always comes trouble, and he who takes to eating man has fixed an early season for his

I HAD PINNED HIM BY THE THROAT AND SO HELD HIM, BITING DEEP IN SPITE OF HIS GREAT STRUGGLES.

guard. This should have made me cautious, but I thought little of it at the time, being bold and self-confident. I had not been eating more than a minute when I noticed there was a man concealed on the machan or platform; at the same instant there was a loud sound that I knew meant a gun shot, and with that I fell unconscious where I stood, for something had given me a great blow on the head. After a time the swoon passed, and I found a man of the village with the weapon they called a gun, leaning over me, very pleased and smiling at having me fall to his first shot.

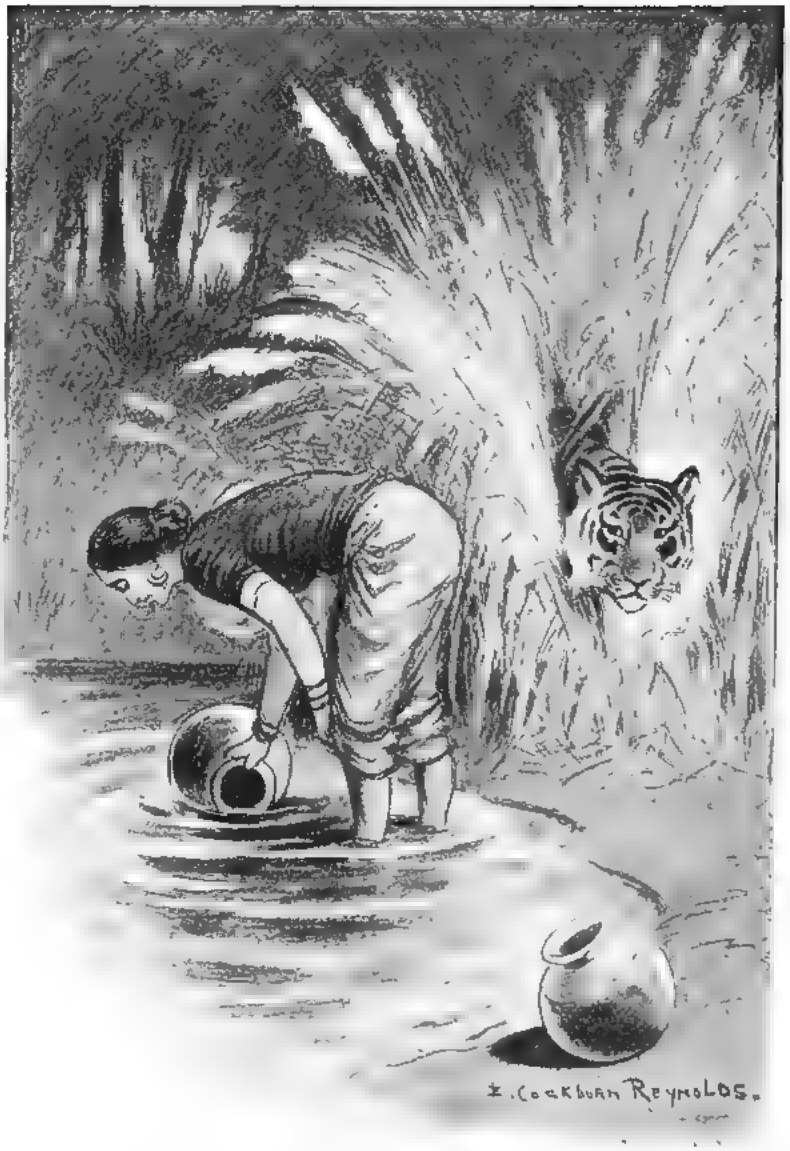
I sprang up in a great rage and, seizing him

own death. First come the Shikarees hunting him, black men, with much noise and bad shooting. It is not so difficult to elude them, but when they fail there is yet another race of men, white, who come from a place beyond the seven seas. There is no eluding them; they are born hunters, and once they take the work in hand the end is in sight. Their bullets go to the mark, no matter what the distance be. Thus, O my sons, kill what you will in the jungle, but let man alone."

My sire's words had come true so often that I decided I would not eat the man. So, though it was a great struggle, I turned from him and

commenced to eat off the bull. As I feasted I saw the man move, open his eyes, and sit up like one in a dream. When he saw me so close to him, rending flesh and crunching bone, he was in great fear and tried to get on his feet, but he was hurt too badly; thereafter he lay very still, pretending death, yet watching me carefully all the time through half-closed eyes. That must have been a night of terror to the man, expecting I would eat him at any moment. Many days afterwards I saw him again, but now he had only one good leg; the other hung lifeless from the joint, and a staff did its work. He did not try to shoot me again.

After these things I went to another jungle and took to myself a mate and for a time lived in great contentment; but after I had once tasted the blood of man there had never ceased to be a craving for the new flesh. This I resisted for many years, but whether I would have conquered the craving in time I cannot say, for my fall came unexpectedly, and was not of my choosing.



I LAY CONCEALED IN THE LONG GRASS NEAR THE RIVER BANK.

There was a great drought in the land. No green thing was to be seen anywhere, and, save for a few pools left in the river bed, there was no water to be found throughout the jungle. All the game had gone to far-off grounds, and the cattle of the villages had died for want of food. The few that remained were all skin and bone, and could not furnish a full meal. Even the villagers died or went about like skeletons walking, a sight strange to see. My mate had also died. One day I was crouching in some long grass near the last of the pools in the river bed, hoping some cow or goat, off which I could make a meal, would come to quench its thirst; for I had killed nothing for nearly ten days, and felt the rage of hunger greatly. But no living thing came down save a man, the one fat man of the village, him they called money-lender—a man with a cruel smile. As he was nearing the pool he turned into the long dry grass in which I lay concealed—why, I cannot tell, but he had almost stepped upon me before I arose with a growl,

intending to move aside. But he, seeing it was a tiger, was seized with terror, and in the madness of fear smote me with a staff he carried. The blow fell on my nose, and stung sharply. In my anger I struck at him with my fore-paw; the blow was light, yet the neck broke, and he fell to the ground in the long grass by the pool, grinning his wicked grin, and so died. I tried to leave the body and go away, but the old craving came upon me with double strength. He was fat and toothsome, and hunger raged within me, and—and—thus it came about that I made my meal off man for the first time.

The rain fell, the drought passed, and the fear of death went with the famine. Yet the village soon learnt a new fear. It was the fear of the man-eater—for I could not go back to the old meat, which now grew tasteless in my mouth.

Thus, when the shades of night fell, I drew near to the village, moving without noise from shadow to shadow till I hid in the gloom of a bush by the path to the village, waiting patiently till some labourer, who had been detained in the field, came along, often with a song of pleasure that the work was done and now there was rest, a meal, and a soft bed awaiting him. Oho! his bed was on the fields that night, and the arms that embraced him had much hair and many sharp claws. More often I made my kill near the river side where the women came to draw water for the evening meal. I lay concealed in the long grass near the river bank, and when I found one alone then I sprang out of my hiding place and often before she could cry "Bagh! Bagh! Tiger, tiger!" she was dead, and I was dragging the body through the jungle.

Soon the terror of my name hung like a great cloud of fear over the village. The men would only go about in twos and threes, and the women in bands. Those who worked in distant fields hastened home before the sun set, and the women went down in a body to the river to fill their chatties before dark. Thus I found the whole village shut up and not a single being moving about after it was dark. Hunger made me bold, and I came into the village after my prey. Where I found an open door I went in and carried off a sleeper, but they grew more careful, till I had to commence making my kill in the day. Some bamboo-cutter or some worker in the more distant fields provided me with a meal every other day. Before a year was out I had taken four score and ten of the dwellers in the village. This is according to the reckoning of Geedur, the jackal, who made his feast from my leavings, for he also greatly loved man's flesh. There is no animal in all the jungle more cunning than Geedur, and were it not for the news he brought me of the village talk, I might have been killed early in my career. Geedur's sharp nose smelt out danger a long way off, and, being little, he could hide about the houses of men and hear all their plans for killing me, which, when I knew, it was very easy to frustrate. For after a time they laid traps for me in plenty, all of which Geedur found out and showed me. Then it was said in the village that the Rajah would give a rich reward to the one who could slay me. Shortly after this news came two brothers to the village, great Shikarees, who made sure of the reward. There was a great feast that night before the house of the head man, because on the morrow I was to be slain, and much loud boasting from the tiger-slayers. Geedur and I, crouched in the dal fields, heard and saw all. The plan of the hunt was much discussed. The whole village would beat the jungle towards the two hunters, who, each sitting in a tree, would command the paths I usually took.

When we had come away from from the village Geedur asked me what I would do.

"I shall pay a visit to some other village for a season," I said, "until these great hunters are gone."

"Of what use will that be, my lord?" replied Geedur, "again they, or others, will come to kill you when they hear of your return."

"What would you advise?" I asked, for I knew his head was always full of clever plans.

"Strike terror into all hearts by killing these great tiger-slayers."

"Gladly will I, if I find any opportunity."

"Make your opportunity," said Geedur.

"How can I?" I asked

"I have a plan," said Geedur, "but I must go and see what hut they are to sleep in. Wait here till I return."

They had been given a hut nearly on the outside of the village, which fell in well with Geedur's plan. After they had gone in and barred the door we waited patiently till we thought they were fast asleep. Then we approached the hut. I thought Geedur would wish me to break in the door, but he only laughed at such a clumsy idea.

"No," he said, "come to the back. The thatch is quite near to the ground; you can spring with ease on the roof, and, having torn away the straw, jump in and kill them both."

The idea was not altogether to my liking, for every house of man seemed to me a trap. Nevertheless, I could not show Geedur my fear, so I carried out his plan. Having torn the thatch open with as little noise as I could, I jumped in, and, seizing one of the Shikarees, endeavoured to break his neck: but he was much wrapped up in clothes, and I could not get a

fair hold. He gave a cry which woke his brother, who called out and asked what was the matter; receiving no answer, he lit a match and saw me with his brother in my jaws. He made no sound, but stared, his eyes almost starting from their sockets. I could see he did not quite believe he was awake.

"Kill him before he comes to his senses and makes an outcry," said Geedur, who had also jumped into the room through the thatch.

But I had not killed the first man yet, who struggled in my grip, and whose clothes were wrapped about me till they prevented action.

The other brother, seeing how things were, now quickly lit the brass lamp on the ground beside his bed and seized his gun.

Fearing it would be too late, I dropped my man, and endeavoured to spring at the brother, but the clothes about me bound my limbs, and the more I struggled the worse grew the tangle. Every moment I expected to be shot, the man's gun being at his shoulder, when Geedur did a thing for which I shall always be grateful. With his tail he flicked out the light. The man fired, but in the darkness he missed me, and Geedur coming to my help, I soon got free of the clothes, and, with one blow of my paw, broke the neck of the man as he was trying to unbar the door. The first Shikaree was dead also.

"Now let us fly," said Geedur; "they will have heard the sound of the shot, and will come to see what is the matter. Put your paws, therefore, against the wall, so that I can jump to the hole in the roof from your shoulders."

I did as he desired, and Geedur was soon outside the hut. I tried to follow, but the bamboos of the thatch which I had broken through were now all pointing their sharp broken ends downwards, and, try as I would, I could not manage to spring through the hole in the roof, nor could I undo the fastening of the door. At this I was somewhat alarmed, but Geedur, as usual, saw things more clearly.

"Rest in peace, my lord, and do not trouble; none have heard the shot. Take your rest; I will keep safe watch. In the morning men will come bringing the Shikarees food. When they receive no answer they will break open the door; then walk out calmly and make for the jungle."

Geedur's advice was good, and I did as he suggested. Early in the morning there was a great knocking, and, receiving no answer, they went away, but returned after a space, and, still getting no answer, they broke the door open. Great was their surprise to see me walk out! They fled, shrieking that I was the devil and not an animal. I was glad now that I was prevented going because of this sport, also because they might think I had a charmed life, and would now cease trying to kill me.

Not long after the death of these native tiger-slayers, Geedur brought me word that a great white hunter was coming to kill me. At that I remembered the words of my sire, whose advice I had neglected, and a great fear took possession of me, and I resolved I would quit this part of the jungle when he came, which would be in some six days' time.

One evening at dusk, as I lay in wait in a jowarrie field by the village path, there came along a very big man in strange clothes, who was on his way to the village. That man I should have sprung on from the back had I

EVERY MOMENT I EXPECTED TO BE SHOT.

known, but, with my usual boldness, I walked out of my concealment to meet him. When he saw me he made no outcry, nor did he try to run, as the villagers did, but stood still and quietly spoke a word, short, but with a strong sound, which, I have learnt since, is a favourite word of the white man. He had nothing in his hands, for which I was glad, seeing his great size. I approached him; he stood, braced as if he would fight. With a roar I sprang for his throat, but, quickly moving aside, he dealt me a blow with his naked hand, and so terrible was the force of it that I heard a crackling within the bones of my skull. For an instant darkness came over my vision, I was faint and sick, and reeling, I fell at the feet of that man. Before I could get to my legs again he charged and kicked me with his foot, which was like the butting of a bull buffalo, and came near to breaking my ribs. I then closed with him, and would have taken his neck in my jaws, but, with wonderful quickness, he laid hold of my tongue, and, twisting it around his hand, he strove to pull it from its roots, while the grip of the other hand was on my throat and forced me backwards. That was a moment of great agony, and I thought my tongue would be torn out. While we thus struggled, breast to breast, a villager came near, carrying a bamboo club shod with lead. The man called to him to strike me with it, or to throw the club within his reach, but the villager ran away in fear, taking his club with him. Thereafter, my tongue having bled much caused it to slip from the hand of the man, and I, giving a strong blow with my fore-paw, crushed in the skull of my enemy, who fell to the ground, dead. Much have I marvelled since then at his strength and daring, also that I, a tiger, and he, a man, should have fought thus as equals. When I came to feast off my victim, I saw that his skin was white, and then I knew it was he who was to slay me—one of the great white hunters from beyond the seven seas; and I was thankful that he came to me without any weapon in his hands.

It seems that the man had lost horses and weapons by the sudden flooding of a river. His camp arrived a few days after, they believing the master to have perished in the flood.

Perhaps I would have been free in the jungles to-day if it had not been for my quarrel with Geedur. Depending on him much for news, and even advice, had made him presumptuous beyond all bearing, and I had to reprove him harshly once and again, for, beyond all things, I loved the homage which was my due. One day he came to me with a request.

"Sire," said he, in a voice of supplication, "is it in thy recollection that a moon ago you feasted on a bamboo-cutter? His wife still lives in the small hut outside the village. She is plump and juicy, and the door of his house is loose on its fastenings; I myself could almost throw it down."

"I had forgotten her," I cried; "well, let her be the kill to-night."

"And sire," said Geedur again, "she has two fine babes, twins. I have often watched them through a gap in the door, rolling about in play while the mother prepares the evening meal, and for a long time I have had a desire to kill and eat them."

"Oho!" I laughed, "the jackal would become a tiger."

"Well, sire, it would be a pity to leave the babes alive after you had taken the mother."

"So it would," I said.

Presently we went to the bamboo-cutter's house, which was apart from the rest of the village, and through a gap in the door—for the boards joined badly—we saw the mother giving the babes their meal, after which they played on the floor like a couple of kittens, while the proud mother looked on in happy contentment. It reminded me of the old times when I and my brothers rolled over each other in our cave and played happily, while our mother looked on just as proud of her babes as this human mother.

"She will make you a fine meal, my lord," whispered Geedur; "a small push will bring the door down."

It was a strange thing, but I had no heart to eat that woman, and Geedur angered me—why, I know not.

Then one of the babes found the cutting hook of his father.

"When I am a man I shall cut bamboos with this knife like father did. Where has father gone to? Shall we ever see him again?"

At this the woman commenced to weep, and said, "Thy father, child, has gone on a long, long journey. He will never come back, but one day we may go to join him in his new home."

"Why did he go away? Wasn't he quite happy here, eh, mother?"

At this the woman covered her face with her cloth, while she sobbed as if in great agony.

Then I saw for the first time, in all its bitterness, the sorrow I caused in these poor homes of the villagers. For a moment I loathed myself, and resolved I would never kill another human being.

Geedur again whispered, "Was there ever such a tempting sight, my lord? My mouth waters for that choice morsel of a babe. Pray delay no longer; I can scarce control myself for impatience."

I turned on him in anger and said, "Out, thou glutton: thou shalt have neither babe."

At this Geedur was hurt and said, "Do my long

services merit no reward then, that one poor request I make should be treated thus? Besides, my lord needs not all three."

This angered me to madness and I growled, "Get thee gone, thou foul scavenger. There shall be no killing here."

On the instant, with an evil look in his eyes, he turned and went, I slowly following.

As we walked along the path in the jungle we came to a spot where dry leaves lay thickly in what appeared to be an arrangement of man. I paused for a moment, suspecting a trap, but

I made him no answer, and after a space he went away, no doubt feeling sorry for what he had done.

I endured much pain that night, and longed for the morning to come, thinking the men would kill me. But it was not to be, for there had been a great iron cage sent by the Rajah in case of my being captured, and by him I was presented to a white man, who put me into a covered cage, and, after many weeks of travelling, brought me to this place, which is a cold, gloomy, and altogether detestable land.

"ALAS! MY LORD, I COULD HAVE ADVISED YOU OF THAT SNARE, BUT, BEING A POOR SCAVENGER, I WOULD NOT INSULT YOUR GREAT INTELLECT WITH SUCH A PRESUMPTION."

Geedur looked back with a touch of scorn in his face for my stupidness, and walked boldly over the spot. I, therefore, followed, but hardly had I reached half-way across when, with a ringing sound, great jaws of steel sprang from their hiding and seized me by the fore-leg, and in that grip I was as helpless as a child. Geedur had known he would be safe, as his light weight could not set off the trap. Now he stood by laughing, and making a mock of me.

"Alas! my lord, I could have advised you of that snare, but, being a poor scavenger, I would not insult your great intellect with such a presumption."

There are also other captives brought from the Indian jungles to these so-called pleasure gardens, and in the stillness of night I sometimes hold converse with them—Baharia, the wolf, Hathi, the elephant, and also Bagheera, the panther, eating his heart out behind the strong iron bars of his cage.

"What ho! Bagheera, shall we go hunting to-night? The moon is bright, and the scent of blackbuck heavy on the breeze!"

Ho! ho! It is the joke of one who is feeble with old age and awaits the end. And the end is not far off.

NEW CATALOGUES FOR 1903.

MESSRS. WHITFIELD KING AND CO. have sent me a copy of their excellent "Universal Standard Catalogue of the Postage Stamps of the World," for 1903. Numerous improvements have been made in classification all in the direction of simplicity and clearness. As the aim is to provide a simplified catalogue for the general collector, all perplexing varieties of type and perforation, so dear to the advanced collector, are wisely excluded. Many countries have been entirely re-written, and the whole catalogue has been re-set in fresh type.

The following interesting statistics have been compiled from the catalogue by Messrs. Whitfield King:—The total number of stamps issued to date, as included in this catalogue, is 17,382, of which 4,952 are apportioned to Great Britain and Colonies, and 12,430 to the rest of the world. Europe has issued 3,917, Asia 3,120, Africa 3,342, America 4,214, the West Indies 1,411, and Oceania, 1,378. The Republic of Salvador has issued the greatest number of varieties, and Boyaca, Poland and Wadhwan the smallest. Of course these figures refer to standard varieties only.

Notable New Issues.

THE engravers, Messrs. Perkins, Bacon and Co., have shown me a proof of the new Canadian. It is of the simplest possible design, following very much the same lines as the current series. The portrait is enclosed in the same oval band with the same lettering, and the figures of value are in the lower corners as before. The important part of the new stamp is the portrait, which is what is termed a three quarters face of the King. The view of the face is much the same as that of the Queen on the present series of Canadians. The head and shoulders are shown, the shoulders draped in Coronation robes. The portrait is a portrait, not a sharp-featured, prison-cropped caricature as on our English stamps.

I am told on what should be good authority that a new portrait of the King is being prepared for our English stamps, and as the Canadian portrait is said to have met with decided approval in high quarters it may be that the Canadian portrait will eventually displace the universally condemned head on our own stamps before very long.

There are rumours of sets of picture stamps for some, if not all, of the Leeward Islands group that formerly had their separate stamps, and Ceylon and Fiji are said to have started King's heads.

Cape of Good Hope.—This colony continues its variety of designs. The latest value is the 4d., which we illustrate. Wmk., anchor; perf., 14. So far the new series consists of the following:—

½d., green.
1d., carmine.
4d., olive green.
1s. ochre.

Liberia.—This negro republic on the west coast of Africa is remarkable for its beautiful series of stamps. Its need for postage stamps must be very limited, but its need of revenue is, no doubt, great, and, as a consequence, it provides a long series of exquisitely engraved stamps, which sell well to collectors, and so materially help its revenue. How many stamps can be found in

our album to equal this 3c? Place the portrait alongside our own English stamps and note the contrast.

3 cents, black.

Mexico.—A 4 centavos value has been added to the current series.

4 centavos, red.

Honduras.—This central American republic has a not very enviable reputation amongst stamp collectors, for it has been accustomed to manufacture stamps for sale to collectors, changing its design every year for the purpose of stimulating sales. Now it is said to have given up those practices. I, therefore, chronicle its latest series. The full series, all of the design illustrated, is as follows :—

1c., emerald green.
2c., carmine rose.
5c., dark blue.
6c., violet.
10c., brown.
20c., light blue.
50c., vermilion.
1 pes., orange.

Hong Kong.—Here is an illustration of the first of a King's head series for this Colony. It is bi-coloured, the head being printed in a purple colour, and the rest of the stamp in brown. Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

1 cent, purple and brown.

United States.—The beautiful new series comes out one by one. We now illustrate the one cent with portrait of Franklin. Thus far we have had the following values of the new series, all of which have been illustrated in THE CAPTAIN :—

1 cent, green, *Franklin*.
2 cents, carmine, *Washington*.
5 cents, dark blue, *Lincoln*.
8 cents, black, *Martha Washington*.
13 cents, sepia, *Harrison*.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. G. B. (Edinburgh).—1. The Shipka Pass commemoratives belong to the class of stamps made for sale to collectors. They are of no philatelic value, and may wisely be omitted from your collection. 2. Bill and receipt stamps are collected by a separate class of collectors, known as "fiscal collectors," but such stamps are not properly included in a collection of postage stamps. 3. There is no penny English red with the letters V.R. in the upper corners. The 1d. V.R. is black, and is a valuable stamp, fetching from £7 to £10 at stamp auctions. 4. Some collect English stamps with letters in the corners and arrange them as they originally appeared in the sheet before separation. Mr. Wm. Hadlow, stamp dealer, 12 Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C., sells small books with ruled spaces, lettered in proper order, for what is termed the "plating" of English penny stamps.

Mystified (Oswestry).—A difference is generally made in price between a stamp with a recognised postal cancellation and a mere pen cancellation. The postal cancellation affords unquestionable evidence that the stamp has been postally used, whilst there is nothing in a pen cancelled stamp, off the envelope, to show whether it has been used postally or only fiscally. Collectors avoid including stamps with fiscal cancellations in their collections, hence the difference in price between the postal cancellation and the pen cancellation.

W. N. (Burton-on-Trent).—*Values of Stamps.* Trinidad, 4d. black. There is no such stamp. Brazil, 1866, head of Emperor (not President), 200 reis, black, used, 3d.; Mauritius, 1878, 17c. on 4d. rose, used 2s.; British East Africa, 1896, 1 anna, carmine rose, unused and used, 2d. each.

H. R. S. (Lowestoft).—The Canadian Special Delivery 10 cents used is priced by Gibbons at 8d. Many thanks for U.S. new 2c.

Oswestrian.—I have seen no explanation of the numbers on the backs of the current Spanish, but presume they are intended, like our watermarks, as a protection against forgery.

A. N. N. (Oswestry).—I don't think the current 1s. Transvaal is likely to go up in price for some time at least, despite the proposed change of colour, as dealers have known of the change in time to stock it. Best King's heads to specialise? That's a matter of preference for a country. At present there are no varieties to make one colony better than another, but for choice I should say Northern Nigeria and Southern Nigeria, when issued.

B. G. C. D. H.—I cannot identify the stamps in your list from your descriptions, but if, as I assume, they are current stamps, you will find them priced at about 1d. each.

W. G. W. (London).—Of course, Canadians are worth buying, especially if they are, as you say, your favourite country, but if by "worth buying" you mean as a speculation, I have nothing to say except to advise all young collectors to beware of speculation in stamps. I do not think the Canadian Jubilee series is likely to become valuable.

A Non-Collector.—Take your stamps to any one of the firms of stamp auctioneers and they will sell them for you.

J. W. T. (Berlin).—Many thanks for further German officials. See previous reply. The Orange River Colony "V.R.I.," no stop after "R," is catalogued at 7s. 6d. unused, and is worth more used.

T. N. G.—Stamp auctions are held every week in London. There are several firms of auctioneers that now include stamp sales. Common stamps are no use for auctions. If sent they would only be lumped together in a mixed lot. The stamp auction season generally runs from September to June, and the best prices are generally obtained about the middle of the season.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Bright and Son.—Cape of Good Hope and Mexico.

Peckitt.—United States.

Stanley Gibbons.—Hong Kong, Honduras, and Liberia.

THE LONG 'UN.

By R. S. Warren Bell.

Author of "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

James Mortimer ("the Long 'Un"), a young doctor, is grandson and heir to Dr. John Mortimer, a man of wealth and position. Owing to Jim's frequent escapades, Dr. Mortimer warns him that, if he indulges in any more riotous conduct, he will disown him. On returning to town after this conversation, Jim makes the acquaintance, by the agency of his friend George Somers ("Koko"), of a young lady named Dora Maybury, with whom he falls violently in love. So excited does he become in consequence of his introduction to Miss Maybury, that on the same evening he falls foul of the police, and after a desperate battle with six of them is arrested and taken to the nearest police-station.

CHAPTER VI.

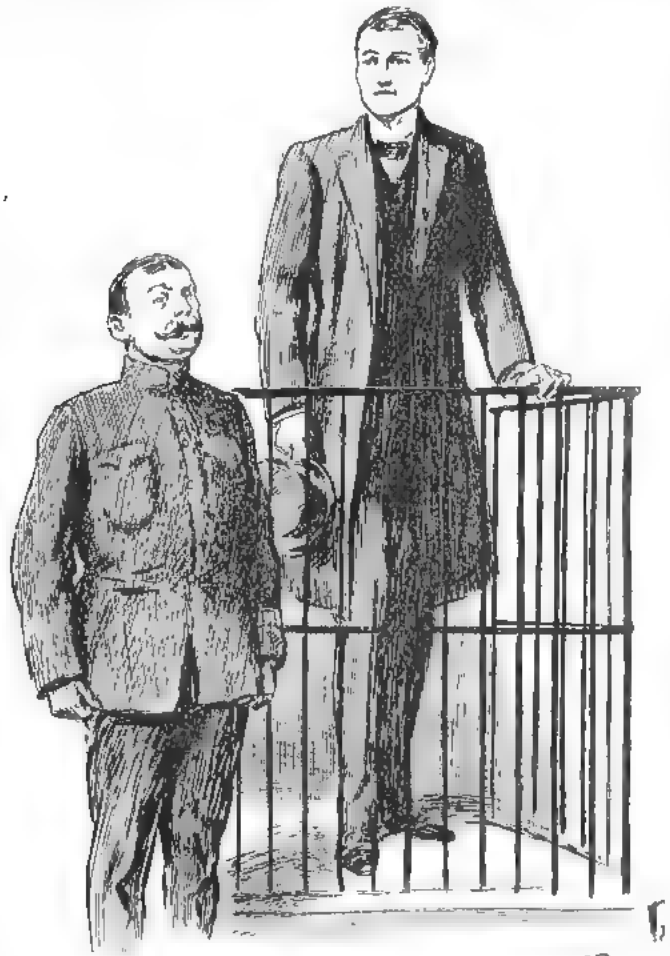
THE DOCTOR KEEPS HIS WORD.

ONE of the most unpleasant sensations a man can experience in the course of his way through the world is the grip of a policeman on his coat-collar. It is an ignominious position, this, to find oneself in, and fills one with a peculiar feeling of helplessness. The average policeman is far stronger than the average citizen; he has to be at least so many feet and inches in height, measure so many inches round the chest, and enjoy perfect physical health before he is admitted to what is very properly termed "the Force," so it is apparent that when one of these blue-coated minions of Justice has you—an average citizen—by the coat-collar, the odds are that, should it come to a tussle, he will prove by far the better man. Now and again, of course, a policeman meets a particularly hard case in the shape of a navvy, "docker," or Lifeguardsman, and then he has to blow his whistle, and you read in your paper, next day but one, that "it took four constables to overpower the prisoner."

In Jim Mortimer's case, as has been shown, it took six, and it may reasonably be conjectured that three out of these six were at least his equals in sheer muscular strength. They were, indeed, all strong men, solid, hard-built, and what school-boys call "beefy." Perhaps one or two of them were *too* "beefy." However that may have been, the fact remains that Jim, for a brief space, held his own, and if the scene of the encounter had been the open country, he could easily have given them the slip by using his legs, for Jim could get his long body over the ground at a very pretty pace when he liked to take the trouble.

The whole fight did not last two minutes. It

was short, sharp, and, to sport-loving members of the crowd, very sweet. Certain pugilistic souls amongst the visitors to the Exhibition went home that night and dreamt about it. Many of the women, it is true, shuddered, and clutched convulsively at the arms of their male companions as Jim's mighty hits went home, and the policemen, by turn, bit the dust of the promenading-ground, but quite a number



"I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY, YOUR WORSHIP."

watched the combat with bright, marvelling eyes, and lips parted half in admiration and half in horror.

For Jim looked very handsome and terrible in his fighting wrath. One old gentleman who had come from his club dinner in evening dress to listen to the band, returned to St. James's-street chuckling with delight. Numbers of times he repeated to himself, "A bonny lad—a bonny lad!" and actually, instead of going home and to bed at a respectable hour, as an old gentleman of his years and gouty tendencies should have done, fought the battle over again at great length for the benefit of some other old club fogies, and finally had to be helped into a cab—at 2 a.m.—still chuckling with wicked joy.

It was, of course, a tremendous output of nervous energy—accentuated by the spirits he had imbibed—on Jim's part. It was a supreme effort, and died out suddenly. That smash over the hip—a policeman's favourite aiming-point—from the truncheon numbed him strangely, and when he fell his capture was an easy matter. There was no more fight left in him when they led him off—he would have gone with entire docility, indeed, without a hand being laid on him.

Arrived at the police-station, he was conducted into the charge-room and placed in the narrow little dock facing the Inspector's desk. The Inspector, a quiet-looking man, glanced up in a casual fashion and then proceeded with the writing on which he was employed when they entered. This done, he enquired what the charge was, and, on being informed of its nature in the curt, unadorned phraseology of the man in blue, entered the particulars on a charge-sheet that lay before him, and finally allowed Koko to bail his friend out for £2.

Those who had witnessed the conflict would have been astonished by the Inspector's imperturbable, cool tone, as he asked his brief questions. It was regarded as a very matter-of-course case—youthful "medical"—too much to drink—dispute with waiter—resisted police. All very ordinary—very matter-of-course—nothing out of the way. The Inspector even said, "Good-night, sir," as Jim left the charge-room with Koko; previously the Inspector had gazed at the ceiling as Jim presented a sovereign to his two custodians, who also bade him a "Good-night, sir," in a manner which showed that they bore him not the slightest ill-will on account of the hard usage they had received at his hands.

On the following day, Jim and Koko attended at the police-court and hung about in a not over-sweet-smelling corridor for two hours before the name "Mortimer" was sharply called, and Jim, frock-coated, neatly gloved, and with a new hat in his hand, walked into the dock. Then the

sergeant who had taken part in the *fracas* told his tale in the same unadorned manner of speech that his subordinate had used on the previous night.

"Anything to say?" enquired the Magistrate, glancing at Jim.

"Nothing, your Worship," replied Jim, who had been previously warned by Koko that "the less said the better" was a golden maxim to adopt on an occasion like the present.

The Magistrate, who for two hours had been hearing the usual sordid charges most of them associated with petty thefts and drunkenness—had been somewhat interested by the sergeant's account of what Jim had done. Now, as he looked at Jim's tall, lithe form, and fair, open countenance, and noted Jim's gentlemanly bearing, he decided to give the young fellow a sensonable word of advice.

"I am sorry to see you here, Mortimer," he said, "because a man of your position, by acting as you have done, not only sets a bad example, but runs the risk of imperilling the success of his future career. You have rendered yourself liable to a term of imprisonment, and you know well that if I were to inflict such a punishment on you, the fact would act as a serious obstacle to you hereafter, as you would not be allowed to fill any responsible medical post were it known that you had been in prison. It appears from the evidence that you were the worse for drink at the time you resisted the police. I need hardly remind you of the view the public take of a medical man who gives way to such habits. It means, in the long run, utter ruin to him. As I said before, I should be acting within my rights by sending you to prison, but as I understand that after you had been taken into custody you gave the police no further trouble, I shall only inflict a fine upon you. You will pay Forty Shillings and take care I don't see you here again."

Jim bowed. "I am greatly obliged to your Worship," he said. Then, at a sign from a policeman stationed near by, he quitted the dock, and, having paid his fine, joined Koko in the corridor.

They lose no time in London police-courts. Hardly had Jim left the dock than the name of "Hodgkins" was uttered by the magistrate's clerk, repeated by the sergeant, bawled down the corridor by the constable at the door, and echoed by other policemen lounging in the outer precincts of the court.

"Hodgkins!"

"*Hodgkins!*"

"HODGKINS!"

As Jim joined Koko, a blear-eyed, decrepit old dame brushed past him at a rapid hobble. She had to answer a summons for assaulting a neighbour by striking her over the head with a fire-shovel. This, in fact, was "Hodgkins."

As Jim glanced at the old creature he realised that this quarrelsome, ill-favoured hag and he were companions in distress—united by a law-breaking bond! He, inflamed by whisky, had fought six policemen; she, supping cheap gin, had burst into a senile frenzy and set upon some other hag with her claw-like nails and the weapon that came first to hand. The same law applied to both of them—she, a rag picker, and he, the heir to a bountiful fortune and many smiling acres in Eastfolkshire.

"Pah!" he exclaimed, as he hastened to reach cleaner air, "let's get out of this! Thank goodness *that's* over!"

"No harm done," said Koko, cheerily; "I know the two men in the reporters' box, and they both promised not to write a word about you."

"By George! that's jolly of them!" exclaimed the Long 'Un, "my grand-gov'nor won't get to hear of it after all, then."

"It would have made a nasty little par," said Koko, with a pressman's instinctive knowledge of what newspapers like.

"It would," said Jim, "I can imagine how it would have read."

"But they won't write a word. They're good sorts," said Koko.

And so the Long 'Un made his way back to Matt's lighter, it is true, of purse, but very much lighter of heart, as well, than when he set out to the police-court that morning.

News of Jim's display of pugilistic prowess had preceded him to the hospital—for one of the students had been an eye-witness of the battle—and he was saluted by the unruly crew there with acclamation. But Jim still had the taste of the police-court air in his mouth, and did not feel at all heroic. But for Koko's intervention, his name would have been in a good many papers on the following day, and perhaps a briefer notice of "Hodgkins" and her misuse of domestic implements would have followed the account of the young doctor's "disorderly conduct."

That day he went home early, and tried to do some reading. He ended up, however, by going to a theatre with Koko. On the next evening he really did do some reading, and this studious fit lasted for quite a week.

"The Long 'Un," said the red-haired student at Matt's, "is turning over a new leaf. I will buy him a prize."

When Jim, on reaching the hospital next day, entered the students' common-room, he found a neat package, addressed to himself, occupying a prominent position on the mantelpiece. On open-

ing the package he found that it consisted of a nice little one-and-sixpenny book, of the kind published by religious societies, entitled: "*Jim's Repentance: The Story of a Bad Boy Who Saw the Evil of His Ways.*"

The red-haired youth took the precaution of putting the table between himself and the Long 'Un ere he said: "Had to go through three catalogues before I found a suitable prize for you, Jim. I hope you will study it diligently."

Jim flung it at his head.

"Naughty, angry Jim!" said the red-haired student, reprovingly, as he dodged the book, "I shall take your prize away from you now."

Presently Jim found himself at the piano, and a little later out in the quad with the red-haired one and half-a-dozen others, "wondering what to do."

Eventually they solved the problem by going to a music-hall and joining vociferously in the choruses—it was one of those music-halls where the audience *does* join in the choruses—and the end of it was that Jim got home some time between one and two in the small hours, feeling uncommonly merry and not at all repentant.

But that was Jim's last night round the town with the Matt's lot for a long, long time. Even while he was chirruping choruses, an epistle was winging its way towards him by express train. He got that missive at breakfast-time, and Koko, who called in just then, found him looking thoughtful.

"Read that," he said to Koko. And Koko read as follows:—

"Pangora," Threeways,
Sept. 20th.

My Dear James,

You may possibly remember that in the course of the conversation I held with you over the telephone on the day of your departure for town, I expressed myself quite plainly with regard to your future conduct. My attention has to-day been drawn to a paragraph in a local Liberal journal—I am, as you know, a Conservative in politics—to the effect that a medical man named James Mortimer, who gave his address as St. Matthew's Hospital, behaved in a disgraceful fashion at the Exhibition one night earlier in the month, and was eventually fined forty shillings and severely reprimanded by the magistrate. As I happen to know that you are the only Mortimer at St. Matthew's, and as I am aware of your liking for drunken brawls, I can only conclude that you disregarded my injunctions at the first opportunity that presented itself. I am obliged, therefore, to keep my part of the compact by informing you that my doors are henceforth closed to you, and that you need never look to me for another penny.

I am
Your affectionate grandfather,
John Mortimer

CHAPTER VII.

SIR SAVILE'S OFFER.

"BUT," said Koko, as he handed the letter back to Jim, "how on earth did your local rag get hold of it? I've seen both my friends since, and they assured me they didn't write a line about you."

"I give it up," said Jim; "the fact remains that the old man has got wind of it."

"But isn't this action on his part a bit sudden?" demanded Koko.

"He said he would," said Jim, munching a piece of watercress (Mrs. Freeman's unvarying Tuesday breakfast was ham and watercress), "but I didn't think he meant it."

"Perhaps he doesn't mean it," said Koko, hopefully.

"I'm very much afraid," returned Jim, "that he does, though. You see, he was already wild with me, as he had had to stump up for that big window I broke—you remember! Twelve quid—that was the bill. He told me about it over the telephone. I wish I'd been able to have a square talk with him, face to face; he wouldn't have been half so wild. I put all this down to that rotten telephone."

"Don't quite perceive how it's to blame," said Koko.

"Don't you! Why, if he'd tackled me face to face, I could have filled him up with all sorts of promises of reformation, and sent him off for his drive feeling sorry that I was going away. Instead of which he went off in a beastly huff. I should have reminded him—as touching the window—that some fellows charge their paters and grandpaters hundreds and even thousands. I should have explained that twelve pounds was a very light let-off. Hang the telephone!"

"The question is," said Koko, "do you think he means it?"

"Yes," replied the Long 'Un, with conviction.

"Then," continued the other, "what are you going to do?"

"*I* dunno! Turn sporting reporter very likely!"

"Well," said Koko, "with your knowledge of sporting matters, you might be able to earn about twelve-and-sixpence a week just now—say by reporting football matches. That would hardly keep a man of your expensive tastes."

Jim laughed.

"Couldn't I do the fights at the National!" he suggested.

"No, my boy; you've had no experience—of reporting, I mean. But seriously, Jim, you can do better than that. Can't you get a doctoring job?"

"I shall have a look round for something," said Jim.

Koko gazed at the ceiling.

"It it hadn't been for that girl," he mused, sorrowfully, "this would never have happened. You were off your head about her——"

"Absolutely!" agreed Jim.

Koko sighed. "Women are always at the bottom of man's undoing. Avoid them in future, Jim."

"Not I," said Jim; "I'm not built that way," he added, with commendable candour.

"Well, you've lost any chance you had of getting this one," said Koko.

Jim's face fell.

"By George! I hadn't thought of that. I'm glad now I didn't send that telegram about buying American rails. We shall meet on more level terms now."

"Upon my word," said Koko, "I think you are the most optimistic man I have ever met. Here are you—disowned—kicked out—cut off without a shilling by your grandfather—and you are still thinking——"

"I am still thinking hopefully of *Dora*!" breathed Jim, devoutly.

Mr. Somers walked towards the door. However, he turned back to say one more thing.

"If, Jim, you should find it necessary to pawn anything——"

"Which, I fear, will be necessary," sighed the Long 'Un.

"I was going to say," continued Koko, "that if you want to pawn anything, *I'll* pawn it for you. I can nip in easier than you." And with that he went quietly on his way.

Having shaved and dressed, Jim set out, as a matter of course, for the hospital. As he walked along he reviewed the situation, and the awkwardness of his present plight became clearly apparent to him.

Yesterday he was the heir to a fortune and a flourishing practice. (The asylum he left out of his calculations, as he was aware that a private institution of this kind can now—according to the law of the land—only descend from father to son, and on the death of the latter must cease to exist.) To-day he was a young man of four-and-twenty, with a medical qualification, various surgical implements, a small collection of well-thumbed works relating to his craft, a sufficient wardrobe, and some thirty shillings in cash. Thus provided, the world was before him, and he was wondering what sort of a job he and the world would make of it when, as he blundered absent-mindedly round the corner of the street in which St. Matthew's Hospital was situated, he ran plump into the stalwart form of Sir Savile Smart, the eminent specialist of whom mention has already been made.

"What—*Mortimer*!"

"How do you do, Sir Savile?"

The great man's moustache hid a smile as he observed: "And how many more policemen's helmets have you added to your collection?"

Jim blushed.

"You'll get a fine wigging from your grandfather if he hears of your latest adventure," added Sir Savile.

"He *has* heard of it, sir," said Jim, and forthwith told the specialist of what had befallen him

Sir Savile bit his moustache.

"No hope of a reprieve, I suppose?"

"No hope whatever, I fear," said Jim.

Sir Savile hailed a cab. "I'm due at Harley-street in fifteen minutes, but I can talk to you on the way."

He laid his hand kindly on the Long 'Un's arm as the cab approached them, and to Jim's credit be it said that he felt, at that moment, that he had more good friends than he deserved to have.

"Practically," said Sir Savile, as the cab sped westwards, "you want a billet?"

Jim ruefully acknowledged that he couldn't live on air.

"You want a billet? Good. I've got one for you."

He pulled a letter out of his pocket.

"My friend Taplow 'the ladies' doctor' they call him—has a surgery over the water. As you may know, it's not an uncommon thing for a man with a fat West-end practice to run a shilling and sixpenny shop in a poor district. Anything for money, Mortimer! Well, as I said, he's got a surgery over the water—in the Blackfriars district—and he wants a man to look after it. He'll pay about a hundred and twenty a year. Any good to you?"

"Better than living on air," said Jim.

"Experience, too," continued Sir Savile; "heaps. It's a rough, poverty-stricken quarter—very rough. You'll make acquaintance with the masses. The man lately in charge of the place was not quite up to the work—too old. And he was unfortunate in his end——"

"*End*!" said Jim. "Is he dead, then?"

"Dead as a door-nail."

"What did he die of?" queried Jim.

"Boots and knives. He was killed by Hooligans."

The Long 'Un opened his eyes wide.

"Perhaps," said Sir Savile, "you will now think that even living on air is better than risking one's chance of living on anything?"

"Not at all, sir," said Jim, stoutly; "I'm quite willing to take it on."

"I believe you are. Well, go and try it. Taplow's out of town, and has asked me to put somebody in temporarily. I will put *you* in. Any morbid objections to sleeping in your predecessor's bedroom?"

"None at all," said Jim.

"Right! You had better go to the place where he lodged, then. The surgery has no living-rooms attached to it—it's just a surgery and waiting-room. When we get to Harley-street I'll give you full particulars. Quite sure you don't mind going?"

"Quite," replied Jim.

"I do like a man who knows his own mind," said the specialist in a tone of approval. "You needn't stay there for ever, you know—you're too good for that sort of work."

Jim blushed again.

"Still, it'll tide you over the present difficulty. That's the point. Ah, yes—and I must also give you the address of the place where you're to lodge. Better send them a wire. House is about ten minutes' walk from the surgery; people are gentlefolk, I believe—family come down in the world. I remember Taplow speaking of them to me—knows something of them, and recommended his man there. One of the daughters is a post-office clerk—very pretty that'll suit you, eh?"

"I intend to devote myself entirely to work in future, sir," said Jim, in a highly virtuous tone.

"Ah, yes! Quite so—quite so!" said the specialist, chuckling. "Let's see, yes—I recollect—the name is—er—Marcombe—Mayflower—*Maybury*—that's it!"

Jim uttered an exclamation.

"Eh?—what?" enquired Sir Savile.

"N-nothing, sir, nothing!"

"Oh," returned the specialist, "I thought you were going to say something."

CHAPTER VIII.

NUMBER NINE.

BEFORE the era of cheap train-services, omnibuses and trams—when the outer London suburbs of to-day were smiling meadowland, and people talked of Hampstead "village"—there were many residential quarters within a walk of the City on both the Middlesex and Surrey sides of the river. But with the growth of steam power arose great factories, and as fast as these central residential quarters were swept away by Commerce, rows and rows of new streets swallowed up the fields that fringed Suburbia, and afforded accommodation to those whose homes in the heart of London were being razed to the ground.

But some of these quiet old squares and crescents have survived to this day, and you may still find them here and there, sadly shorn of the respectable family appearance they wore in their youth, and hemmed in by huge and ugly business barracks from whose grimy windows issue the whirr and hiss and thud of machinery, the monotonous clacking of typewriters, and the continuous patter of footsteps on iron-shod stairs.

These architectural survivors of a day when the world, humanly speaking, did not go round so fast—when the *Times* received news by "electric telegraph," and issued bulletins of various interest supplied by "Mr. Reuter's" special service—nowadays look like faded old maids, for their exterior smartness is gone, and their interior arrangements smack of a time when it never occurred to a builder to put a bathroom in a house for the simple reason that he did not know how to convey hot water to it, save by means of a can. In some of them each floor is occupied by a separate family, while in others you may perceive the familiar, dreary legend "Apartments to Let" on a card which hangs disconsolately in the fanlight over the door.

Such a crescent as we have described is Derby-crescent, which is situated but a stone's throw from the bustling thoroughfare that leads from Blackfriars Bridge to the "Elephant," and thence on and away to the Old Kent Road, itself suggestive of coach and chaise and the days of our grandfathers. Why Derby Crescent escaped demolition when Dame Commerce stretched out her long, lean, hungry hand and grabbed wide acres of comfortable homesteads for her building needs, nobody can tell you. But it remained, while its neighbouring squares and crescents vanished; and so, when William Maybury, cotton-spinner, of Manchester, was declared a bankrupt, he was glad to hide his head in one of the two houses which belonged to his wife in this self-same area. It was his second wife, for his first had died whilst still pretty and youthful. And it may be added that he had long since repented his second matrimonial venture, in spite of the houses and money the lady brought with her as a marriage portion.

To Number Nine, therefore, he removed such goods and chattels as he was able to save from the wreck of his luxurious house in Manchester, and at Number Nine he had been residing for three years when Jim Mortimer rattled up in a cab a few hours after his talk with Sir Savile, and announced his arrival by plying a

knocker that, like the house it belonged to, had seen very much better days.

After some delay the door was opened by a slatternly maid of tender years, for her hair still hung down her back in a plaited *queue*.

The girl surveyed Jim, and then said, "Are you the new boarder, please?" Then, before Jim could reply, she turned swiftly round and exclaimed, in a shrill voice, "Oh, shut *hup*, Master Frank!"

A boyish laugh rang out, and Jim, peering into the gloomy hall, perceived a lad aged about fourteen, accoutred in Etons a good deal the worse for wear—apparently harmony reigned at Number Nine, as far as appearances went—with a gleeful smirk on his face.

"Yes," said Jim, "I am Mr. Mortimer."

"Will you come in, please," the girl rejoined, and again swished round to remonstrate with her tormentor.

"Give *hover*, Master Frank—I'll tell your ma, I will!"

"Sneak!" observed the amiable young gentleman addressed.

"Leave my 'air alone, then!"

Jim turned round and bade the cabman bring his portmanteau into the house, and as the cabman, with much heavy breathing, deposited the portmanteau in the hall, a large, middle-aged lady emerged from one of the sitting-rooms and treated the new boarder to a gracious smile.

"Dr. Mortimer, I presume?"

Jim bowed.

"Sir Savile Smart was so kind as to wire—as well as you—and tell us that you were coming to take poor Dr. Morgan's place. Very sad, was it not? Such a nice, quiet old gentleman! But it's only old gentlemen and women that these cowardly Hooligans venture to touch—indeed, we hardly dare go out after dark! It gave us a great shock when we heard of what had happened to Dr. Morgan. The poor dear gentleman was really past work, and must have fallen an easy victim to the ruffians. My husband is not so young as he was, and I often feel nervous lest something should happen to him! He makes me very cross by refusing to carry a life-preserver. Every evening I expect to see his mangled corpse brought to the door. If we could afford to, we should move out of this dreadful neighbourhood, but there! people must live where they *can* live! When my husband met with his reverses, you see, Dr. Mortimer, our thoughts naturally turned to Derby-crescent, where we could live rent free, as my dear mother left me her property in this——but your cabman is waiting, Dr. Mortimer, and no doubt you wish to dismiss him!"

During her flight of eloquence, the cabman had been regarding Mrs. Maybury with a most grim and forbidding expression on his face. Jim, remembering that he had left his overcoat in the cab, walked back to the vehicle with him.

"OH, SHUT *hup*, MASTER FRANK!"

"What's the damage, cabby?" inquired the Long 'Un, when he had secured his coat.

"Leave it to you, sir."

Jim gave him sixpence over his fare. Overpaying cabmen had always been a weakness of his.

"Much obliged, sir!" The cabman touched his hat and pocketed the silver. "Wish you luck of your new quarters, sir."

"Thanks, cabby," said Jim.

"The way to treat 'er," continued the cabman, indicating the house—and presumably its mistress—with his thumb, "is to cut in when she's 'arf-way through what she's got to say. Them kind o' wimmen don't mind bein' interrupted. Leastways, they mind a bit, but they ain't annoyed. They go on afterwards same as if you 'adn't interrupted of 'em. You sees what I mean?"

"I see what you mean," said Jim.

"My old woman goes on just like 'er," with another thumb-indication—"and so I know. I let 'er reel it off till I'm tired, and then I change the subjick, casual-like. It's quite easy to make 'em change the subjick. There's wimmen 'oo, directly an idea enters their brains, utters it wiv their mouves. See? It goes inter one and outer the other as natural as rockin' a baby. But you can always interrupt 'em wivout doin' any 'arm, so you bear my tip in mind. Good-night to you, sir!" he added, mounting his box

"Good-night to you, cabby," said Jim, who concluded, as he walked up the steps, that the cabman was something of a philosopher.

He found the little servant endeavouring to raise one end of his portmanteau, which, being chock full of clothes, boots, books, and instruments, was no light weight

"Don't trouble," said Jim, "I'll carry it upstairs."

"I really cannot allow you to do that," said Mrs. Maybury. "Frank," she added, turning to the boy, "help Mary with Dr. Mortimer's portmanteau."

"Sha'n't!" said the boy, pouting.

"Obey me at once, Frank!"

"Sha'n't!" repeated the boy, disappearing into the room from which his step-mother had emerged.

By way of settling the matter, Jim shouldered the portmanteau. "Kindly go first," he said to Mary, "and tell me where my room is."

As he was about to ascend the staircase, an immense black cat came stalking along the hall and rubbed itself, loudly purring, against his leg.

"What a wonder!" cried Mary. "Tom generally don't like strangers."

"Good old Tom!" said Jim. Then he commenced his ascent of the stairs, Mary preceding and "Tom" following him.

Thus guided—and accompanied—he at length reached his bed-chamber—a by no means spacious apartment on the second floor.

"This was Dr. Morgan's room, sir," said the servant; "it's to be yours now, sir."

"Thank you, Mary," said Jim.

Mary lingered. So did the cat.

"It's the room he slept in the night before he—he *died*, sir," she added, fearfully.

"Well," said Jim, with a smile, "I suppose he had to sleep somewhere!"

"Y—yes, sir—but don't you mind, sir?"

"*Mind*! No, of course not! I've taken forty winks in a dissecting-room before now," he concluded, proceeding to unstrap his portmanteau.

"Dissectin'-room——"

"Yes, a room *where they cut people up*!" explained Jim in such an awesome voice that Mary scuttered downstairs with an idea in her sixteen-year-old head that the new boarder was a very terrible and bloodthirsty gentleman. Tom, however, appeared to be quite at home, and, seating himself on the end of the bed, gravely took stock of the ill-fated Dr. Morgan's successor.

As Jim, after unpacking the peculiar assortment of articles in his portmanteau, indulged in what barbers designate a "wash and brush-up," his thoughts naturally turned to the people he was henceforth to live with. He wondered how many of them there were; whether there were any more boys like Master Frank; whether there were any more servants, and, if so, whether they were all as small as Mary; whether there were any more boarders, and, finally, whether this was really the home of the Dora Maybury he had met at the Milverton-street post-office. On this last point, however, he felt pretty certain. To begin with, Jim told himself, it was not probable that there were two pretty Dora Mayburys employed by the London Post Office; and, to end with, the boy Frank bore a most remarkable resemblance to the Dora Maybury Jim had been introduced to. In the dim light of the hall, indeed, the likeness was positively startling. Take that boy's Etons off and clothe him in a neat black dress, put a wig of woman's black hair on him, and then, with the angularities of his figure shrouded by the gloom of the hall, there would be presented to view a very good double of Dora Maybury

Taking these two arguments—if such they may be called—into consideration, Jim felt pretty sure that this was Dora's home. *Dora's* home! Jim's brain reeled for a moment at the mere idea of it. His coming here seemed to have happened

as things happen in dreams—he could hardly realise even yet that he was actually under the same roof as that which afforded shelter to *Dora*!

So quickly had this change in his circumstances been brought about that he had not even considered what Miss Maybury's ideas on the subject of his advent might be. In truth, he hardly dared to consider the position from that point of view.

Jim had accepted his present post in his usual happy-go-lucky way, being at an age when men of his temperament do not act with much forethought. Had Sir Savile asked him to accompany an expedition in search of the North Pole he would have agreed to go without a moment's hesitation; had the great surgeon offered him a billet as medical officer to a tour of exploration in Equatorial Africa, Jim would have "signed on" with all the readiness in the world; and with an equal absence of reluctance he would have sailed as surgeon on an emigrant steamer, would have taken over the medical duties in a small-pox ship, a workhouse, a blind school or a convict prison. Had some great air-vessel been invented, Jim would have jumped at the opportunity to accompany her in her ethereal journey as medical adviser to the intrepid voyagers; or, if such a post had been on offer, he would have consented to doctor the exiles in a Siberian mine. He was, in fact, ready to go anywhere so long as he went in a medical capacity.

Whatever Jim's faults were—and they were many in number—he was at least devoted to his profession. Erratic he might be, and in many ways almost bad enough to be held up as a sad example of depravity in a Sunday School story-book—but his heart was in his work, and when he really put his shoulder to the wheel there was more than a touch of genius in the manœuvres of his "hand." For Jim was a surgeon before anything.

Here he was, however, in charge of an obscure practice where but little surgical skill would be required, since serious cases would all be treated at the hospitals. He would always be welcome, of course, in the operating theatre at "Matt's," although it was not likely that he would often have time to attend there.

Did Jim regret accepting this humble billet in a humble district? Not for a moment! Indeed, when he thought how Fate had afforded him a chance of seeing Dora every day, he very nearly broke into a hornpipe on his bedroom hearth-rug. However, he restrained himself and went down to the drawing-room, the big black cat following steadily in his wake.

Mrs. Maybury, her large body clothed in a silk dress that was well in keeping with the fallen fortunes of the family, introduced Jim, firstly, to her husband—a slender man of medium height, between fifty and sixty, with an exceedingly well-cut face and neatly-trimmed beard. He welcomed Jim to his house in a few well-chosen, courteous words, and Jim, as he noted the other's perfectly easy tone and manner, understood how Dora had come by the same distinguishing characteristics.

Jim was then introduced to the two other boarders—to Miss Bird, a maiden lady of obese person, harsh voice, and some sixty summers—and to Mr. Cleave, a tall, spare man, with a severe face whose beauty was not enhanced by the pimples which grew upon its surface. Mr. Cleave appeared to be about thirty years of age.

"And now," said Mrs. Maybury, as Jim took his seat on a small and uncompromisingly hard chair by her side, "I will tell you our ways and hours, Dr. Mortimer. We breakfast at eight, as my husband and one of my daughters have to go to business early——" ("Aha!" thought Jim) "and Frank to school. Not that he does much good there," she continued, "as he is kept in almost every day for not learning his home lessons properly. He goes to the Metropolitan School for Boys—yes, a very good school, but the money seems to be wasted in Frank's case. Either he is teasing Mary or the cat, or getting into mischief of some sort—indeed," lowering her voice, "he has nearly driven Miss Bird out of the house already; not that that would be a very great loss, indeed, seeing that she——"

"By the way, Mrs. Maybury," said Jim, recollecting the cabman's advice, "you will excuse my mentioning it, but have you a dau——"

At that moment, with a jingle and a rattle and a stamping of hoofs, a cab pulled up in front of Number Nine. Mrs. Maybury hastened to the window and peered through the blind.

"It is Dora and Mr. Jefferson—how kind of him to drive her home!"

Jim's tongue froze to his teeth. "Yes, I have two daughters, Dr. Mortimer," she continued, returning to Jim's side, "the elder, Harriet Rebecca—she hates her names so much that we call her 'H. R.'—helps me with the housekeeping, and Dora is in in the—er—Civil Service. Mr. Jefferson," she added, confidentially, "has been paying her attentions for some time."

At that moment the door opened, and Dora Maybury, radiant with excitement, hastened up to her step-mother. "Oh, mamma, Mr. Jefferson has a box at Daly's to-night. Can I go with him? He says he doesn't mind Frank coming, too——"

"Certainly you may go, dear. Oh, and one

moment, dear! Dr. Mortimer—this is my daughter—my step-daughter—Dora."

"I have had the pleasure," said Jim, as he bent his lofty head, "of meeting Miss Dora before, Mrs. Maybury."

"Indeed!" cried Mrs. Maybury, "how very small the world is! Yes—and—Mr. Jefferson—Dr. Mortimer."

Dora's companion had entered the room and approached the group. Directly their eyes met Mr. Jefferson and Jim recognised each other, the former being no less a person than the pale-faced gentleman who had uttered loud remarks concerning shop-boys at the Exhibition.

"YOU MUST BE THE MAN WHOSE TOES I TROD ON AT THE EXHIBITION THE OTHER NIGHT."

"I, too, have had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Mortimer before," said Mr. Jefferson, without troubling to return Jim's bow, "but I cannot say that I am pleased to see him again."

"Why, dear me!" said Jim, with ready wit, "you must be the man whose toes I trod on at the Exhibition the other night."

And at this unexpected rejoinder—much to Mr. Jefferson's annoyance—Dora's pretty lips parted in an unmistakable smile.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE PILLORY.

THE somewhat strained situation brought about by Mr. Jefferson's remark was suddenly relieved by a loud scream, and then a volume of shrill protest from Mary, who appeared, judging by the sound of her voice, to be in close proximity to the drawing-room door.

"Shut *hup*, Master Frank—give *hover*, I say. Your pa shall 'ear of this——"

Master Frank jeered rudely. "Bah, tell-tale! Don't care if he does!"

"Oh!" shrieked Mary, "it's bitin' me. Take it off, Master Frank!"

Mr. Maybury walked to the door and, opening it, looked into the hall.

"What is the matter, Mary—why are you making so much noise?" he enquired.

"Master Frank put a beetle on my neck," whimpered Mary.

"Didn't," said Frank.

"Don't tell an untruth, Frank," his father warned him; "did you or did you not put a beetle on Mary's neck?"

"It was a spider," admitted Frank, who, tease and scapegrace as he was, had not yet developed into that most difficult of persons to deal with—a liar.

"It was something crawly, and I thought it was a beetle," said Mary; "he keeps beetles," she added, in a tone conveying painfully correct knowledge on the point.

"Apologise at once to Mary," Mr. Maybury commanded his son.

"Don't see why I should," muttered the rebellious youth.

"Very well, then—you will not go to the theatre to-night with Mr. Jefferson and Dora."

The younger Miss Maybury, blushing somewhat (Jim noted the fact with a sinking heart), hastened to the scene of reprimand.

"Oh, Frank—say you are sorry. You *must* come to-night."

Mr. Jefferson, with his eye on the old-fashioned

chandelier, fervently hoped that Frank would remain obstinately unrepentant.

"I'm—er—sorry," said Frank, stiffly.

"*Dear* Frank—I knew you would!" said Dora, flinging her arms round her brother's neck and bestowing a kiss of gratitude upon his brow.

"Here—chuck that!" cried Frank, shaking himself free, "what time must I be ready by?" he added.

"We shall start directly after dinner—I'm going up to dress now," cried Dora, and so the group separated, Frank and his sister proceeding upstairs, Mary descending to the kitchen—where Miss H. R. Maybury was preparing the evening meal—and Mr. Maybury returning to the drawing-room.

"That boy," exclaimed Miss Bird, in a loud, nutmeg-grating tone, "ought to be sent to a reformatory."

Mrs. Maybury turned on her lady-boarder with asperity.

"You will oblige me, Miss Bird, by moderating your language when speaking of Frank!"

"Idle, graceless young rascal!" added Miss Bird, who was not at all afraid of Mrs. Maybury.

"Of course," said Mrs. Maybury, with a contemptuous glance at her husband, "if the boy's father allows him to be spoken of in this way, I, who am only his step-mother——"

"Miss Bird is a little severe in her strictures, but I am afraid something must shortly be done to curb Frank's insubordination," said Mr. Maybury with admirable tact.

"Try him with a whipping and dry bread and water for a week," snarled Miss Bird, who disliked children generally, and abominated Master Maybury.

"Pardon?" enquired Mr. Cleave, who had sat through all the clamour deep in a bilious-looking periodical called *The Total Abstainer*. Mr. Cleave, it should be added, was a little deaf. As, on looking up, he found Miss Bird scowling at him, he concluded that she had addressed him.

"—Bread and water for a week!" shouted Miss Bird, irritably. She hated having to repeat anything, and the case was made worse in Mr. Cleave's case by the defect in his hearing.

"Water?" Mr. Cleave nodded and smiled. "Certainly—plenty of water. Are you an abstainer, sir?" he concluded, turning to Jim, whose name he had not properly caught when they were introduced.

"Sorry to say I am largely," replied Jim.

"*Sorry?*" Mr. Cleave blinked in amazement.

"It would have been better for me if I hadn't abstained from water so much," explained Jim.

Mr. Cleave blinked more intelligently. He was beginning to understand.

"You sometimes fall into deadly sin by polluting your lips with alcoholic liquor?" he enquired

"I'm afraid so," said Jim.

Gradually a very pained and shocked expression stole over Mr. Cleave's cadaverous countenance.

For Mr. Cleave, as need hardly be explained, was a fanatic on the Drink Question—the kind of ill-balanced enthusiast that does his Cause more harm than good by his unbridled and immoderate denunciations of the evil he wishes to abolish. He gazed upon Jim with wonder and shame, and then, deeming him too hardened to be affected by remonstrance, turned for comfort to the pages of *The Total Abstainer*, and particularly to that part where notorious cases of drunkenness were set down under the kind, Christian-like heading of "OUR PILLORY."

While these remarks were being passed, Mr. Jefferson, who had dressed for the theatre before he went to meet Dora, had been turning over the pages of a magazine and occasionally stealing a glance at Jim. For he was rather puzzled at finding the latter at No. 9. He was—it must be remembered—entirely ignorant concerning Jim's identity. He had seen Jim before, it was true, when visiting the Exhibition with Dora and her sister, and had looked diligently in the paper every day for a week after to see what sort of punishment had been meted out to the turbulent youth, but had failed to glean any information there, thanks to the absolute silence Koko's Press friends had maintained on the subject.

So, gradually, the incident faded out of Mr. Jefferson's mind, and he had forgotten all about it when he entered Mr. Maybury's house on this particular evening and found himself face to face with the disturber of the peace whose toes he had trodden on some ten days since—and whose pardon he had so unwisely omitted to beg.

Jefferson was the son of a wealthy City man. He enjoyed a liberal allowance, golfed, motored, and ploughed the smooth waters of the Thames in a steam-launch. He did everything, in fact, which cost money. Golf is not a cheap game as played in clubs round London; motoring is not a poor man's hobby; a steam-launch is a fairly expensive toy. Football and cricket are trifles light as air—from an expenditure point of view—compared with the pastimes Mr. Jefferson followed. Mr. Jefferson might have played football and cricket, for he was only twenty-eight, but he preferred pursuits which betokened him to be the possessor of a well-filled purse. When he referred to his recreations he endeavoured to make it clear to his listeners that he had been out in his own motor-car, and that he had not

been churning the pleasant reaches of Henley and Maidenhead at the invitation of any whisky baronet or tea and coffee knight. He had been, if you please, in his own launch. An unkind City acquaintance of his had once wondered—audibly—why Jefferson didn't have the receipted bill for his launch pasted on the exterior of the craft, just under her name. This was unkind, but they say very unkind things about and to each other in the City. The Stock Exchange—of which the Messrs. Jefferson, father and son, were both members—is as merciless in its chaff as a public school. Which, as my public-school readers will agree, is speaking very highly of the Stock Exchange.

For the rest, Mr. Jefferson could make himself exceedingly agreeable when he liked, and as he was good-looking, attentive, gentlemanly, and always well-dressed, it was not surprising that he had managed to make an impression on Dora's girlish and inexperienced mind. To tell the truth, Mr. Jefferson had come to the conclusion that Dora would be his for the asking, and was, therefore, not going to hurry himself over the matter. She was a charming girl—the most charming girl he had ever met—and he admired her immensely. Possibly he would have been deeply in love with her by this time, had she not always received him with a smile of genuine welcome and accepted his invitations to go here and there, and see this and that, with unconcealed delight. After the drudgery of the post-office counter, and the doubtful joys offered by her home-circle, Mr. Jefferson's society came as a very pleasant relief to Dora. Whenever they went out together he spent his money handsomely, and gave her of the best—and Dora was accordingly grateful and quite prepared to whisper a tender affirmative when Harold Jefferson asked her to be his wife.

So stood the matter when Jefferson drove her home—she had begged off from the office early, at his request—this September evening. So stood the matter when Dora entered the drawing-room and was introduced to "Dr. Mortimer."

When Harold Jefferson, following Dora at a leisurely pace, heard Jim say that he had met Miss Maybury before, he pricked up his ears. And when, on entering the drawing-room, he saw who the gentleman was that had met Dora before, a vague but distinct feeling of annoyance came over him. He had met Jim in the mimical manner already described, and, as he turned over the pages of the magazine, made up his mind to take an early opportunity to inform Mrs. Maybury of the part this new boarder—Jefferson presumed Jim was a new boarder—had lately played before a large and interested audience.

Presently Dora and Frank came downstairs. The former looked prettier than ever in a white dress—with a pearl necklace, a gift of Mr. Jefferson's, round her fair neck, and some other tiny shining ornament in her hair. Frank looked unusually clean and dapper in his best suit, Dora having tied a neat bow for him, and generally supervised his toilet.

Dora seated herself on the arm of her father's chair and stroked the thin hair on his head in the caressing way both pretty and plain daughters are often pleased to exhibit. Once only Dora stole a shy and somewhat apprehensive glance at Jim. She had recognised Jim's voice directly he spoke to Mr. Jefferson at the Exhibition, and had turned her face away, as she did not desire Jim, on the strength of his introduction to her earlier in the day, to address her whilst he was in such a quarrelsome mood.

And now—here he was—this Mr. (or Dr.) Mortimer—under her own father's roof; and here, too, was Mr. Jefferson, who had already expressed his feelings with regard to this Mr. (or Dr.) Mortimer. Under the peculiar circumstances, Dora had no desire to enter into conversation with Jim, and so took shelter—as girls so often, and so wisely, do—under the paternal wing.

Frank, however, had no reason to avoid Mr. Mortimer. He rather admired him for the easy way he had picked up his portmanteau and shouldered it upstairs. A real boy admires a strong man, and Frank was a real boy enough—suffering, at present, from being too much at home—for his summer holidays were only just over.

So he seated himself by Jim.

"I say, Dr. Mortimer," he said at length, "would you mind telling me how tall you are?"

Jim was genially glad of somebody to talk to.

"Six foot, four," he replied.

"I *say*! Do you like being so tall?"

"Don't mind it," said Jim; "knock my head rather too often, perhaps."

Frank laughed. "There's a master at my school almost as tall as you," he proceeded, "but much broader."

"Indeed!" said Jim, who frequently had to listen to comparisons of this sort."

"Well," continued Frank, surveying Jim with a critical eye, "I don't know whether he's *much* broader. You are *rather* broad, aren't you? But he's much fatter. They say he weighs eighteen stone. What do *you* weigh?"

"Frank," said Mrs. Maybury, "don't ask such personal questions, dear."

Dora smiled. She was listening in a not un-

interested way to her brother's ingenuous remarks.

"Oh, I don't mind, Mrs. Maybury," said Jim; "I go just over thirteen stone," he added, addressing Frank.

The boy looked thoughtful. Presently he said: "Can you fight well, Dr. Mortimer?"

He asked the question in all innocence, for Dora had not breathed a word about Jim's performance at the Exhibition.

"I don't like fighting," replied Jim; "I am afraid of my nose bleeding."

Frank gazed at him with suspicion. Then, as Jim's face remained quite grave, Frank's grew scornful. Afraid of his nose bleeding! That was a nice thing for a man of six feet, four, to say!

To what extent Frank might have continued his interrogations, we can only vaguely surmise, but at this point Miss Bird—who had been much irritated by Frank's inquisitive treble tones—dashed into the breach.

"And what, Mr. Cleave," she asked, "are the cases in your 'Pillory' this week? Anything of an exceptional nature?"

Mr. Cleave came to life with a convulsive start. He had been absorbed in a series of reports supplied by the *Abstainer's* special commissioner from the London Police Courts.

"Pardon?" he asked, "didn't catch——"

Miss Bird snapped her teeth, which came together much as a man-trap would close on an unfortunate poacher's leg.

"Pillory! What's the worst case?" she bawled.

"Oh! The cases in 'Our Pillory'?" bleated Mr. Cleave.

"Yes! Read 'em out!" Miss Bird returned in a saw-like, rasping growl.

Mr. Cleave turned over the pages of *The Total Abstainer* with evident relish.

"The worst," he said, in a high, thin voice, "is one that our Commissioner only heard by unexpected good fortune. He does not often go westwards. He finds that Bow-street and Whitechapel bring more grist——"

"Read it out!" shouted Miss Bird.

"'*A piteous example of what over-indulgence in alcohol may bring a man to,*' read Mr. Cleave, '*was afforded by a case which came before our notice one day last week in the Kensington Police Court. The degraded being who faced the magistrate with an unabashed gaze was a young doctor named Mortimer, who gave as his address a place of mercy and healing—the Hospital of St. Matthew.*'"

"By George!" exclaimed Jim, "that's how our local rag got hold of it! Copied it out of your paper."

"Pardon?" observed Mr. Cleave.

"Go on!" roared Miss Bird.

"I SAY, DR. MORTIMER, WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME HOW TALL YOU ARE?"

"'*The facts were few but terrible* (continued Mr. Cleave). *This member of a noble calling, inflamed and rendered reckless of all consequences by the fiend aforesaid, actually made a ferocious onslaught on a band of six policemen. In a fair pleasure garden he let loose his unruly passions, and only after a terrific struggle was he captured, handcuffed, and thrust into a cell——*"

"They locked you up, then?" enquired Jefferson, glancing maliciously at Jim.

"Not they," said Jim; "I was let out on bail."

Miss Bird turned sharply round and glared into Jim's face.

"Are *you* the person described in that report?" she demanded.

"I am," said Jim.

A silence fell on the room. Even the dim-of-hearing Mr. Cleave appreciated the situation and understood that the lately arrived Dr. Mortimer was identical with the prime villain of the "Pillory" that week.

"Pray continue, Mr. Cleave," said Jefferson at length, with a curl of his lip; "I am sure Dr. Mortimer does not mind."

Mr. Cleave was bending over the paper again when an interruption came from an unthought-of quarter. Mr. Maybury rose to his feet.

"I do not think," he said, "that Mr. Cleave had better proceed with his reading."

"Nonsense," said Jefferson; "go ahead, Mr. Cleave."

"For the sake of the Cause, Mr. Maybury," piped Cleave, "I wish to——"

"I am master of this house," said the ruined manufacturer, who, generally so mild and retiring, now spoke with unfaltering firmness, "and I say that no man shall be insulted to his face under my roof. You will oblige me, Mr. Cleave, by not reading another word of that report. Frank, go and see if dinner is ready."

CHAPTER X.

AT THE SURGERY.

JIM set out for the surgery next morning feeling somewhat depressed. His sins were coming home to him. The attitude adopted towards him generally by No. 9 was a hostile one. After the sad disclosures on the previous evening, Miss Bird and Mr. Cleave had metaphorically turned their backs on him; Mrs. Maybury was coldly polite; Miss H. R. Maybury (a thin, angular young lady) barely recognised his presence; and, on the whole, Jim would have spent a most chilly evening had not Mr. Maybury invited him to play chess.

"Seems to me," said Jim, as he left Derby Crescent, "I'm not in good odour there. Shall I leave or shall I live it down? I should like to leave, but——*hullo!*"

This exclamation was caused by the hitherto unnoticed presence of Tom, the great black cat, who had quietly followed Jim out of the Crescent into the main road, and seemed bent on accompanying the young doctor to his destination. Jim endeavoured to make the cat go back, but Tom persisted in accompanying him, and so at length the two reached Mount-street, where Dr. Taplow's surgery was situated.

On the pavement by the surgery door a group of meanly-clad people were already waiting for "the Doctor." The women—they were all women or children—gazed with interest on the Long 'Un. He was a man most people looked at twice, and to these poor souls he was of peculiar interest, for he was to minister to their ills. And who—in times of sickness—is of greater interest to one than the man who possesses the skill to make one well again?

"Waiting to see me?" said Jim, cheerily, "all right—you may come in in a moment."

Scouring the passage that lay on the other side of the door was a hag of forbidding appearance.

"I am Mr. Mortimer," said Jim, in reply to her stare of enquiry; "I have come to take charge of the practice."

Passing by her, he opened a door on the right and entered the waiting-room—a bare apartment furnished with a few chairs and a table, on which latter lay a scanty collection of well-thumbed periodicals. Opening out of this was the surgery, which had not been entered, save by the hag aforesaid, since Dr. Morgan had come by his untimely end.

On the desk lay the open ledger—with its quaint Latin entries—exactly as poor old Morgan had left it. On the shelves were the usual ranks of bottles—containing poisons, acids and other drugs; and here and there on the counter under the shelves stood various dose-glasses, phials, a stethoscope, and a pair of forceps still containing a rotten double-tooth that had been wrenched from some unfortunate aching jaw. The place was dirty and untidy, and altogether the sight that met Jim's eyes was most dispiriting. This was, indeed, a humble surgery in a humble district!

Still, Jim did not lose heart. He was fresh from one of the first hospitals in London—in spite of the sudden change in his fortunes he was full of enthusiasm, and eager to apply his knowledge.

The patients filed in, and Jim saw each in turn. They were all suffering from common ailments, and the Long 'Un—after his varied experience among the out-patients at Matt's, where he had sometimes doctored fifty persons in one morning—made short work of them.

One little girl had a rash on her chest and back. Jim readily diagnosed the complaint as chicken-pox.

"Take her home and keep her in bed for a week, mum!" said he, to the girl's mother; "keep her warm, mind. If she gets a chill, it will drive the spots in, and the child may be very ill then. Keep her warm. Medicine? No, she doesn't want medicine. Just keep her warm—and away from the other children. All live in one room? Well, they'll all have it—if they've

not had it before. Just as well. Sixpence, please!"

A young seamstress had no appetite and felt too weak to work. No, she wasn't married—she helped her mother. Drink? No, never drank anything but tea. How often? Oh, the pot was on the hob all day. They just helped themselves when they wanted it.

"The matter with you, mum," said Jim, "is *tea*! You're poisoning yourself. So comforting? Yes, but it's poison. No more tea, mum! Medicine? Yes. I'll make you up a nice tonic. And go out for a walk every evening—don't tire yourself, though!"

He called them all "mum," and they all liked his fresh young face and cheerful manner, and went home full of praises for "the noo Doctor." And so Jim, on his first day at the surgery, lay the seeds of his fame—a fame that was to become very great in that humble district.

But it wasn't all sixpenny and shilling countertrade. Later in the day—when it had been noised about that a new doctor had come to take charge of the practice—various messages—some verbal, some scribbled on notepaper—arrived. would the Doctor come to see Mrs. Smith, who was suffering from heart complaint; and Mrs. Jones, who had nothing at all the matter with her, but always thought she had? So Jim sallied forth and paid calls on the wives of fishmongers and ironmongers, and greengrocers and publicans—nearly all his patients were women—ascended rickety staircases, dived into evil-smelling bedrooms, and went hither and thither and about and around on his useful errands of healing and comfort. In one day, Jim made a name for himself, created wonder on account of his height, and established several firm friends by reason of his easy manner, and free, "gentleman-like" address.

Tom didn't follow Jim when the latter was going his rounds, but remained at the surgery. He was not idle, for once, on returning from a visit, Jim found the cat proudly sitting guard over a huge grey rat that he had slaughtered. And it may be added that in the course of the afternoon Tom gave battle to and utterly defeated two Mount-street cats (noted "scrappers," both), which ventured to annoy him when he sallied forth for a breath of fresh air.

Over the way, just opposite, was a provision-shop bearing the name of "Harris and Son." It was provided with a counter at which people sat and devoured cheap plates of ham and beef, and drank ale that was procured by a boy from a neighbouring "public."

From the portals of this establishment, about two o'clock in the afternoon, issued a weary little old man, who, after glancing up and down Mount-street, crossed over to the surgery.

He found Jim doing up some medicine. "How d'ye do, doctor?"

"How are you, sir?"

"Queer, doctor. Thought I'd come and ask your advice."

"Go ahead," said Jim, jabbing the end of a stick of sealing-wax into the gas-jet.

"I've a funny feeling all over my head—not in the head, but all over it. I've been a good deal worried of late, Doctor."

"Sort of feeling as if your hair was being brushed?" inquired Jim.

"That's it. Not so nice, though."

"I know it," said Jim; "I've had it myself when I've been stewing hard for an exam." (He hadn't really, but "having had it himself" was a medical formula that he deemed it well to abide by—it comforted patients.)

"Well I never! What is it, Doctor?"

"Irritation of the subcutaneous nerves," said Jim, wisely.

"Ah!" said the weary little old man, "sounds bad!"

"Oh, no—it'll soon go off. I'll make you up a tonic with a touch of bromide in it. That'll soothe you."

"*Bromide*! Ain't that the wicked stuff society ladies take?"

"Some of them. But they take it neat—yours will be diluted."

Jim made up a bottle of "the mixture," and the old man laid down his shilling.

"I feel better already, sir," he said; "hope you'll come over to our place and get a bit to eat when you want it. I'm from over the road—Harris."

"Right!" said Jim, "I won't forget. Good-day, Mr. Harris."

And in this way an adventure befell Jim, for, about an hour later, feeling hungry, he went over to the emporium of Harris and Son. Blocking up the doorway he found a burly ruffian with close-cropped hair and a scarf round his neck.

"Now, my man!" said Jim, wishing to pass by.

The gentleman addressed turned on him with a scowl and an oath.

"Oo are you 'my-manning,' young lamp-post? *You* get out of *my* way—d'yer 'ear?"

Now Jim conjectured—and rightly—that the ruffian in question was of the Hooligan order, or belonged to a class of society near akin to that order. And, recollecting that he had to hold his own in this district, and that it would never do to be intimidated, and bearing in mind likewise that in situations of this kind it was a good plan to "hit first and hit hard," he let drive

between the fellow's eyes and knocked him clean off his feet.

This done, he stepped over him and proceeded to the counter to buy some food.

As the ruffian fell, a pale slip of a girl, who was holding a baby, started up from the table at which she was sitting and rushed towards the prostrate figure.

The man Jim had felled struggled to his feet with a flood of imprecations pouring from his lips. The blow had dazed him, and for a few moments he glared about him in an uncertain way. Then, as his senses cleared, he perceived Jim, and gave a hoarse cry, fumbling the while

JIM LET DRIVE BETWEEN THE FELLOW'S EYES.

at the heavily-buckled belt which he wore round his waist.

"Oh, Jack—don't!" cried the girl, interposing her slender form between the man and the object of his meditated vengeance. As she did so, Jim noticed that one of her eyes was discoloured; it was not hard to guess who had caused the injury.

"Get over the counter!" cried Mr. Harris; "you'll be safer here."

"Not I," said Jim; "I can look after myself."

"He's a terror," said the old man, in a hasty undertone, "he's a Hooligan—the worst of 'em—their boss."

"I don't care," said Jim; "I can tackle him."

At length the Hooligan managed to unclasp his belt, but even as he did so two policemen entered the shop.

"Now then—get out of this—quick!"

They knew him—evidently. They were two to his one. And there was the Long 'Un near at hand to help if required.

The Hooligan was not without some regard for his personal well-being. With a scowl of hate at Jim he put on his belt again and left the shop, followed by the girl.

"Same old game?" said one of the constables to Mr. Harris.

"I didn't see it all—but I believe this gentleman knocked him down," replied Mr. Harris. "He's the new doctor over the road."

The policeman eyed Jim with an interest that was mingled with considerable respect.

"I'd advise you to be careful, sir," he said; "that's the most dangerous man in these parts. He's just done six months, and only came out three days ago. We've been keeping an eye on him."

"I'll look out—never fear," said Jim.

For some hours after that Jim was very busy, but even in the midst of his work he seemed to see the white, pleading face of the Hooligan's girl-wife. No doubt she loved the brute—no doubt she had been endeavouring to keep him in a good temper ever since he had come out of prison. And the man, smarting from his recent confinement, sulky, and conscious of his bull-like strength, had probably been thirsting for a quarrel all these three days.

Then Jim's sharp speech fell on his ear, and

the Hooligan wasn't accustomed to being spoken to sharply by anybody save a policeman. He had wheeled round fiercely, and had hardly had time to take stock of the person addressing him before he was floored. He had never received such quick treatment before in his life—not even in rows with his own pals.

"Still," thought Jim, "I wouldn't have hit him had I known his wife was there. At any rate, I'd have let him hit me first."

Jim got some tea in a shop in Blackfriars-road, and was fully employed making up medicine at the surgery until it was dusk, and the street lamps were shining yellow. Then Jim bethought him of Derby Crescent and dinner.

He was tidying up the surgery preparatory to taking his leave of the place for the day, when there came a short, peremptory knock on the street door, which he had previously closed. Jim heard a murmur of voices without. A woman, it seemed, was remonstrating with a man.

Jim went to the door and opened it. There, awaiting him, was the Hooligan; a little further off stood the latter's slip of a wife.

"Well?" said Jim, curtly.

Even as he spoke the girl gave the alarm: "Look out, sir—he's got his belt off!" But the Hooligan was too quick, and the heavy buckle of the belt came crash on to Jim's head, just above the brow, ere the woman's warning was finished.

It was a frightful blow, and extracted a cry of pain from Jim. One cry, and then Jim sprang forward, dodged the belt swinging at his head again, and closed with the Hooligan. The two forms swayed, tottered, fell—Jim on top. In a second he was kneeling on the ruffian, his hands upon the other's throat.

"Oh, sir—oh, sir!—don't give him in charge! Oh, sir—he sha'n't do it again!—please don't give him in charge!"

It was the girl-wife's piteous appeal, and Jim, hearing her, rose to his feet.

"All right—take him away!"

Jim's head was swimming, and the blood was trickling over his face.

He staggered back into the surgery, feeling that his senses were leaving him. Supporting himself by the wall, he passed through the waiting-room, gained the surgery proper, and was clutching at the counter when a figure appeared in the doorway.

It was the Hooligan—with an uglier look than ever in his eyes.

Jim saw the brutal face and the uplifted belt. The man was going to hit him again. The belt rose—but of a sudden help arrived from an unexpected quarter, for Tom, the great cat, seeing the danger that threatened his master, launched himself into the air and in another moment was biting and scratching at the Hooligan's face with all the tigerish venom in his nature.

The Hooligan dropped his belt and tore wildly at the cat, and at that moment a little man entered the surgery.

"Pull it off!" yelled the Hooligan, "pull the beast off!"

Koko—for the newcomer was none less—caught Tom by the nape of the neck and flung him into a corner.

Then Koko snatched up a sponge, soaked it with water, and applied it to Jim's wound.

"Thanks, old man!" said Jim, reviving somewhat.

"I got your card and came along as soon as I could," said Koko, soaking the sponge again; "by the way, who's your friend?"

"Oh, he was only getting even with me," said Jim, "I hit him earlier in the day."

The Hooligan's wife was endeavouring to make her husband leave the waiting-room to which he had retired when Koko relieved him of the cat -but he seemed anxious to renew the combat.

Her expostulations ceased abruptly, however—as did the man's maledictions and a new voice fell upon the hearing of the two friends

"Now, my good people, do you want anything here? If you will wait a few moments you shall be attended to."

Then Jim and Koko saw the doorway of the surgery proper filled by a portly form.

"You are Mr. Mortimer, I believe?" said the new arrival. "I am Dr. Taplow. I am greatly obliged to my friend Sir Savile for obtaining your services for me, and must thank you for acting as my *locum tenens* to-day. I am accompanied, however, by the gentleman I myself have appointed to take charge of the practice, and so I shall not require you after to-day."

Jim bowed. "Very good, sir," he replied.

"By the way—are you hurt?" enquired Dr. Taplow.

"It's only a scratch," said Jim, reaching down his hat.

"Indeed! I was afraid it was something worse . . . er, if you will let me know what I owe you, I will send you a cheque . . . er . . . come in, Dr. Perkins, come in . . . er, *good* evening, Mr. Mortimer!"

(To be Continued.)

SCHOOL MAGAZINES

"Haec olim meminisse juvabit."

The Ipswich School Magazine.—A prologus for 1902 thus refers to Lord Kitchener:

> Pax prima nobis dicta sit Britannicis,
> Finisque longo jam positus certamini
> Auctore nostrae Filio provinciae—
> Nonne hunc alumnum Eos jactat Anglia?

We note the revival of the Old Boys' dinner, and the adoption of a proposal for a "smoking jacket," of dark blue flannel, for Old Ipswichians—the shape of the ancient crest to be left to a committee for decision. The most distinguished alumnus of this school in recent years has passed away in the person of Professor E. B. Cowell, who, a few weeks before his death, founded permanently the Classical Prize he had for some years past given for Classics at the school.

Holmwood Magazine.—This appears under a new editor, who assumes his duties with much misgiving and financial uneasiness. We bid him take heart, and offer our congratulations on his first number. Glad to see Holmwood boys go in for aeronautics.

The Bede Magazine is beautifully produced and printed, and full of excellent matter. It is a wonderful example of what can be done by boys working alone. *The Bede* is written, edited, and managed by boys.

The Isis (January and February).—We appreciate the kindly reference to ourselves, and hope we may long continue to afford no small pleasure to denizens of the Isis. Our Athletic Editor's answers to correspondents are made the subject of some amusing topical verses. The Isis Idols include Messrs. Chalmers Dempster Fisher (John's), Herbert Asquith (Balliol), Chas. Hillary Wild (Oriel), Frederick Christopher Stocks (Worcester), Frederick Septimus Kelly (Balliol), and Chas. Armine Willis (Magdalen).

Grammar School Magazine (Aberdeen) laments the loss of the editor, Mr. Burnett, and the sports' editor, Mr. Leonard J. Smith. A portrait of a distinguished classic, Mr. J .C. Knox, appears as a frontispiece. Mr. J. M. Bullock's lines entitled "My Argosy" are excellent. I hail the physical register, giving results of tests of hearing, sight, sense and colour, complexion (eyes, skin, and hair), measurements of head, height, weight, and girth of chest, arm, leg, etc., with notes as to forms of exercise and games in which each boy engages. I hope many schools will follow this useful example Notes about old boys very interesting.

Haileyburian (February).—Sinister echoes from the great world outside are heard in this magazine. Serious subjects, such as the teaching of Euclid in schools, have suggested a dirge entitled "The Passing of Euclid" The battle of the giants in the big monthlies, started by Sir Oliver Lodge's article in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, on "Our Public Schools a Public Peril"—a review of Mr. Benson's book—is reflected by a long reference in the Haileybury Letter to Baron de Coubertin's article in the *Fortnightly Review*, headed "Are the Public Schools a Failure?"

Hurst Johnian (March).—The jubilee celebration appears to be now fixed for a date towards the end of June, and the Bishop of Stepney has undertaken to preach the jubilee sermon on June 25th. The editor wishes the 4,000 Hurst Johnians who have been at the school would celebrate the jubilee by a half-crown subscription towards the completion of the building scheme. It appears that the west window is very elegant, but the completion of the tower remains an enigma. Still, the editor must rejoice in that his own magazine has quintupled its circulation and that his finances are flourishing. The death of the provost is deplored, and the departure of Dr., Black, the school medical officer, is sincerely regretted.

The Ousel (February).—The resignation of Mr. J. S. Phillpotts, the "chief" of Bedford since '74, calls up many pleasant thoughts in the minds of Old Bedfordians of days gone by. The regrets of the Harper Trust Committee and of O.B.'s sprinkle the pages of the "Mag.," and we ourselves repress a sigh in unison with the general lament, that one who was so dear to all alike has severed his long connection with the school. May happiness pursue him for years to come. It is gratifying to note that, as a result of official measurements, 282 boys now at Bedford stand 5ft. 5in. and over. It would be interesting to get chest measurement and biceps. All writers to-day on physical culture pay more regard to a well balanced body, interpreted by one writer as a striving after beauty of form, than to the vanity of adding a cubit to one's stature. According to the figures before us, the boy who mingles classics with mathematics is in the ascendant over the pure classic—only 45 are in the latter list, while 159 are in the former. An ambitious attempt is being made to write notes on the sonnet. I don't know who the writer may be, but the notes are painstaking in the highest degree, and have involved Herculean labour. I can think only of Cruden's Concordance to the Bible, and Mary Cowden Clarke's Concordance to Shakespeare, as parallels.

The Salopian (March).—The new editor claims a new virtue for this magazine—punctuality I hope he may live up to it. Apart from this virtue, the best thing in its pages is the cutting from the Ashton-under-Lyne *Weekly Herald*, describing the school runs, from the pen of the Rev. G. A. Pugh, an O.S. These runs seem as good a test as the Ten-mile at Sedbergh

The Sedberghian (February).—My heartiest congratulations to A. W. Lawrence (O.S.) on winning the skiing competition at the Public Schools Winter Sports, at Adelboden, Switzerland. He also won the Challenge Cup awarded as the result of the

two competitions in skating and ski-ing. *Pilei et Rastra* is the effort of a member of the school to translate "Top hats and Etons." "Shrove Tuesday" makes an informing article, explaining the old custom, now obsolete, at Sedbergh, of paying cockpenny, "an offering, tendered in person, of a guinea to the headmaster, and 10s. 6d. to the usher." A ladder, showing the house points for Sports Cup, is excellent.

The Lorettonian (February, 1903).—As we pick up this magazine for review the sad news has come to us of the death of the old master, Dr. Hely Hutchinson Almond. Every Lorettonian will pay a silent tribute of respectful homage to the memory of one of the most lovable characters of our day and generation

The issue before us is distinctly interesting. Mr. Andrew Lang contributes a characteristic article entitled "Prehistoric Loretto," in which he recalls the Langhornes, Townsend, John Adam Ferguson, Robert Cox, his cousin J. J. Atkinson, and "Bilsky" Forman The Poet's Corner contains some happy verses under Kipling's scornful phrase, "The Muddied Oaf." We take leave to cull the following:—

> At his dinner loudly swearing,
> If you do not pass a loaf,
> Long of hair, uncouth of bearing,
> Sits and growls the Muddied Oaf

It seems the Lorettonian revels in long hair like the tailor, lolling in his shop-front, as described in Mr. George Meredith's "Shaving of Shagpat." The death of Dr. Rogerson, "head" of Merchiston, removes a well-known and distinguished figure in school-life over the border. Half-a-century ago he was a master at Loretto.

The Malvernian (February).—The subject of beautifying the college chapel is engrossing Malvernians as keenly as Sir Wm. B. Richmond's efforts to decorate St. Paul's Cathedral interest Londoners. An exquisite window commemorates those Malvernians who fell in the war; the sedilia, erected by Mr E. E. Schnadhorst, in memory of his brother, forms a fine piece of work; and a fitting brass tablet is inscribed with the name of the O.M., whose death they commemorate. Handsome curtains have been placed at the entrance of the building, and a reredos has been erected. Malvernians have great cause to be proud. Some agitation prevails in the school on the question of prefects' hats and high collars. Messrs. Hassarac and Cassarac want to deprive the prefects of their "straws" and give them a special cap, and Mr. Interquatus would like to grow a beard, but cannot defy the imperial ukase which has been promulgated against high collars. The theory that high collars prevent sore throats and tonsilitis is exploded. Jean and Edouard de Reszke wear the lowest collars they can procure, and expose the throat as much as possible. A leading member of the Australian Bar came to Europe recently in search of a cure for the failure of his voice, and a leading specialist in Vienna told him to cut his collar as low as possible, and expose his throat to all the winds of Heaven. His progress to recovery was wonderful, and he is now able to resume his practice in the Australian Law Courts.

The Blue. The Eponymi include a tastefully written essay on "Elia." It helps as well as anything I have seen for a long time to give Lamb his rightful place in letters. In a very short space "S.E.W." has done wonderfully, and I feel sure that if Canon Ainger, the learned editor of the last edition of Lamb's works, were asked for an opinion, he would have nothing but praise for this short article. Of the rest of this magazine, "Fragment of a Diary," and the "Chapel Windows," are the best. "Impressions of a First Visit" made my thoughts go back to the old school, and caused me to hope that the Horsham establishment may yield as rich a harvest of worthy men as did the great grey pile in Newgate Street. It was with regret that we noticed the editor's wail for "copy" a short time ago. We agree with the editor concerning the latent talent in the school, and the sooner it becomes nascent the better for school and writer. The articles on the "Beginnings of a Scientist," and "Exams." were excellent reading Very original and amusing, too, was the paper on "Sidelights on School Authors—as cast by their works." The article on Coleridge was very well written, but we missed a reference to the lectures S. T. C. delivered in London on Shakespeare, still supposed to rank high in Shakespearean literature, and also to the remarkable dream poem "Kubla Khan." Thomas de Quincey always used to say that S. T. C. was an opium-eater. S. T. C. indignantly denied it and was estranged from de Q. in consequence. We are delighted with the pictorial supplements.

Carthusian (Feb., March).—The report of Founder's Day is one of the chief things of interest, owing to the announcement that the Lord Chief Justice of England had presented £1,000 to the New Cloister, in memory of his son, and for the proposal to establish a riding school at Charterhouse. I note also with pleasure that Lord Alverstone has founded the Arthur Webster Prize for excellence in shooting and drill combined, the competition to be held at the end of Long Quarter every year, between house squads. The reporter of Founder's Day suggests, as the kindest form of modern bullying, that every "new boy" should be made to learn, during his first quarter, the Carmen Carthusianum. The ode to the statue of Dr. Haig Brown is a happy conception. Some verses in elegiac mood, on the lack of "copy," show how difficult it is, even in a great school like Charterhouse, to induce boys to assist in the little republic of letters in which they live. It is all the more gratifying, therefore, to see that in succeeding issues boys had taken the hint. The Delusiones Academicae are excellent. How is this for a free translation of "quid, oh! ferit illa (Virgil)? "What oh! she humps!" The lines on "Battle Abbey" are very chaste. The master made an earnest appeal on behalf of the Charterhouse Mission in the December issue. We hope he has had a hearty response. The Mission is doing excellent work.

We also beg to acknowledge the receipt of:—*Dovorian, Breconian, Carliol, Arvonian, Alperton Hall Magazine, Johnian, Durban High School Magazine, Cranleighan, County School Magazine (Pembroke Dock), Clarinia, Blundellian, Mill Hill Magazine, Reflector, and North Point Annual.*

HINTS ON NEW BATS.

ABOUT the day our May number appears on the bookstalls hundreds and hundreds of our readers suddenly forget football and begin to think of cricket: and dozens and dozens of them immediately sit down and write here for all sorts of cricket information. This we are delighted to supply to genuine readers, and especially to members of THE CAPTAIN Club. But a fellow who, for instance, wants to buy a new bat and to know how to buy a good one, is not best pleased with an answer in June or July. He wants his bat in May. Magazines cannot reply by return of post: so I propose, my friends, to anticipate one or two of your inevitable inquiries.

About bats, then. The commonest questions are, "What maker is the best?" and "Can you advise me how to choose a good bat?"

WHAT IS THE "BEST" BAT?

Now, suppose you had cheek enough and walked into the pavilion at Lord's, through the big glass doors and up the wide staircase into dressing-room No. 1, into the midst of the Gentlemen of England XI.; and suppose you tackled each of these skilful and experienced cricketers separately with the first of the above questions, I am afraid you would not obtain much satisfaction. They would all, I dare say, give you their opinions if you asked politely. But the bother would be, these opinions would be very various. You would discover that there are at least half-a-dozen, probably more, best makers of bats. And if you cast your eyes into the cricket-bags round the room you would not only discover that different cricketers patronise different makers, but that each cricketer, to judge by the contents of his bag, has no particular favourite maker. Then, perhaps, you would believe what few fellows are willing to believe, namely, that all the well-known and many of the less well-known makers turn out "best" bats.

EXAMINE YOUR MAKER'S STOCK OF WILLOW.

It does sometimes happen that one maker in any given year is lucky enough to possess a specially good stock of willow, and, consequently, produces a greater number of really tip-top blades than any other. But the worst of it is even the most knowing first-class batsmen rarely discover which this maker is till the season is well on. In any case, I can confidently assure you that you can obtain an absolutely first-rate bat from any of the well-known makers. There is no best maker nowadays: all the good ones are equally good. This does not prevent cricketers having their fancies. Suppose, for instance, I had a particularly good bat by a certain maker, I should very likely try to get some more from him; but it would be fancy rather than any special belief in that maker which would prompt me to do so. If, perchance, you are in doubt about which maker to patronise, you might run your eye over the advertisements in this magazine.

HOW SOME MEN CHOOSE.

How to choose a bat? Well, that is rather a stiff question. It is not easy, even for an experienced player, to choose a bat. I have been present at the trial and selection of many dozens. What happens, let us say, at Lord's is something like this. A county player, high up in the averages, wants a new

bat. He informs Philip Need, the pavilion attendant. Philip is delighted; he has any amount of beauties. He retires down a passage, and turns up with a sheaf of bats with blades in brown paper covers. The blades are unsheathed and displayed in a row. Then the player picks them up one by one, and tries them with an imaginary stroke or two. After a good deal of indecision he fixes upon one. Then he invites a comrade's opinion; and the latter, after trying them, decides against the one chosen. Then several other comrades chip in and offer advice. No two of them agree. Finally, after debate, the buyer buys not his first choice, but another. So many points there are in a bat!

FULL SIZE OR UNDER?

Perhaps the best advice I can give is this. First of all, unless you are tall enough to use a full-size bat, do not hanker after one, but fix on a smaller. The best plan, if you do not know the size that suits you, is to judge of it in the following way, which I have suggested in previous articles:—Stand upright with your arm hanging at full length by your side and find the size of bat such that the top edge of the handle reaches just to your wrist joint.

Every authority on the art of batting, from W. G. and Ranjitsinhji downwards, insists on the folly of a boy using a bat too big for him. But boys are for ever disinclined to accept the advice. This is a pity: for no one can play properly with a bat too big for him. Some of the best county players, W. G. Quaife, Alec Hearne, and C. J. Burnup, for instance, use bats under full size.

BAT-WILLOW: WHAT IT IS.

Next about wood. One of the advantages of buying from a well-known maker is that you are practically certain of getting the proper kind of willow. Not all willow is bat-willow. But good bat-willow is of different colours and grains. The safest plan, perhaps, is to choose a blade which, in colour and grain, resembles the best bat you have possessed in the past. Otherwise, I fancy, it is well to go either for white or for cinnamon-coloured willow with from twelve to sixteen grains on the face. White, clean-looking wood is nearly always good, if it is not too new and soft. Very close-grained wood is often pleasant to use at first, but is liable to split up. Very broad-grained wood is nearly always hard; but if you want a bat to last well, it is the best. It is worth knowing that broad-grained wood is generally heavier than narrow-grained; that is to say, a square inch of the former weighs more than a square inch of the latter. The best bat I ever owned was of a nondescript appearance; when new the face was smudgy and grainless, but with oil and use a most symmetrical grain worked out; of course, the grain was there all the time, but when I bought the bat it did not look at all a gentleman. The truth was, I disliked the look of the wood but very much liked the balance of this bat.

BALANCE: HOW TO GAUGE IT.

Balance is really, after size, the most important point in a bat. It is a curious fact that a nicely-balanced bat, whatever the look of the wood, usually turns out well. So I strongly counsel you to take trouble over the balance of every bat you purchase. But the worst of it is, balance is a quality very difficult to describe. When you pick up a bat by itself you may not perhaps be able to make up your mind whether it is well or badly balanced; so you ought to start by selecting, say, half-a-dozen of the right size and wood and then try them in your hands one after another till you discover one that, as it is called, "comes up" better than the others. To arrive at this result, you should test each bat thus:—Take block with it on the floor and stand just as you would in a match, ready to receive the ball; then lift the point of the bat backwards with your wrists, and make an imaginary stroke or two till you gain the "feel" of the bat. Perhaps an imaginary cut or two best serves the purpose. You will soon find out which of the bats comes up lightest from the ground and feels most handy to use. The knack of judging the balance of bats can be cultivated by frequent practice on those belonging to your friends. But you must not follow the example of the man in the story who used to pick a bat from a friend's bag with a "By Jove, what a beautifully balanced cue!" and then casually drop the article into his own bag.

WEIGHT: A TICKLISH QUESTION.

A very common question is, "What weight should my bat be?" To which there is no really satisfactory answer. For a full-size bat 2lb. 4oz. is about the best standard weight. It is very difficult to get a good full-size bat lighter than this. For small-size bats there are no definite weights corresponding to each size. But as small-size bats are usually made from the lighter kind of willow

you are not likely to go wrong if you look after the size and chance the weight; that is, as long as you deal with good makers.

HOW TO WRITE TO YOUR MAKER.

Suppose you cannot inspect a bat but must write for it, be sure to tell the maker precisely what kind of article you want. If you do not know your proper size and weight in bats, tell him your own age and height. He should be able to suit you. You cannot expect to obtain a good bat by post if you merely mention the fact that you want to buy a bat. You might just as well write to a house-agent saying you want a house, without telling him the size and kind.

SOFT OR "GREEN" BLADES.

When you have got your bat you are liable to disappointment. Not one bat in a hundred feels pleasant to play with until it has been some weeks in use. Sometimes the blade is too soft (or "green," as the maker would call it) and gives you the feeling that it is altogether lacking in fibre and drive. Generally, however, a new bat is hard and jars your arms as it meets the ball.

HOW TO "BREAK IN" YOUR BAT.

Blades which are soft at first often turn out to be beauties. But you must be careful how you "break in" this sort. The thing above all to avoid is using them against new balls, which are not only hard but have, as a rule, protruding seams. By far the best way to put a face on a soft bat is to practise with it at a swinging ball. For this purpose get an oldish ball, make a hole with a bent awl under the seam, string it on a piece of cord, and suspend it about a foot from the ground from any convenient beam or branch overhead. You will find much more entertainment than you would expect in tapping the swinging ball with gentle forward or back strokes; and you may even improve your style considerably if you are careful to make each little stroke in good form. But, in any case, you can soon bring a soft bat into good condition by this means. You ought to wipe the face of the blade with an oily rag every day. And the best oil is, I think, a mixture of linseed and olive. Linseed oil neat, unless very sparingly used, seems to make bats too hard.

PRACTICE AT A SWINGING BALL.

The reason why practice at a swinging ball is better for a new soft bat than real net practice is that in the former you can make sure of not "edging" the ball. More bats are spoilt by being carelessly used at nets before they have a proper face upon them than in any other way. It is only to be expected that early in the season a batsman will "edge" some of his strokes instead of meeting the ball with the centre of the bat. If you "edge" a hard drive with a soft bat you probably find you have made a round broken indentation in the blade, which is sure to be the source of cracks and splits. No bat lasts well if the face is once broken across the grain.

HARD BLADES.

Hard bats can only be got into condition by continual use. They are not at all satisfactory for some time, but when they do come into tune they drive better than any. Any one who possesses a well-balanced, good-looking bat, which, however, "stings like fury," is advised to persevere with it; for it is almost sure to be really an extra good one. It is a mistake to oil hard bats much; they need use, not oil. It is worth knowing that practically every bat, provided it is of the proper willow and is not too terribly ill-balanced, can be worked into a good one if persevered with. Dozens of good bats are abandoned as failures simply because their owners do not care for the trouble of breaking them in.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Spurs.—I do not know of any first-class team which wears a white shirt with a blue stripe from shoulder to hip, diagonal. Notts County colours are black and white up and down stripes. You could not find a better model for full-back play than either Spencer of Aston Villa or Molyneux of Southampton.

Base Bridge.—To the best of my belief R. C. Ewry, who won the standing high jump and long jump at the International Sports, at Paris, in 1900, did not use weights. Weights are used sometimes in exhibition jumps on the stage, but not in properly conducted athletic sports. I cannot be quite sure about the Paris Sports, because some of the arrangements there were very peculiar.

F. V. E.—Mr. John Lewis is certainly a most excellent referee, and he has a complete knowledge of the Laws of Football. But you must remember that referees, just like players, vary somewhat from day to day; in fact, a referee can be out of form.

F. G. Yardley. The penalty kick must be taken from the penalty line, no matter where the foul occurred. Sutcliffe is probably the best goalkeeper at the present moment. Spencer and Crompton play in different styles; some good judges prefer the one, some the other.

Goalkeeper.—No, I do not think the Spurs will win the Cup this year, because they have already been beaten in the third round. Of course, they are a very good team, especially in cup-ties. You cannot properly compare Woodward with Sandy Brown; each has his strong points, and they are

not the same; for instance, Woodward is a much faster dribbler and Brown is a much better header near goal.

Scroggie.—For training you cannot do better than stick to the food to which you are accustomed, provided it is simple and plain. You will find a lot of advice about training in back numbers of THE CAPTAIN. The best practice for you for the 100 yards is to run short dashes of 30 or 40 yards at full speed, with an occasional spin through the full distance. You must consult the special articles I have written about the other distances.

B. A. C.—I am sorry to say it is no good your asking me vaguely to give you what you call hints on training. If you want me to help you, you ought to tell me what kind of events you are going in for. Are you a swimmer, a runner, or what?

E. W. Awbery.—There is no preventative that I know of for cramp in the water. If it takes you in the arm or leg you should strike out vigorously with that limb and get out of the water as fast as possible. The best cure for cramp is hard rubbing.

A. A. O. F.—Wishes to know whether it is possible for a boy to study hard and still find time to be fairly proficient at games. Certainly it is. Of course, a great deal depends on your natural capacity and aptitude; but there are plenty of fellows who gain scholarships at the University, and yet have been in their school cricket and football teams. In one of the athletic teams which represented Oxford against Cambridge in my time, practically all the first strings were holders of scholarships, and one of them gained several of the most difficult University prizes. Remember it is not a question of time; you have plenty of time both for work and play at school. What you must avoid is allowing your interest in games to absorb your attention during the hours that are devoted to work.

Dumb-bells.—The system of physical training which you propose to take up, ought, I think, to suit you very well. Personally I know none better. You cannot very well follow two courses of training at once, so if you decide to take up Lord's you had better abandon the other. You ought to thoroughly understand that there is no good whatever to be gained from overdoing this physical training. You will find an article about it in a recent back number.

H. L. Pim.—If a batsman has hit the ball, and partially stopped it, and sees it rolling towards his wicket, he is entitled to stop the ball a second time with his bat. But he must not hit the ball thus a second time, and then start to run, or he will be given out for hitting the ball twice. Mr. A. Collins, who plays for Sussex, lives at Brighton.

Mastiff.—Thank you very much for your interesting letter. I have complied with your request with pleasure.

J. F. Meredith.—The A. A. A. rule for tug of-war, is as follows:—The team shall consist of equal numbers of competitors, the rope shall be of sufficient length to allow for a pull of 12 feet, and for 12 feet slack at each end, together with four feet for each competitor; it shall be not less than four inches in circumference, and shall be without knots or other holdings for the hand. A centre tape shall be affixed to the centre of the rope, and six feet on each side of the centre tape two side tapes shall be affixed to the rope. A centre line shall be marked on the ground, and six feet on either side of the centre line two side lines parallel thereto. At the start, the rope shall be taut, and the centre tape shall be over the centre line, and the competitors shall be outside the side line. The start shall be made by word of mouth. During no part of the pull shall the foot of any competitor go beyond the centre line. The pull shall be won when one team shall have pulled the side tape of the opposing side over their own side line. No competitor shall wear boots or shoes with any projecting nails, springs, or points of any kind. No competitor shall make any hole in the ground with his feet, or in any other way, before the start. No competitor shall wilfully touch the ground with any part of his person but his feet.

R. D. P.—I am afraid I do not know of any class to suit you.

A. B. Brazier.—The Tottenham Hotspur Club usually play in blue knickers and white shirts. But when they meet a team that also plays in these colours, one side or the other has to change. For instance, against the Corinthians last year, the Tottenham team wore blue and white striped shirts. So you are right and your friend is wrong.

Hoboes (Natal).—A batsman played the ball to leg and afterwards slipped; then, bringing his bat round, he knocked off his bails. Is that man out or not? He is not out; because he did not knock down his wicket in actually striking at the ball.

W. D.—At your age you had far better not smoke at all. The amount you mention probably would not hurt you; but if you once start smoking you are sure to smoke more than that. My advice to you is, don't.

E. W. L.—Sandow's grip dumb-bells with three springs for a quarter of an hour every evening is quite enough for you. Two springs would be better. I cannot see any value in too heavy a grip. A letter addressed c/o, The County Club, Worcester, will probably find R. E. Foster.

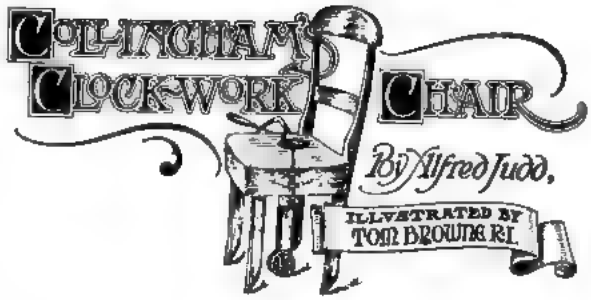
Playfair.—There are two excellent little books on Indian club and dumb-bell exercises by C. E. Lord. You will find Mr. Lord's address among the advertisements, I think. Thank you for your kind letter.

Crossite.—It is not illegal to have ordinary rubber soles like those on tennis shoes on your football boots. But you must not have guttapercha knobs.

H. O.—It seems to me that your time-table is very good and that you are making the best of London life, though, of course, you must find it rather constrained after the freedom of Switzerland. On the nights when you get home late after going to the "gym.," you ought not to eat a heavy meal; but it does not matter whether it is hot or cold.

Physical Culture.—To all who are interested in this subject I can confidently recommend a little book called "Rational Physical Culture," by Percy C. Warren. It is full of the most sensible and complete advice. The price is only sixpence, and a study of it would save physical culturists from innumerable errors into which they are liable to fall. Nearly all the questions that are repeatedly asked me on this subject are answered in this little book, and answered well.

C. B. Fry



I.

"YES," said Gerald Collingham, turning on his heel, "that describes it, young fellow—'stony'!"

Jim tried to look as though he shared his brother's gloom. "It's awfully rough on you, old fellow," he said. "It's rum the dad should be so stingy."

"Rum!" exclaimed Gerald, with sudden wrath. "Rum!—'tisn't rum. I tell you, it's always the same. There's no room for real genius in this matter-of-fact world!"

"Then you think it's due to your—er—genius that the dad's a bit nasty to you sometimes?"

"Course it is, kid," replied the other unblushingly. "The last time we exchanged observations on the matter he said to me, 'Now there's your uncle's bank—it's still open to you—and a very nice business, too!' Fancy, now—a bank."

"Well, a chap must do something, y'know," observed the younger brother, thoughtfully.

"But I draw the line there. The Army's better than that."

"Well, as far as that goes, there's plenty of room in the Army for brainy chaps."

"Yes. They say the Boer War was more remarkable for pluck than brains. But inventing's my ticket, you know."

James seemed at a loss for further comment.

"You see," continued Gerald, "the article on 'Smaller Batteries,' that I wrote and got accepted, resulted in a little pocket-money. But the clockwork chair soon swallowed it all up."

The youngster rubbed his hands and chuckled. "That's the finest thing you've done, Jerry," grinned he.

"The clockwork chair? D'you think so?"

"Why, rather! There's something in an invention like that. Even the dad couldn't deny it."

"Well, perhaps you're right," replied Gerald, speaking as a connoisseur. "But the subject I'm interested in at the present moment is Perpetual Motion. Want of funds, however, hampers my investigations. Hang it, it's a miserable thing to be in such low water!"

"Look here, Gerald," said the other, jingling some coins as he spoke. "If you ever want to sell that chair, let me know."

"Eh?"

"Let me know. My hat! it'd make 'em sit up at Culmbrook! Just the sort of pet I'd like."

For a few minutes Gerald stared thoughtfully into space. Then, suddenly, "What's your figure, youngster?"

"Well—say a sov."

"Done."

"No, d'you mean it?"

"Yes. It's a great sacrifice, of course. But funds are indispensable just now. The chair's yours, Jimmy."

"You're a brick, old man!"

II.

"How do, Jimmy, old chap—had a good time?"

Collingham planted his burden in the corridor, and seized Berrel's hand. "Splendid, thanks," he replied. "Tell you what——"

"Hullo, youngster!"

Wheeling round, Collingham discovered the speaker to be his fagmaster, Moorhouse. This worthy was an old chum of Gerald's—the latter having left Culmbrook two terms ago.

"Hullo, Moorhouse—how are you?" returned Collingham. "I've——"

"How's Gerald?"

"Rippin', thanks. But, I say, how was it you didn't reply to that invite he sent you? Didn't you get it?"

The senior shook his head.

"That's rummy," continued Collingham. "I posted it myself. How long have you been back home?"

"A little over a week."

"Just as I thought. We fancied that as you lived so near here you'd like to spend that last week with us. Let's see. Yes, I posted that invitation a week ago yesterday—addressed to your place, of course."

"Ah, then I think I know. Old Bakeridge lost the letter-bag that night."

"Lost the letter-bag!"

"Yes, and his job, too. His tale is that when he was crossing Dule Bridge, bringing our mails from Lintown, two masked scoundrels sprang upon him and endeavoured to snatch away the letters. He saw that fight was hopeless, so he shied the bag into the river."

"And hasn't the bag been discovered yet?" asked Berrel.

"No. You see, the Dule's pretty deep in parts, and swollen just now. Bakeridge is at present working as a labourer for Boldon, the farmer."

"Jove!—but I'm jolly sorry you didn't get that note. Gerald was hoping to see you."

"Has he invented anything lately?" grinned Moorhouse.

"Yes—fact is I was just going to tell you about that. He's invented a clockwork chair."

"A clockwork *what* -chair! Ha! ha! Have you seen it?"

"Rather!—I've got it here."

"You've got it! Why——"

"And I was going to ask you, Moorhouse, if I might keep it in your study. You see, the chaps are sure to go messing it about if——"

"Yes, yes—of course. Bring it in," laughed the other—"haul it in at once!"

The youngster seized the chair, and, with Berrel's assistance, conveyed it to the senior's study. Placing it on the floor, he then proceeded to remove the straw, etc., which had been wound around parts to protect them. Altogether, Collingham's invention was a somewhat heavy-looking arrangement. It differed from other chairs in that it possessed five legs. The fifth leg, which was placed in the middle of the seat, was a substantial one, and rested on two small wheels.

"Buck up, youngster! What does it do?" asked Moorhouse, surveying it eagerly.

"Well, it's what Gerald calls a time-saving invention for clerks, and such like. If you want to cross the room you don't get up; you just press this lever and the chair takes you there. This little wheel on the other side is connected with the central leg, to guide the affair"

"Ha, ha! What an insane idea. But let's see you work it."

Collingham proceeded to wind up the invention. Taking his seat he then pressed the lever on one side, and steadied the wheel on the other. Instantly the four legs shot out, and, in rowing fashion, propelled the chair across the room.

"Ha, ha! Well, I'm blessed!" roared Moorhouse, holding his sides with laughing. "Of all inventions! Where are the works—inside the seat?"

"Yes," replied Collingham, pulling up the lever. "What d'you think of it, Moorhouse?"

"It's—it's—a *buster*! You should show it to old Chrisholm."

"Who's he?"

"He's an inventor. Jolly eccentric. Lives the other side of Culmbrook. Tons of money. Edits a paper dealing with inventions."

"I bet he'd like to see this, then."

"Yes; but—it *is* an insane idea."

III.

A FEW days later, on a halfer, Collingham popped his head into Moorhouse's study.

"It's all right," he declared to his chum, Berrel—"nobody here. Come on!"

The pair entered, and Collingham hauled the mechanical chair from its corner.

"Is it all right about its bearing both of us?" asked Berrel. "Did you write your brother about it?"

"Yes; and here's his reply. Worst of Gerald he's always so beastly scientific. But from what he says I take it that it will carry us both quite easily."

"Does he know we're going to take it out?" inquired Berrel.

Collingham nodded. "Says we may as well bust it up right away," he grinned. "Reckons we're sure to do it some time! Now then -is the coast clear?"

After some dodging about the pair found themselves in the road ready to start. It was Berrel's birthday, and his Aunt Mary, who lived some little distance out of the village, had invited him to come with a friend to tea. Having obtained leave for himself and Collingham, he had daringly suggested *driving* there on the clockwork chair! Collingham he had found perfectly willing to make the attempt.

Mounting the seat, Berrel stood behind, while Collingham sat in front and grasped the lever.

"Ready!" he cried. "She's all wound up."

"Right you are!" replied Berrel, grabbing the back.

The legs shot out, and next moment they were *en route* for Aunt Mary's.

But their start was courted by disaster.

The gently sloping road already gave impetus to the automaton, and recalled to their minds the sharp hill which ran down into Culmbrook.

The hope was idle. Turning the bend at that moment they beheld a horse toiling up the road with a heaped-up cart-load of mangolds behind it. Bakeridge, the deposed postman, was in charge.

"Hi! hi!" yelled Collingham, frantically, as he clutched the guiding-wheel. "Cart ahoy! Look out, you ass!—can't you see?"

Well out of hand by this time, the chair was careering wildly on its downward course. Seeing that it swerved neither to

"I say—doesn't she rock about, old chap?" said Berrel, striving to keep a footing.

"Yes; but keep your trilbies still, man, and chuck prodding my spine! I shall be off directly, I tell you!"

"Can't help it. There's one thing missing on this invention, y'know."

"What's that?"

"A brake—oh!" Berrel recovered his balance, and increased his grip.

"She's not built for this, replied Collingham. "She's beginning to go like steam. I hope there's nothing coming up the hill, old man."

the right nor to the left, the horse suddenly took fright and lurched towards the side. As the chair dashed past with its yelling freight, the animal was straining at the right wheel, which had caught in the hedge. Then, in the midst of Bakeridge's language, and the horse's quivering efforts, there occurred an ominous snap.

Glancing hurriedly behind him, Berrel became vaguely conscious that the wheel of the vehicle had broken off, and that the whole cart-load of mangolds was chasing them down the hill, and gambolling with the flashing legs of the runaway chair.

The ring of Mr. Bakeridge's threats was still in their ears when they entered the village street.

"Oh, dash it all!" cried Collingham, warmly, "I never meant to come this way. Everybody'll be gaping. Shall we stop?"

"Better give her her head and go through with it now," replied Berrel, grimly. "We must hope for the best."

Instantly they were proceeding in the midst of a jabbering crowd.

"Ha, ha!—wot price this? A bloomin' motor-car!"

"No 'tain't; 'ers a flyin'-machine, walkin'! Haw, haw!—look at 'em!"

"Wot ho! she——" began another youngster, only to stop short—for the chair had done precisely the same thing. It had stopped dead.

"Get on, man," growled Berrel, between his set teeth.

"Can't!" gasped the perspiring Collingham. "I know her. She wants winding!"

And in the midst of that howling, jostling mob, they had ignominiously to alight and wind up the chair. Oh, bitter portion!

When they again set off, the crowd was rowdier than ever. Over the bridge they went, and then laboriously up the farther hill. The unspeakable gang stuck to them, and now and then attempted to hang on behind. Surely that chair was of sterling quality! The unfortunate pair were just thinking of abandoning it, when a man's voice fell upon their ears.

"Hullo! what's this—what's this? Here, stand aside!"

IV.

"It's Mister Chrisholm," muttered somebody, as the crowd stepped back for the gentleman to pass through.

"What's this?" he demanded again, eyeing the concern with interest.

"It's a clockwork chair," replied Collingham, feeling quite relieved, and pulling up the lever.

"No—clockwork?—really!" cried the old man, rubbing his hands. "Here, bring it this way, my boys. Come along! Stand back, you young dogs!"

So saying, he held back his gate. Berrel and Collingham seized the chair and made eagerly for this retreat.

Inside, the old gentleman was quite enthusiastic. "A wonderful example of powerful clockwork!" he declared, as Collingham, after demonstrating the chair's usefulness, produced Gerald's "scientific" epistle. "And your brother's own invention, you say?"

"Yes," replied Collingham, proudly.

"Then he's a genius, sir—a genius!"

"Moorhouse—the chap I fag for, you know—thought it an insane idea."

"Then Moorhouse is an ass—an ass! But what does this brother of yours do?"

"Nothing as yet, sir. You see, he kind of hankers after mechanical dodges, and would like to follow some profession connected with them."

"Ah, yes, I see," replied Mr. Chrisholm, thoughtfully. "But look here," he broke off suddenly—"I should like to test it, if you'll let me."

"Most certainly," replied Collingham, promptly. "Here, Berrel—lend a hand."

They again returned to the road, where the greater part of the crowd was still waiting.

"Be careful, sir," warned Collingham, as the old gentleman took his seat. "Hold tight to the guiding-wheel, and see that——"

"Yes; I think I understand," interrupted Mr. Chrisholm, grasping the lever and recklessly pulling it up.

Nobly the chair responded to the call. Its works within gave one long, wailing screech, and next moment the professor was hurtling along on Collingham's clockwork chair. So sudden was its departure, so wildly erratic were its movements, that the spirit of some strange excitement seemed to enter into the crowd of onlookers. As one man they set up a yell, and dashed forward in pursuit. The two Culmbrookers ran together and yelled with the best of them.

"The river!" gasped Berrel, suddenly—"he can't stop her!"

His wild words possessed a painfully clear meaning. Before the steep road bridged the river at the bottom, it turned slightly to the right. No fence or hedge fringed the road, and the fate of the luckless professor was too apparent. With a last spirited hop, the chair and its rider flopped into muddy depths.

"My hat!" shrieked Collingham, wildly—"he'll be drowned!"

"He'll be wet," grinned a stolid youngster in corduroys, "and a bit dirty, I'm thinkin'!"

This proved to be the case. For when presently the dripping, bedraggled form of the professor appeared in mid-stream, it is doubtful whether the most belated scarecrow extant presented such a sorry sight.

"Oh, that chair!—that chair!" he cried, regardless of his plight. "Don't stand there gaping, you young donkeys! Do something!"

"Here, sir," replied Berrel quickly. "Come nearer and get hold of my hand. We'll haul you out."

"Haul *me* out! *I* don't want to come out!" roared the professor. "Fetch a clothes-prop, or a pole, or something, and fish out the chair!"

Several lads rushed off, and, while they were gone, Mr. Chrisholm decided to crawl out and continue his remarks from the bank.

"A wholly senseless escapade!" he declared, as he shook the water from his clothes, amidst the tittering of the village youngsters.

"We're very sorry," observed Collingham meekly.

"And I'm an ass, sir," returned the professor, glaring defiantly about him—"a thorough ass! Why, the merest child might have known, coming down that hill as I did—Ah, here's the pole!"

Seizing the latter, he set to work, and, after much prodding, declared that he had caught something. Striving lustily, he presently swung a black, sodden mass to the surface, and dropped it on the bank. The village crowd raised a cry at once—

"The lost post-bag! Bakeridge's bag!"

"Humph," growled the old man uninterestedly, "that seems to prove his tale, then. Take it to the Post Office. But that chair must be got out, I say!" Without another moment's hesitation, he plunged into the water again, and after some groping eventually fished out the chair.

It was conveyed at once to Mr. Chrisholm's garden. There they set to work to clean it, and drain the water from its works. While they were thus engaged, a budget of letters, which had formed part of the recovered bag's contents, was handed to Mr. Chrisholm.

"Hullo!" he said, as he glanced through them. "Surely I've seen that hand before. I accepted an article——"

He tore open the envelope, and glanced at the blurred writing.

"Aha!" he exclaimed, "it's in reply to an advertisement for a sub-editor for *The Inventor's Fortnightly*—the paper I edit. It's from your brother, Collingham. The applications have been forwarded. And," he added, pointing to the chair, "that decides me. He shall have the post!"

Bakeridge has now returned to his postman's duties. Collingham and Berrel have heard nothing more of that cart accident and the scattered mangolds. Possibly, under the special circumstances, Mr. Bakeridge put it right without mentioning any names.

Photographer's Merry Month.

THE Month of May is just one of the best months in the whole year for photography; the camera may be used from 5 a.m. to 7 p.m., out of doors. Nature is at her best, clouds are few, the actinic value of the light has almost reached the maximum. Care must be taken in the selection of point of view to see that no heavy shadows are cast; as a general rule, it is well that the strong light should be behind the camera, falling full upon the subject. Still, it is not wise, at any time, to have strong sunlight falling upon the object photographed. It is quite a mistaken idea that bright sunlight is necessary in order to secure a good photograph. A good and well-diffused light is much more preferable; and if the point of view is carefully chosen a composition may be made which will not be marred by heavy and obtrusive shadows.

A Girl Reader of The Captain sends us four prints taken with a 2½ × 3½ inch hand camera, and asks us to criticise her work. With the exception of one, an outdoor scene, which is underexposed (3 secs. in February), the work is very creditable, particularly a carefully composed little picture of mother and child seated in a conservatory.

Spots Like Water Bubbles.

Another Correspondent has found "some slight spots like water bubbles" within the glass of his R.R. lens, and asks us to advise him what to do. It is possible that these are faults in the glass, but as he names the maker of the camera, we do not think it probable. The glass of a combination lens is in two parts, the "crown" and the "dome," and these are cemented together with what is known as Canada Balsam. It is very likely that the spots noticed are really due to separation of the two glasses, and the fault can be rectified by having them "re-balsamed." Any good photographic dealer would get this done.

Self-Toning Paper.

Most folks like the easy way of doing every thing, and certainly, so far as printing from a photographic negative, nothing can surpass—for simplicity—self-toning paper. There are several papers being offered for sale at the present time. That known as V.B. has received our attention; there are only about four points for consideration: (*a*) to print out so that the distant details are well out, (*b*) to rinse the print in running water or several changes of water for about ten minutes, (*c*) to immerse, or, better, pass the print backwards and forwards for about a minute through a weak solution of hyposulphite of soda (½oz. hypo. to 1 pint of water), (*d*) then wash the print for two hours in running water. The general tone is a soft sepia. The paper is very cheap, and V.B. self-toning post-cards are also made the regulation size.

Developing Powders.

This year the use of developing powders will become very general; they were introduced last year by Kodak Limited, and now several firms are making them up in glass tubes. Such powders are also sold under the name of "Twopenny Tubes," each one containing sufficient powder to make from two to three ounces of developing solution.

One of our Bulwarks,
snapped with a 10s. scout camera by "A Reader."

Our Illustrations.

The photograph reproduced on the next page is printed from a negative exposed in the same hand camera, Hobbies No. 4, which is being offered as a prize in the competition pages.

All Users of Cameras like to try their hands on indoor portraiture; the question of the proper

lighting of the sitter is always difficult, and there is one reason that is often overlooked, and that is the excess of light which floods a room from the bottom sash of a window. When attempting portraiture in a room with a sitter near the window, screen off with tissue-paper quite half of the lower sash of the window, and a much subdued lighting will result. Place upon the floor a white sheet or two or three newspapers; this will reflect light upwards. A clothes horse may also be requisitioned and covered with a sheet, and so arranged as to reflect light on to the sitter. It is better to err on the side of over-exposure, and commence development with a weak developer, about half strength. We have a note before us that when using a good lens working at *f*/8, the exposure given to an Imperial special rapid plate was eight seconds—result, rather a thin negative, but one which yielded a good print.

Making Developers.

Of the making of developers there is no end. Many people like to get their snap-shots developed quickly, and for those who are industrious enough to make up their own developers we recommend the following:

A.	Pyro-	40 grains
	Metol-	35 grains
	Potassium Metabisulphite ...	90 grains
	Water to make	20 ounces
B.	Washing Soda	3 ounces
	Water	20 ounces

For use, take equal parts of A and B; in case of under-exposure increase B and add water. This is a formula prepared by Mr. Walter Kilbey, a photographer who has made a very special study of snap-shot work. The developer has the merit of being very energetic.

"Matteos" paper is one of the latest photographic printing out daylight papers. It is claimed that an absolutely velvety "Matt," with pure whites and shadows full of detail, is obtained. The instructions advise printing vigorously until metalisation (this term is possibly equivalent to iridescence by solarisation) appears in the deep shadows and full detail is complete in the whites. Red, brown, or sepia tones may be obained by the borax, acetate of soda, and gold chloride toning bath.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Beetle.—(1) An answer is given above to this question. (2) An Iris diaphragm is made up of metal leaves, the one overlapping the other; if you have broken one of these it must be replaced. Staley and Co., 35 Aldermanbury, London, E.C., would repair this and your lens. (3) Unless your camera will work at short focus you could not use a wide angle lens. The cost of such a lens quarter-plate may be anything from 20s. upwards.

A'.—Your prints are most creditable. The best is No. 3. In No. 1 you have included rather too much foreground. A pretty little picture will be secured if you trim the print and take about three-quarters of an inch off the bottom of it. (2) Never use the same fixing-bath for prints as for plates. You can fix prints without toning, but the colour is not an agreeable one. (3) Over-exposure—negative develops evenly, shadows come up almost as fast as high lights, no contrast, and no deep shadows. Under exposure—image indistinct, no detail, negative gives only a ghost of the scene. Over-developed—negative too long in the developer; will require a long time to print, unless a reducer is used. Under-developed—negative apt to be thin and full of detail; requires great care in printing from, and will be improved by intensification.

D. R. (Westcrop).—Thanks for letting me see article, which, however, we cannot use, as very few Captain readers take up stereoscopic photography. Sorry MS. was not returned earlier.

G. R. G. (Pontypridd).—There are so many makers of good half-plate outfits; we should say that any of those you name would be worth buying, especially if you have a "Busch" Rapid Aplanat lens, they are cheap and thoroughly reliable.

This is the kind of snapshot "Captain" readers ought to take, if they have a No. 4 Hobbies hand camera.

Inquirer.—Your exposure was far too short; in November at three o'clock, even with a very quick plate, snapshots are practically an impossibility. With 1-15 time of a second we are surprised that you secured an image at all. Hydraquinone is a very slow acting developer, especially in cold weather. The "Imperial" Standard Developer is recommended in order to obtain all that the plate will yield from a very short exposure. When a plate is under-exposed, dilute the developer and use patience in development.

F. W. W. (Northampton).—The price you mention for a hand-camera is rather low, but you will find several makers advertising goods at that price in The Captain. For second-hand cameras, see "Sale and Exchange" column of the *Amateur Photographer*.

HOW PILLINGSHOT SCORED.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

PILLINGSHOT was annoyed. He was disgusted, mortified; no other word for it. He had no objection, of course, to Mr. Mellish saying that his work during the term, and especially his Livy, had been disgraceful. A master has the right to say that sort of thing if he likes. It is one of the perquisites of the position. But when he went on to observe without a touch of shame that there would be an examination in the Livy as far as they had gone in it on the following Saturday, Pillingshot felt that he exceeded. It was not playing the game. There were the examinations at the end of term. Those were fair enough. You knew exactly when they were coming, and could make your arrangements accordingly. But to spring an examination on you in the middle of the term out of a blue sky, as it were, was underhand and unsportsmanlike, and would not do at all. Pillingshot wished that he could put his foot down. He would have liked to have stalked up to Mr. Mellish's desk, fixed him with a blazing eye, and remarked, "Sir, withdraw that remark. Cancel that statement instantly, or——!" or words to that effect.

What he did say was: "Oo, si—i—r!!"

"Yes," said Mr. Mellish, not troubling to conceal his triumph at Pillingshot's reception of the news, "there will be a Livy examination next Saturday. And—" (he almost intoned this last observation)—"anybody who does not get fifty per cent., Pillingshot, fifty per cent, will be severely punished. Very severely punished, Pillingshot."

After which the lesson had proceeded on its course.

"Yes, it is rather low, isn't it?" said Pillingshot's friend, Parker, as poor Pillingshot came to the end of a stirring excursus on the rights of the citizen, with special reference to mid-term Livy examinations, "that's the worst of Mellish. He always has you somehow."

"But what am I to *do*?" raved Pillingshot.

"I should advise you to swot it up before Saturday," said Parker.

"Oh, don't be an ass," said Pillingshot, irritably.

What was the good of friends if they could only make idiotic suggestions like that?

He retired brooding to his house.

The day was Wednesday. There were only two more days, therefore, in which to prepare a quarter of a book of Livy. It couldn't be done. The thing was not possible.

In the house he met Smythe.

"What are you going to do about it?" he inquired. Smythe was top of the form, and if he didn't know how to grapple with a crisis of this sort, who *could* know?

"If you'll kindly explain," said Smythe, "what the dickens you are talking about, I might be able to tell you."

Pillingshot explained with unwonted politeness that "it" meant the Livy examination.

"Oh," said Smythe, airily, "that! I'm just going to skim through it in case I've forgotten any of it. Then I shall read up the notes carefully. And then, if I have time, I shall have a look at the history of the period. I should advise you to do that, too."

"Oh, don't be a goat," said Pillingshot.

And he retired, brooding, as before.

That afternoon he spent industriously, copying out the fourth book of the Æneid. At the beginning of the week he had had a slight disagreement with M. Gerard, the French master.

Pillingshot's views on behaviour and deportment during French lessons did not coincide with those of M. Gerard. Pillingshot's idea of a French lesson was something between a pantomime rally and a scrum at football. To him there was something wonderfully entertaining in the process of "bargeing" the end man off the edge of the form into space, and upsetting his books over him. M. Gerard, however, had a very undeveloped sense of humour. He warned the humourist twice, and on the thing happening a third

time suggested that he should go into extra lesson on the ensuing Wednesday.

So Pillingshot went, and copied out Virgil.

He emerged from the room of detention at a quarter-past four. As he came out into the grounds he espied in the middle distance somebody being carried on a stretcher in the direction of the school house. At the same moment Parker loomed in sight, walking swiftly towards the school shop, his mobile features shining with the rapt expression of one who sees much ginger beer in the near future.

"Hullo, Parker," said Pillingshot, "who's the corpse?"

"What, haven't you heard?" said Parker. "Oh, no, of course, you were in extra. It's young Brown. He's stunned or something."

"How did it happen?"

"That rotter, Babington, in Dacre's. Simply slamming about, you know, getting his eye in before going in, and Brown walked slap into one of his drives. Got him on the side of the head."

"Much hurt?"

"Oh, no, I don't think so. Keep him out of school for about a week."

"Lucky beast. Wish somebody would come and hit me on the head. Come and hit me on the head, Parker."

"Come and have an ice," said Parker.

"Right, ho," said Pillingshot. It was one of his peculiarities that whatever the hour or the state of the weather he was always equal to consuming an ice. This was probably due to genius. He had an infinite capacity for taking pains. Scarcely was he outside the promised ice when another misfortune came upon him. Scott, of the first eleven, entered the shop. Pillingshot liked Scott, but he was not blind to certain flaws in the latter's character. For one thing, he was too energetic. For another, he could not keep his energy to himself. He was always making Pillingshot do things. And Pillingshot's notion of the ideal life was complete *dolce far niente*.

"Ginger beer, please," said Scott, with parched lips. He had been bowling at the nets, and the day was hot. "Hullo! Pillingshot, you young slacker, why aren't you changed? Been bunking half-holiday games? You'd better reform, young man."

"I've been in extra," said Pillingshot, with dignity.

"How many times does that make this term? You're going for the record, aren't you? Jolly sporting of you. Bit slow in there, wasn't it? 'Nother ginger beer, please."

"Just a bit," said Pillingshot.

"I thought so. And now you're dying for some excitement. Of course you are. Well, cut over to the house and change, and then come back and field at the nets. The man Yorke is going to bowl me some of his celebrated slow tosh, and I'm going to show him exactly how Jessop does it when he's in form."

Scott was the biggest hitter in the school. Mr. Yorke was one of the masters. He bowled slow leg-breaks, mostly half-volleys and long hops. Pillingshot had a sort of instinctive idea that fielding out in the deep with Mr. Yorke bowling and Scott batting would not contribute largely to the gaiety of his afternoon. Fielding deep at the nets meant that you stood in the middle of the football field, where there was no telling what a ball would do if it came at you along the ground. If you were lucky you escaped without injury. Generally, however, the ball bumped and deprived you of wind or teeth, according to the height to which it rose. He began politely, but firmly, to excuse himself.

"Don't talk rot," said Scott, complainingly, "you must have some exercise or you'll go getting fat. Think what a blow it would be to your family, Pillingshot, if you lost your figure. Buck up. If you're back here in a quarter of an hour you shall have another ice. A large ice, Pillingshot, price sixpence. Think of it."

The word ice, as has been remarked before, touched chords in Pillingshot's nature to which he never turned a deaf ear. Within the prescribed quarter of an hour he was back again, changed.

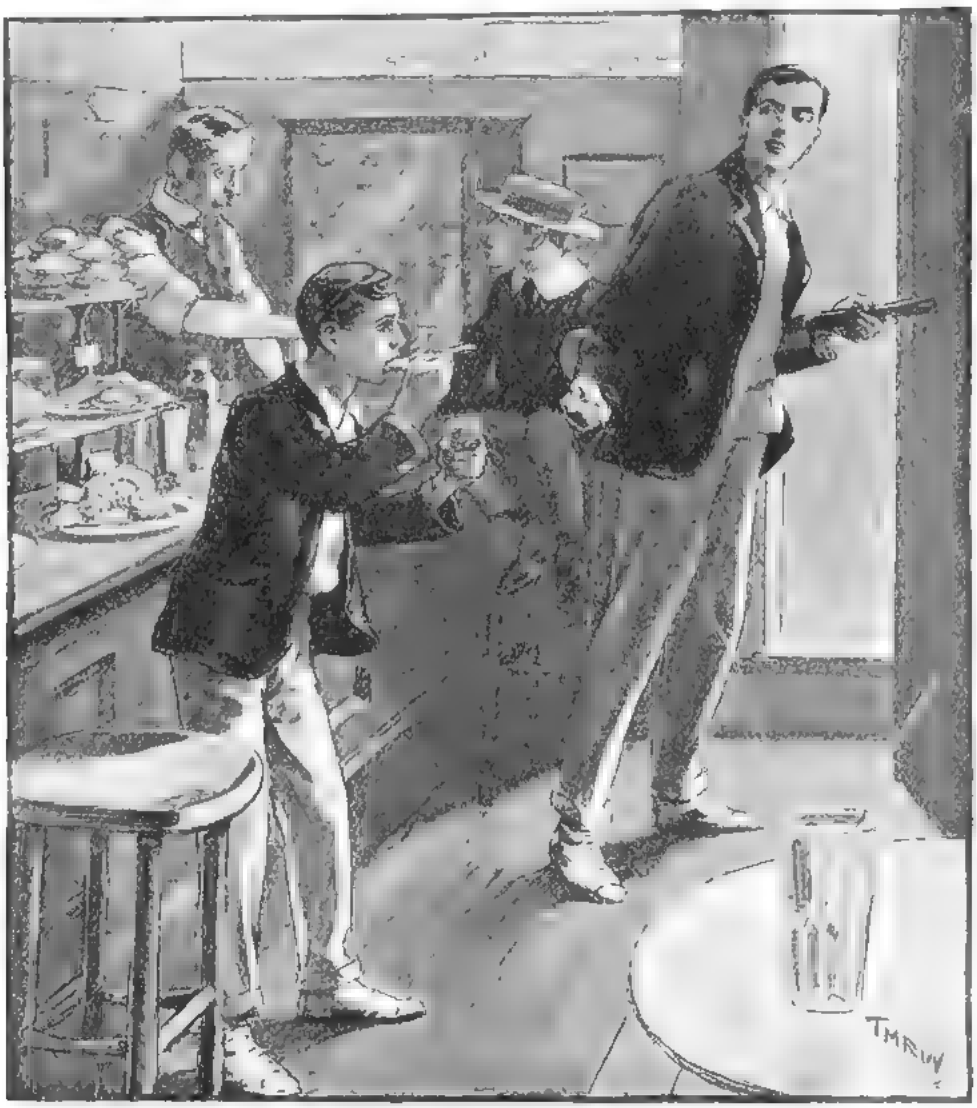
"Here's the ice," said Scott, "I've been keeping it warm for you. Shovel it down. I want to be starting for the nets. Quicker, man, quicker. Don't roll it round your tongue as if it was port. Go for it. Finished? That's right. Come on."

Pillingshot had not finished, but Scott so evidently believed that he had, that it would have been unkind to have mentioned the fact. He followed the smiter to the nets.

If Pillingshot had passed the earlier part of the afternoon in a sedentary fashion, he made up for it now. Scott was in rare form, and Pillingshot noticed with no small interest that, while he invariably hit Mr. Yorke's deliveries a quarter of a mile or so, he never hit two balls in succession in the same direction. As soon as the panting fieldsman had sprinted to one side of the football ground and returned the ball, there was a beautiful, musical *plonk*, and the ball soared to the very

opposite quarter of the field. It was a fine exhibition of hitting, but Pillingshot felt that he would have enjoyed it more if he could have watched it from a deck chair.

"You're coming on as a deep field, young Pillingshot," said Scott, as he took off his



"QUICKER, MAN, QUICKER. DON'T ROLL IT ROUND YOUR TONGUE."

pads. "You've got a knack of stopping them with your stomach, which the best first-class fields never have. You ought to give lessons at it. Now we'll go and have some tea."

If Pillingshot had had a more intimate acquaintance with the classics, he would have observed at this point, "Timeo Danaos," and made a last dash for liberty in the direction of the shop. But he was deceived by the specious nature of Scott's remark. Visions rose before his eyes of sitting back in one of Scott's armchairs, watching a fag toasting muffins, which he would eventually despatch with languid enjoyment. So he followed Scott to his study. The classical parallel to his situation is the well-known case of the oysters. They, too, were eager for the treat.

They had reached the study, and Pilling-

shot was about to fling himself with a sigh of relief into the most comfortable chair, when Scott unmasked his batteries.

"Oh, by the way," he said with a coolness which to Pillingshot appeared simply brazen, "I'm afraid my fag won't be here to-day. The young crock's gone and got mumps, or the plague, or something. So would you mind just lighting that stove? It'll be rather warm, but that won't matter. There are some muffins in the cupboard. You might weigh in with them. You'll find the toasting-fork on the wall somewhere. It's hanging up. Got it? Good man. Fire away."

And Scott collected five cushions, two chairs, and a tin of mixed biscuits, and made himself comfortable. Pillingshot, with feelings too deep for words (in the then limited state of his vocabulary), did as he was requested. There was something remarkable about the way Scott could always get people to do things for him. He seemed to take everything for granted. If he had had occasion to hire an assassin to make away with the German Emperor, he would have said, "Oh, I say, you might run over to Germany and kill the Kaiser, will you, there's a good chap? Don't be long." And he would have taken a seat and waited, without the least doubt in his mind that the thing would be carried through as desired.

Pillingshot had just finished toasting the muffins, when the door opened, and Venables, of Merevale's, came in.

"I thought I heard you say something about tea this afternoon, Scott," said Venables. "I just looked in on the chance. Good man! fancy muffins at this time of year! Do you happen to know what the thermometer is in the shade?"

"Take a seat," said Scott. "I attribute my entire success in life to the fact that I never find it too hot to eat muffins. Do you know Pillingshot? One of the hottest fieldsmen in the school. At least, he was just now. He's probably cooled off since then. Venables—Pillingshot, and *vice versâ*. Buck up with the tea, Pillingshot. What, ready? Good man. Now we might almost begin."

"Beastly thing that accident of young Brown's, wasn't it?" said Scott. "Chaps oughtn't to go slamming about like that with the field full of fellows. I suppose he won't be right by next Saturday?"

"Not a chance. Why? Oh, yes, I forgot. He was to have scored for the team at Windybury, wasn't he?"

"Who are you going to get now?"

Venables was captain of the St. Austin's team. The match next Saturday was at Windybury, on the latter's ground.

"I haven't settled," said Venables. "But it's easy to get somebody. Scoring isn't one of those things which only one chap in a hundred understands."

Then Pillingshot had an idea,—a great, luminous idea.

"May I score?" he asked, and waited trembling with apprehension lest the request should be refused.

"All right," said Venables, "I don't see any reason why you shouldn't. We have to catch the 8.14 at the station. Don't you go missing it or anything."

"Rather *not*," said Pillingshot. "Not much."

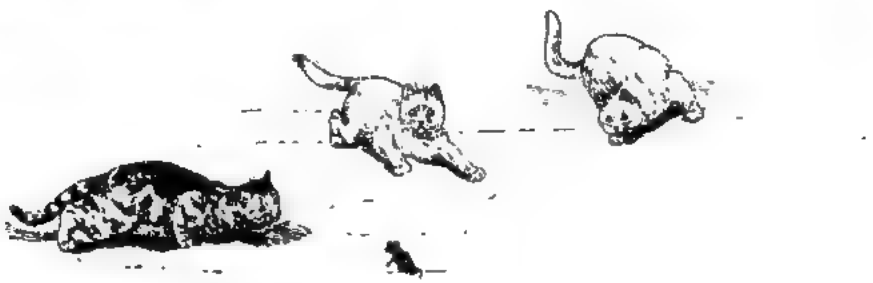
* * * *

On Saturday morning at exactly 9.15 Mr. Mellish distributed the Livy papers. When he arrived at Pillingshot's seat, and found it empty, an expression passed over his face like unto that of the baffled villain in transpontine melodrama.

"Where is Pillingshot?" he demanded tragically. "Where is he?".

"He's gone with the team to Windybury, sir," said Parker, struggling to conceal a large size in grins. "He's going to score."

"No," said Mr. Mellish sadly to himself, "he *has* scored."



NATURALISTS' CORNER.

Conducted by EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

About Fowls.—H. F. Smith (Newark) has just built a poultry house, and would like answers to a few questions about fowl-keeping. First of all he wants to know what is the best breed to keep. This depends much upon the object we have in view—whether we want eggs, or chickens for the table Some breeds are everlasting layers, but never hatch an egg; others are as persistent brooders, whilst a third group are only good as meat-producers. Locality and soil has also to be taken into account. The Spanish and Plymouth Rocks your friend recommends are both good sorts. The Spanish thrive better in towns than most breeds, and the Plymouth Rock is a good all-round bird, being a fair layer and brooder, and a good table-bird. Orpingtons are now in great favour. Respecting food: the morning meal should be of boiled roots and meal (wheat or oat), given hot in the winter; kitchen waste, including meat and crushed raw bones, is a necessity for laying hens. A little

Marikina Monkey.—I have no experience of this marmoset as a pet, but believe it is somewhat difficult to keep long in this country; it is a South American species, and accustomed to considerable warmth. It is not one that you would expect to find in the stock of the ordinary animal dealer, though probably any of them would obtain one to order for F. B. Leggatt (Southsea). Cross' Menageries, Liverpool, is the most likely place to obtain it, and a note to them would bring you the price, if they have one in stock. But you had better order it as the Silky Marmoset, for that is its modern name.

Skin of Mole, etc.—I am not at all sure that "John Bull" (Cromer) wants what he asks for. He says "Could you tell me the best place to have moleskins tanned?" I expect "John Bull" wants to have some article of dress contrived out of those moleskins? If so, tanning is not exactly the process for them. If "J. B." would take his skins to

ORPINGTONS.

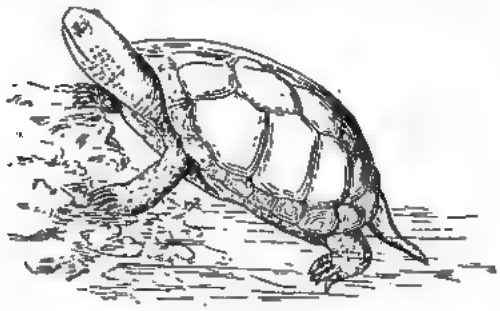
corn food should be given as grain, as you suggest, but the bulk of such food should be in the form of meal. Wheat and oats are the most profitable grains. Nest boxes are not necessary; indeed, it is far better to make the nests on the ground in the nest-house. Broods can be raised at almost any time, but it is best to arrange for hatching in February or March, as then the young hens are sufficiently developed to begin to lay in September and continue through the winter, when eggs are scarce. The dimensions of your house are rather small, but you do not mention how many fowls you propose to keep in it; not more than half-a-dozen, I hope. Both the house and the run must be kept scrupulously clean, the manure being constantly removed, or general ill-health will soon affect your birds.

the local bird-stuffer and state what is wanted, he will probably be able to do, or get done, what is necessary. J. B.'s second query is not quite in my line, as I am not a mechanical expert; but I should imagine any one with a little skill that way could adapt a sewing machine treadle to work a fret-saw

Natural History Books.—Willie Davies (Llandyssil) will find all he wants in a book by Richard Kearton, "British Bird's-nests, Eggs, and Egg-Collecting" (Cassell and Co., 5s.), or if a cheaper work is required, Atkinson's "British Birds' Eggs and Nests" (Routledge, 2s 6d.). For a book on British snakes and lizards get Hopley's "British Reptiles" (Sonnenschein, 1s.).

Water Tortoise.—I am asked by J. E. Malcolm (Muswell Hill), "what he should do for his water tortoise?" His trouble is not definitely

stated, though at the end of his letter he asks what they ought to have to get upon; so I must answer him generally, at the risk of telling him something he already knows. The species commonly sold in shops is the European Marsh-tortoise, or Terrapin. It differs entirely from the Land-tortoise in its habits, for whilst that is a strict vegetarian, the Terrapin feeds chiefly upon the small animals that inhabit ponds and marshes—such as water insects



WATER TORTOISE.

and snails, tadpoles, young frogs, and so forth. In confinement they will eat shreds of raw meat. But they do not spend the whole of their time in the water, and provision must be made for them to come out when so disposed. To accomplish this some regard must be paid to the size of the aquarium. If there is sufficient room a rocky island with flat top may be contrived, or a shelf at one end sloping to the surface of the water. Failing room for either of these, a piece of virgin cork may be floated on the surface.

Dead Dormouse.—A. C. sends me a dead Dormouse with the request that I will tell him the cause of death. Really, A. C., I must draw the line at *post mortems*. I do not pretend to the knowledge of pathological anatomy necessary for the purpose. Even if I had I fear the *post mortem* would be inconclusive, for there was a delay of twelve days between the date the corpse was despatched and that on which I received it. You will understand that, although my olfactory sense is dulled just now by a cold, I should not enjoy the dissection of that Dormouse. Judging by the external appearance, I should say "natural causes." Possibly its winter quarters were not warm enough, and it succumbed to cold.

Entomological.—In answer to G. C. A. (St. Servan, France): There is no general rule by which the sexes of butterflies and moths may be distinguished. In many cases the colours or markings differ—in some groups the males have feathered antennæ, in many species the females are wingless; but these differences must be learnt in individual species, and help obtained from the published descriptions. I have no doubt your caterpillar was a "Puss," as you surmise. There is no weekly periodical devoted to lepidoptera. "The Entomologist" is the monthly most likely to suit you; in it you will find lists of exchanges each month, and you could easily find correspondents among the names there given. It is published at 6d. monthly; there is none issued at a lower price.

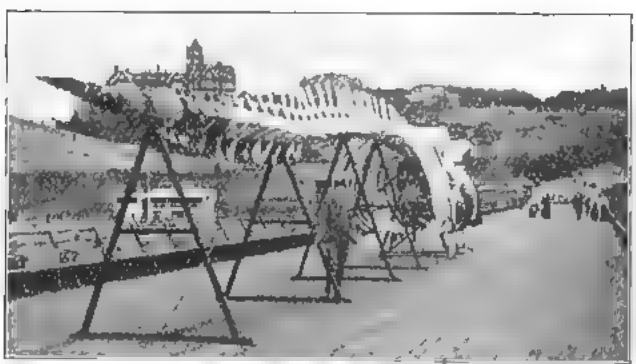
THE NEW MASTER OF LORETTO.

THE succession of Mr. H. B. Tristram, whose portrait we publish here, to the place of his brother-in-law, Dr. Hely Hutchinson Almond, is fortunate for Loretto and for the school world. No man is better qualified to maintain the high traditions of Loretto. He was a distinguished scholar of his college, and a giant on the playing field. His predecessor realised the importance of sports and pastimes in the school curriculum, and did much to promote a healthy international rivalry between Englishmen and Scotsmen. Mr. Tristram will, we have no doubt, follow closely in his steps. He passed through Loretto and Winchester, and then went up to Oxford, where he won great distinction by his classical attainments. All Lorettonians will rejoice as much in the fact that the new "Head" is a great classic, as in the fact that he has scored so many triumphs in the strain and stress of battle between rival teams. Our photo is by Moffat, by permission.

MR. H. B. TRISTRAM.

This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

I AM forwarding autographed copies of "J. O. Jones" to R. L. Bridgnell, P. Dacre, and F. Brierley for their respective contributions. Each prize-winner is requested to send his present address.



H. J. LONG SENDS THE ABOVE PHOTO OF THE WHALE'S SKELETON ON BOSCOMBE PIER, BOURNEMOUTH. THE BROTHER OF OUR CORRESPONDENT STANDING UNDERNEATH GIVES A GOOD IDEA OF THE GREAT SIZE OF THIS SEA MONSTER.

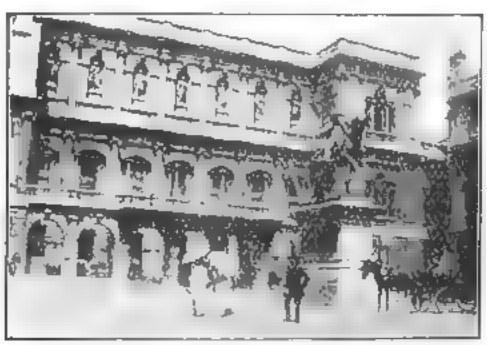
"Captain" Prizes.

MR. P. DACRE (Balham) contributes the following:—During the first four years of its existence—volumes one to eight—THE CAPTAIN has awarded the following prizes:—

Prize money to the amount of £257 16s. 6d. Goods from advertisement pages to the value of £23 4s. 0d. Also £11 9s. 6d. worth of books. Then come the following miscellaneous articles: Two bicycles, one gramaphone, seven cricket bats, three Sandow developers, nine table-tennis sets, sixty-nine fountain pens, forty-three sets of drawing materials, forty-two stamp and other albums, seven blotting books, one watch, one brooch, four Kodaks, three boxes of water colours, one study clock, four packets of stamps, and six Louis Wain original drawings. To thirty-one "CAPTAIN Club" authors and artists THE CAPTAIN has been forwarded free for One Year, and in the same department twelve shillings, nine copies of "Tales of Greyhouse," and three six-shilling books have been awarded. Also three packets of Bristol board. No less than seven hundred and thirty-two consolation prizes have been awarded, consisting mostly of magazine volumes. And out of this enormous list I have not gained one. And this list is another try for one.

How to Print a Photo on a Handkerchief.

PERHAPS it will be interesting to those readers of THE CAPTAIN, who are photographers, to know how to print a photo on a handkerchief. First take a photo, toned and fixed, and place it, face downwards, for twenty minutes in strong vinegar. Then take a handkerchief



THE ROYAL ACADEMY, PICCADILLY, LONDON,

was founded in 1769, by George III., and took up its quarters in the building depicted in the above snapshot, in 1869. Sir Joshua Reynolds was first president. Sir E. J. Poynter is the present occupant of the office. The annual exhibition of pictures opens on the first Monday in May and closes on the first Monday in August. No works previously exhibited are accepted. The Council may reject any picture.

Photo by T. Overton.

THE CYCLONE AND THE ZOO.
The ruins of one of the vulture cages in the Phœnix Park Zoo, Dublin, which was destroyed by the storm of February 26th, and from which the birds escaped.
Sent by H. V. Fielding.

and place it on some folded cloth, or anything soft. After the photo has been long enough in the vinegar, take it out and place it, face downwards, on the handkerchief. Then put a heated iron upon the photo, and press it down for a short time. The photo can then be pulled off, and the print will be left upon the handkerchief. The handkerchief can be washed without fear of the print being washed off.

F. BRIERLEY.

A Night Rainbow.

ON the evening of Tuesday, October 21st, 1902, Nature obliged her worshippers with a most artistic and awe-inspiring sight. It was nearing the hour of 10 p.m. when this occurred near the town of Swansea. In the east, a brilliant full moon shone out of a nearly cloudless sky. It was not destined to remain cloudless long as, away in the west, great black and heavy clouds were gathering.

The position described above gave rise to the beautiful and unusual sight of "a night rainbow."

It made its appearance, on first sight, as a light semi-circular band sweeping across the great black rain-clouds. On closer observation, some of the better defined colours were to be discovered, but, naturally, considering the time of night, they could not be easily distinguished.

This strange phenomenon lasted nearly a minute, and then, a cloud sweeping across the face of the moon, it disappeared as suddenly as it came.

An occurrence of this strangeness may not be frequent; still, it may well cause readers who have been indifferent to open their eyes and note the beauty of Nature that surrounds them.

"UNTEON." (Swansea.)

A Little Cameo of Low Life.

BALHAM on Saturday night! What a Bedlam! Butchers, green-grocers, flower-men, toy-sellers, sweet-sellers, all mingling their yells in one inharmonious Babel. A festive barrel-organ groans out, "You are my honeysuckle," while the tradesmen cry:

"Buyee! Buyee-e! Buyee-e-e!"

"Nobby! Nobby! Nobbee-e-e!"

Here is a ragged woman, nose red with cold (?), dragging a child after her, while she sighs (no one could call it singing), "Ow tell me the beeyutiful story." A group of coster lads give her a cheer, while one of them shies a rotten apple at her by way of further encouragement. Here is one of our future burglars, though only ten years of age. Watch how neatly he

TRAMP: "Dear sir, I have lost my leg."
OLD FAG'S BROTHER (as he hurries away): "My dear friend, I am very sorry, but I assure you I have not seen it."
Drawn by G. A. Whitelaw.

A ROAD IN MONKSTOWN ON THE DAY AFTER THE GREAT STORM ON FEB. 26. THE ROAD WAS BLOCKED FOR OVER 400 YARDS BY THE UPROOTED TREES.
Photo by C. Burwell.

WITH THE TYNDALE FOXHOUNDS.
(1) The meet at Stamfordham Cross Roads.
Photo by R. L. Bridgnell.

steals a cabbage off a stall. There is a pavement artist, sitting down beside his chalk drawings, begging for pennies. It is a queer thing, but I have never seen him actually *drawing*. I have heard that men will do these drawings for the "artist" at a small cost, and then the impostor sits shivering on the pavement, which he adorns with such inscriptions as: "Help an honest man!" Here is a child, a halfpenny clutched tight in its dirty hand, gazing musingly on a "queen" doll. There is a crowd of minstrels, faces white and haggard, singing "Brown at Brighton" with a jovial air. They have a large crowd round them, but they collect very little money, for it is hard to drag a penny from the pockets of a Saturday night crowd. "Flowers! Narcissi! Any price yer like!" scream the flower men on the corner by Bedford Hill. A little further up a man is busy with little cakes of pink wax, which, when rubbed on a piece of white paper, takes an impression of a picture cut from a newspaper, when the latter is pressed on it. This he proves by doing one himself, continuing his dissertation the while: "Ladies 'nd gen'lemen, hi take this small cake o' wax, price one penny, and rubs it so; now, ladies an' gen'lemen, per'aps you think as 'ow the Alps is all over snow? It isn't, the snow's all over the Alps. I places the noosepaper on so. This is the most h'intellectool occupation of any h'age, old age, young age, *and* cabbage! There, ladies an' gen'lemen, see that picture! Only one penny per cake. One to you, sir? Thank you!" And so he goes on, gabbling and gesticulating, and coaxing pennies from the pockets of the people. Saturday after Saturday the people throng the streets and gaze on the same scenes. And as I turn away I hear the keynote of the throng:—

"Buy! Buy! Buyee!!"

P. Dacre.

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(2) The Head-huntsman calls on an old kennel keeper for information of the fox.
Photo by R. L. Bridgnell.

The "Charles Dickens."

THE "Charles Dickens" was turned out of the Crewe works on February 6th, 1882, and for the past twenty years has run the morning express from Manchester to London, leaving at 7.45 a.m., but in July, 1888, the time of leaving was changed to 8.15 a.m., and since July, 1889, 8.30 a.m., returning with the 4.0 p.m.

On September 12th, 1891, it had run 1,000,000 miles. But on August 5th, 1902, it completed, with 186 shorter trips, its 2,000,000th mile, a very rare record.

The "Charles Dickens" now has a lighter job, and its place is taken by the four cylinder compound "Revenge."

Harold C. King (London.)

(3) A brief rest after a successful run.
Photo by R. L. Bridgnell.

Dr. W. G.'s Teaparty.

ON the occasion of a Croydon school football eleven playing another school at Kenley recently, they had rather a big slice of luck. Not only did they win their match, but also came off trumps by my brother and one or two of the others going into

DR. W. G. GRACE.
Drawn from life by Walker Hodgson.

a shop after the match to get some tea. Two gentlemen in riding attire were in the shop at the time. The elderly gentleman of the two came up to my brother and said, "How did you get on this afternoon?" "We won, sir, thank you."

"That's good," he said, "I will treat all of you to a tea," and told my brother to go out and fetch all the others in.

After they had had a jolly good sit-down tea, the younger of the two gentlemen came up to my brother and said: "Do you know who it is you have to thank?"

My brother said, "Now I come to think, surely it is Good Old Doctor W. G. Grace." The gentleman laughed and said, "Yes, it is my father, Doctor W. G. Grace." Then all the boys got up and shook hands with the Doctor and thanked him, and went home very pleased with themselves.

H. VAUGHAN PERRY.

"Captain" Club Criticisms.

A. Ash (Rossall, Fleetwood).—The efficiency of the Navy is with us every day just now. Some people have "Efficiency" on the brain, and roll the word round the tongue with all the comfort the old lady of antiquity derived from pronouncing the word "Mesopotamia." Captain Crutchley, of the Navy League, appeared to me a most enthusiastic man when I met him two or three years ago. Do not limit your reading on the subject to the publications of the Navy League. Follow it up by reading the work of Capt. Mahan, of the United States Navy, and Beckles Willson, on "Ironclads in Action." There is also a most informing article by Arnold White, in a recent number of the *Fortnightly*, or the *National Review*, entitled "Gunnery versus Paint," which is rather a serious indictment of our Naval system, and of the position of Lord Charles Beresford's recent command in gunnery trials. As you know, Lord Charles is one of the most voluble of our critics on Naval matters. You must study the subject thoroughly and widely to be able to form any sort of an opinion.

A. G. Cheverton (Southsea).—Never write on both sides of your MS. My compositors say things that are more forcible than pleasant when asked to set up matter written thus. Your essay is very good as a narrative. In future, use your critical faculty more; mere biographical details lie about like so much wreckage. You ought to have emphasised the respects in which Captain Mayne Reid excelled other writers of boys' stories, as in the vigour and excellence of his narrative; style, and the truthfulness of his scenery.

P. L. Holmes (Leeds).—Your description of deep-sea fishing from a coble lacks coherence. Try and marshal your observations so that one thing succeeds another consecutively, and is dependent on what precedes. You write in a "choppy" manner, like the sea on which you were sailing. Try and write smoothly, and try and observe more closely the things around you. To set down the things of earth after the style of an auctioneer's catalogue is not commendable. Don't be discouraged, however, by what I say. Profit by this advice, and do better next time.

Scribbler (Swanley Junction).—I am sorry to find you despondent about the literature of the day in your "Hint to Young Writers." The latter may be a little too eager to get into print, but there is no harm in their desire to exploit their ideas on paper. "Writing maketh an exact man," said Lord Bacon. So let our young writers, if they love writing for its own sake, pursue the art to the best of their ability.

Contributions (literary and artistic) have also been received from: "Eyed Awry," "R. E. T."

IF YOU WANT

A Gradidge "Imperial Driver" or a "J. P." Surrey Driver

CRICKET BAT

of the very best make;

A Kodak, Hobbies, or Scout

CAMERA;

A Set of the very finest

BOXING GLOVES;

Or a Set of

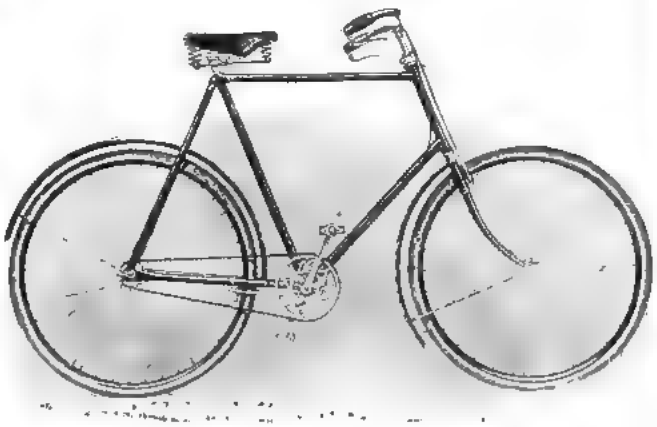
DRAWING MATERIALS,

Go in for "The Captain" Competitions, and you will stand just as good a chance as anybody else.

To WIN THIS £12 12s.

PREMIER BICYCLE,

for yourself or your sister,

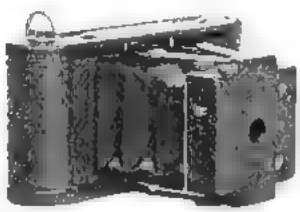


all you have to do is to write on a "Captain" post-card what, if you were King Edward VII., you would offer to Mr. Chamberlain as a reward for his signal services to the Empire at Home and in South Africa. See

"If I were King" Competition.

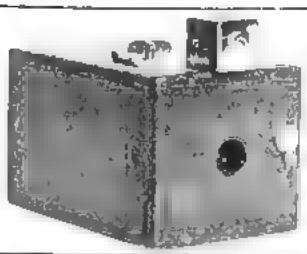
Three of these Guinea Cricket Bats, made by Messrs. H. Gradidge and Sons, are given away as prizes in our "Hidden Cricketers" Competition.

Three of these Messrs. John Piggott's "Surrey Drivers" are awarded to the winners of our "Popular Pastimes" Competition.



This Two-Guinea Folding Pocket Kodak is the prize in Class I. of our "Photographic" Competition.

Six of these Messrs. C. Houghton and Sons Scout Cameras, are awarded to the winners in Class III. of our "Photographic" Competition.



"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete, and in the event of their proving successful in competitions where cricket-bats, &c., are offered as prizes, will be allowed to select other articles of similar value.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by May 18th.

The Results will be published in July.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—"**If I Were King.**"—Tell us, on a CAPTAIN post-card, a packet of which you can procure from this office, post free for 1½d. in stamps, what, if you were King Edward VII., you would offer to Mr. Chamberlain as a reward for his signal services to the Empire at home and in South Africa. A Twelve-Guinea Premier Bicycle will be awarded to the sender of the best suggestion. No age limit.

No. 2. "**Hidden Cricketers.**"—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is supposed to represent the name of a well-known cricketer. Write the name under each picture, fill in your own name, age, class, and address, tear the page out, and post to us. In the event of a number of competitors sending correct titles, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. Three of Messrs. H. Gradidge and Sons' cricket bats, value One Guinea each, will be the Prizes. See illustration.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—"**Mysterious Sign Puzzle.**"—On one of our advertisement pages will be found a diagram with full instructions printed below. Neatness in the arranging will be taken into consideration. Three full sets of Messrs. Mullers and Company's drawing materials will be awarded as prizes.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4. "**Men of the Moment.**"—Make a list, on a CAPTAIN post-card, a packet of which can be procured from this office post-free for 1½d. in stamps, of the six men you consider to be most popular in the following spheres: politics, literature, art, science, sport and the drama. Three sets of the best boxing gloves (four to the set) will be awarded as prizes.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 5.—"**Popular Pastimes.**"—Which do you consider the three most popular pastimes, and who in your opinion is the best exponent of each? Use CAPTAIN post-cards only, a packet of which can be procured from this office, post-free for 1½d. in stamps. Three of Messrs. John Piggott's specially selected cricket bats will be awarded as Prizes.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—"**Photographic Competition.**"—Hand or stand-camera work, any subject. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. PRIZES: 1st Class, £2s 2s. Kodak; 2nd Class, 30s. Hobbies Camera; 3rd Class, Four Houghton's 5s. "Scout" hand-cameras, as illustrated.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

"THE CAPTAIN" PICTURE POST-CARDS

are now ready, in packets of six different designs by Tom Browne, R.I., R.B.A., printed in colours. A single packet of these unique and humorous cards will be sent, post-free, to any address on receipt of 1½d. in stamps, 3 packets for 4d., post-free, one dozen for 1s. 2d., post-free. Address: "Post-Cards," THE CAPTAIN, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, W.C.

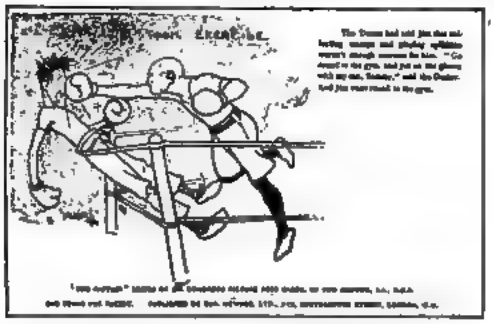
ORDER AT ONCE, IF YOU WANT TO WIN A TWELVE-GUINEA PREMIER BICYCLE.

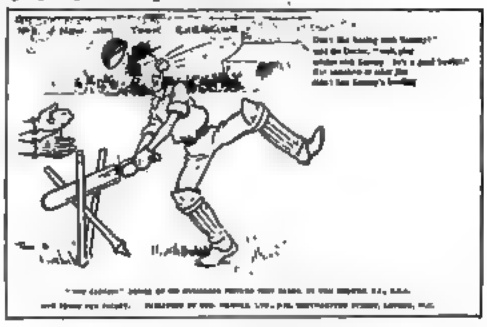
"THE CAPTAIN" PICTURE POST-CARDS.

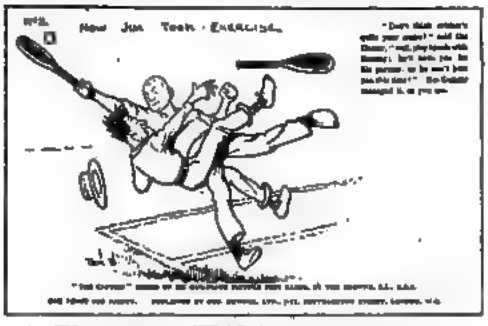
"HOW JIM TOOK EXERCISE."

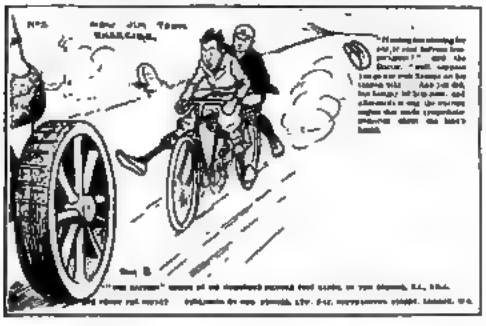
By TOM BROWNE, R.I., R.B.A. One Packet of Six Designs 1½d. in Stamps, post free.

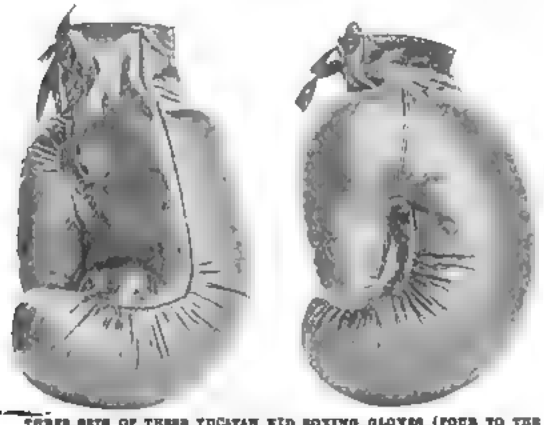
See "Captain" Competitions Page for further particulars.











THESE SETS OF THESE YUCATAN KID BOXING GLOVES (FOUR TO THE SET) ARE AWARDED AS PRIZES IN "MEN OF THE MOMENT" COMPETITION.

THIS HOBBIES NO. 4 HAND CAMERA, VALUE £1 10s., IS THE 2ND PRIZE IN OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

12, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

Last month a correspondent signing himself "Dart" inquired our opinion of absent-mindedness. I replied that absent-minded people generally excused themselves on the ground of heredity, and added that one view of absent-mindedness was that it was merely a form of selfishness. But the other day, going through the library of a friend of mine, I came across a book (published a good many years ago) called, "Tastes and Habits," by the Rev. S. B. James, M.A., and one of the essays therein was on this very subject that "Dart" inquired about. "This habit or quality," writes the author, "or whatever else it may be more accurately called, is never a vice, seldom a fault, and not quite always a misfortune." Mr. James goes on to say that forgetting what time a train starts that afterwards meets with an accident is an illustration of absent-mindedness "not quite always" being a misfortune. And then the author touches on "convenient forgetfulness."

"Do you ever forget to get your breakfast, my dear Ferdinand?" inquired a provoked father of his really forgetful, though not wholly excusably forgetful son; "do you ever forget the day of the boat-races?—are you ever too late for the train that takes us to Scarborough?—is it ever necessary to remind you that your quarter's allowance is due?"

This was a case in which the young man remembered what he wanted to remember, but "let business appointments take their chance in the confusions of his memory."

Mr. James then relates an anecdote of an absent-minded bishop who had promised to hold a confirmation in a village. The day arrived, and so did the candidates—some of them having travelled a distance of ten and twenty miles—but the Bishop arrived the day after, whereupon somebody caustically asked whether, "if it had been a confirmation of fifty young noblemen, instead of fifty old, young, and middle-aged peasants and labourers, the day would have been forgotten?"

I do not think this was a fair question to ask, as naturally the fact that he had to confirm fifty young noblemen would impress itself more on a Bishop's mind than an ordinary confirmation. Confirming village-folk was his regular routine work, while confirming young noblemen was a duty that he was probably very seldom called upon to perform.

I am a trifle absent-minded myself, and so I sympathise with this Bishop. I remember once, after procuring my slippers from the corner of my study and taking my boots off, I carefully put my slippers outside the door for the maid to take away and clean. I perceived my mistake, however, before I closed the door. Some years ago I had an engagement to dine in Kensington. The engagement was for a Wednesday. On the Wednesday, therefore (according to my reckoning), having told my housekeeper I shouldn't want dinner, I dressed myself in the evening attire of these modern times (which is not half so gentlemanly, to my thinking, as the frilled shirts and high-collared coats of my youth), hailed a cab, and drove to the house. The servant who opened the door told me that Mrs. H—— wasn't at home—in fact, was dining out. "But I have come to dine with her," I rejoined. "That must be to-morrow, sir," said she; "I know there is a 'dinner-

party here on Wednesday evening." "But, bless me! what's to-day, then?" I demanded. "Tuesday, sir," said she, smiling.

So I went home and sat down in my evening war-paint to cold mutton.

However, I do not often make such mistakes, and I certainly never forget to bring THE CAPTAIN out every month. But then, I have plenty of people to remind me that THE CAPTAIN must be brought out, the first and foremost being the printer. It never does to keep the printer waiting. If you do, he starts howling through the telephone or sending up messages by boys who are noted for their speed of foot. So I make it a rule always to be prompt to the minute with all CAPTAIN manuscript. (*"Oh, I say, draw it mild, Mr. O. F.!*—Printer of THE CAPTAIN.) If any of you boys ever become editors, have a placard printed and hung over your desk to this effect: NEVER KEEP THE PRINTER WAITING. Then you will always be punctual with your "copy," and your relations with your printer will always be courteous, smooth, and satisfactory. [*"Oh, I say! Why, this very 'Editorial' is three days late."*—Printer of THE CAPTAIN.]

To return to absent-mindedness and forgetfulness. In Mr. James's chapter on the subject, I note the following:

> Forgetfulness and absence of mind, among people generally so lamentable, are especially so among the clergy in regard to their public ministrations. And even here how seldom do they forget their sermons! The instinct of self-preservation is so strong, that here, though banns may be forgotten to be published, or notice of alteration of hours to be given, the sermon is safely forthcoming.

The author here quoted does not then launch forth into anecdote, but I myself can call to mind several anecdotes which are akin to the matter under discussion. I recollect the case of an old clergyman who used to become so absorbed in his subjects that his sermons were protracted to an extraordinary length. Once, having preached for over an hour, he pronounced the Ascription and descended the pulpit steps to find the church completely empty save for the clerk, who was fast asleep. But this parson carried his absent-mindedness to extremes, for he was sometimes observed walking in rain-showers holding a stick over his head, evidently being under the impression that it was an umbrella! He was also in the habit of speaking his thoughts aloud—a most awkward habit—and on one occasion, having been asked to lunch and tea by a neighbouring vicar, suddenly observed (whilst partaking of the latter meal): *"I wonder whether they will ask me to stay to dinner!"*

Once his eccentric behaviour produced most salutary results. He was sent for one night to baptise a sick child. Instead of taking his surplice and cassock in a bag, he robed himself at home, and set out thus attired to the cottage to which he had been summoned. It was some distance off, and our good pastor, feeling wearied, presently sat himself down on a heap of stones to rest. Whilst seated there, who should come along but the village drunkard, a notorious character whose case was regarded as quite hopeless. This man had had his fill of beer, and was decidedly the worse for it. Suddenly, with starting eyeballs, he stopped dead. What was that white, ghostly figure seated yonder! The drunkard gaped, shuddered, then turned tail and fled with howls of terror. And the story goes—and I have every reason to believe it to be absolutely true—that the man never touched strong drink afterwards—such was the effect of the scare he had received!

I recall instances of absent-mindedness in another cleric, whose mistakes were most laughable. Once he went to a tea-party, and, on entering the room, solemnly apologised to his hostess for his wife's absence. She was, he explained, unavoidably detained at home. Hardly had he concluded his explanation when he felt his sleeve violently tugged. Looking round, he perceived that the tugger—if I may use the word—was the very lady for whose absence he had made such an ample apology.

But the most humorous mistake this absent-minded clergyman ever made was connected with the publication of banns of marriage. Opening the Banns' Book, one Sunday morning, after the second lesson, he proceeded to publish the banns of a couple who had been wed and duly married five-and-twenty years ago, and were at that very moment sitting in the church with their numerous family! He had opened the Banns' Book, of course, at the wrong place, and was not even aware of the error he had been guilty of until the worthy couple, who had thus been "cried" twice, approached him after the service and told him of the very peculiar mistake he had made!

And now I must have done with my anecdotage, for other matters claim space and attention. I may add, though, that, according to the author of "Tastes and Habits," there is danger in relying too much on pocket-books and memorandum slips. They tend to weaken the memory. You should try to do without them. Says Mr. James:—

> A most respectable and intelligent man, who cannot write, and is out from home on business nearly every day of the six, has assured me that he never by any chance makes a single mistake about dates, amounts, or engagements. He can sign a cheque, and nothing more, and simply tells his children the rest, for them to put down. He is a thriving man and is under no obligation to written memorandums.

Mr. James adds that one line of Shakespeare or Milton learned the first day, two the next, three the next, and so on, will improve the memory after it is weakened. That, he says, and an *early life* moderation in the use of pocket-books, followed up by diligent and conscientious self-examination, and (if need be) accusation, might save young people from the reproach, in after life, of being odd, absent-minded and "never-dependable."

Mr. Nankivell's "Transvaals": Those who follow our stamp editor's monthly discourses will be interested to hear that he has at last disposed of his celebrated collection of Transvaal stamps. The formation of this occupied over twenty-three years, and one can well imagine the amount of care and thought Mr. Nankivell must have expended over his task. A noted philatelist says of this collection: "It is one of the ultra-superfine specialised collections that can be counted on one's two hands throughout the world. It represents the high water-mark of specialised philately."

The moral I wish to draw in connection with this event is of a double nature: Firstly, it is evident that THE CAPTAIN enjoys the services of a stamp expert of the very highest eminence; and, secondly, that stamp-collecting, if seriously followed, is a hobby that may, in course of years, result in great pecuniary advantage, should the collector find it necessary to turn his stamps into bank-notes.

Mr. Nankivell has sold his great collection of Transvaals to Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., who are offering it again for sale—at present in its entirety—at the price of £5,250

"A Prefect's Uncle"—I have pleasure in recommending to your notice this excellent story of public school life by P. G. Wodehouse, author of "The Pothunters." Mr. Wodehouse has already won the favour of CAPTAIN readers with his short stories, and before very long we hope to publish a serial from his pen. "A Prefect's Uncle" (price 3s. 6d., A. and C. Black) makes capital reading. It is full of wit and humour and abounds in high spirits of a kind that should cause it to become a much-demanded book in every school library.

The late Dean Farrar.—I always like to say a few words on the occasion of the death of a man, who, during his life-time, was an interesting personality to boys. Dean Farrar, during his long and strenuous career, wielded a great influence for good over boys, both as schoolmaster and writer. It has of late become the fashion in certain circles to sneer at the author of "Eric" and "St. Winifred's," but my honest opinion is that both of these books were perfectly sound as works of art and most fruitful in their effects. Both have proved of very great and real benefit to many thousands of readers. No boy could read either without being very much the better for it. Dean Farrar strove to fill his boy-readers with manly, pure, and noble aspirations; his aim was high and sincere, and we should, therefore, count his memory worthy of all reverence and honour.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Quinque-Folium (Glenageary, Co. Dublin).—Your essay on patriotism breathes the true patriotic spirit. It is generously conceived, and could we in this country realise the ideal patriotism you have described, there would be less distress and discontent, and a more wholesome result would ensue for the good of the State. Unfortunately the beautiful Emerald Isle, from which you write, is still chafing under the sense of wrongs unredressed and insults unavenged. The atmosphere at present in Ireland is a little clearer, but we require people like yourself, living in the country, to advocate and disseminate the seeds of love and friendship towards the people and the Government on this side of the Channel. I was sorry not to receive your promised sprig of shamrock. The office was quite upset in consequence and I had to dash out into the Strand and make a purchase.

J. J. Newton (Clapham, S.W.)—Would-be campers on the seashore should first determine whether the pitch they desire is on private or public property. If the former, they will have to communicate with the tenant and either obtain his permission to their presence, or arrange to rent the necessary space from him; if the latter (as would be the case with the actual *shore*), they should communicate with the local authorities. In the case of up-river (Thames) camping, pitches can be obtained

at various localities from local farmers, whose land reaches to the water. The average annual rental of a pitch is about £2; but the *bank* is the property of the Thames Conservancy, from whom permission to cut steps or build a landing-stage must be gained, and for which an annual fee of 2s. 6d. will be charged.

Richard Ashley (Upper Tooting).—All I can say is that "In Deep Water" was vouched for by the authors, and while granting that the adventures appeared very extraordinary, I daresay that you will admit that, after all, they might be possible. I have made a note of your favourite sea story writer, Mr. Basil Lubbock, and hope to share the pleasure you have enjoyed from perusing his writings, and have ordered from my bookseller "Round the Horn Before the Mast." Clubbed.

Junioso (Doncaster).—India is a slow business country. Apply to the Delhi Bank in Threadneedle Street, E.C., or to Messrs. King and Co., Cornhill, E.C. Send them your credentials typed or printed, and tell them you have passed the Institute of Bankers' examinations. Don't go out on "spec." Mr. Cockburn Reynolds does not think one year furlough in five necessary. It is generally a case of one year in ten. I.C.S. men, if well-to-do, take one year in five. You can always get away to the hills at Simla for a few weeks if you feel very much overwrought.

X. Y. Z. (Hampstead).—(1) Your experience is a very common one. It is not at all surprising to me to find how much more acceptable boys' books and boys' stories are to girls than girls' stories are to girls. The reason, I presume, is that the virility and healthy atmosphere about boys' books and boys' stories appeal to your mind much more than the somewhat vapid atmosphere which usually characterises most girls' books. (2) See answer to "Dart" last month.

Epaminondas Cicero Themistocles (Birmingham).—There is no "Mrs. O. F." The Latin language is scientific. You cannot read your Livy or your Horace, or your Cicero, without accurate scholarship. The mind must be quite clear of vague, uncertain knowledge, and must know what to expect. The only way to write decent English is to learn Latin. Boys should go to bed at 10 p.m. (or 9 30), and rise at 6.30 a.m.

Perplexed (Winchester).—I am extremely sorry to hear of the unfortunate set of people amongst whom you have been thrown, and I know it requires a good deal of courage to be able to resist the evil influences of such society. You can prove your strength of character, however, by keeping yourself uncontaminated by your surroundings, and who knows but your example may have a most beneficial effect on those around you?

Poet (Old Hill, near Dudley, Staffs).—Consult Edwin Guest's History of English Rhythms.—I believe the last edition was published in 1882, and revised by Professor Skeat,—Professor J. B. Mayor's chapters on English Metre, 1886, Dr. Gummere's handbook of Poetics (Boston), and Professor Schipper's Englische Metrik, published at Bonn, 1881 9.

C. W. Kent (Hexham).—(1) Yes, a lottery is a form of gambling. (2) Your full and correct title is O.R.C.C., which you may put after your name (3) Should very much like to see some copies of the paper you once published entitled "The Special." It may contain some ideas worth incorporating in THE CAPTAIN. (4) Sorry, photos too dark.

H. G. T. (Forest Hill).—Clubbed. The "Cake Walk" originated in Florida, U.S.A. The negro labourers on the orange plantations there borrowed the idea from the now almost extinct Seminole Indians, who commenced their war-dances with a similar performance. In course of time cakes took the place of boxes of sweets first offered as prizes to the best "walkers"—hence the name "Cake Walk."

James H. Walker (South Shields).—(1) To get to the other side. (2) Am running a literary competition this month, and will try to have one every month. The reasons for the omission are too deep for tears.

A. Scriven (W. Kensington). Clubbed. The book you want is, "Model Yachts and Boats: Their Designing, Making, and Sailing," by J. du V. Grosvenor, price 5s. 3d., post free, from L. Upcott Gill, 170 Strand, W.C.

"Grigalach" (London, S.W.).—Many thanks for pointing out mistake. We are always open to correction. Sorry to say that your "Milton" is of no great value.

Le Brun (Maida Hill, London).—Many thanks for pointing out the mistake in volume VIII., page 561. Such "howlers" as this will creep in in spite of the greatest care.

Long 'Un (East Dulwich).—Clubbed. See this month's competitions *re* photography. We hope to continue them from month to month. I regard G. M. F. as one of the best writers of boys' stories who have put pen to paper.

D. Y. Whittingham (Bromley).—I hope to continue giving prizes from the advertisement pages in the competitions as you suggest; in fact, I prefer to do so, though some of my friends prefer hard cash.

Gossip.—No doubt you are sincere in what you say about girls, but my opinion is that a fellow is all the better for having some nice girl friends.

Ethel S. Brown (Corso A. Podesta, Genoa).—Criticisms duly and thoughtfully digested

Gildart J. Walker (Aberdeen).—Sorry, but we cannot receive visitors at the office. Too busy! **James A. Simpson** (Falkirk).—Clubbed. You have guessed right. **J. S. L. Speck** (Oxford).—I am keeping your verses by me, but cannot see my way at present to make use of them. **A. F. Forward** (Alton, Hants).—Reply next month. **Savile** (Epsom).—We prefer verses on rather more topical events than the Relief of Mafeking. Besides, I have already said that I don't want anything else—be it story, poem, or essay—about the late War. **Nora Simmonds** (Ardwick, Manchester).—Sorry you were entered in the wrong class. These mistakes will occur sometimes. **Ernest L. Awbery** (Southampton).—Clubbed. **V. Smith** (Bromley). Yes. CAPTAIN stamps are for putting on the *front* of letters. **E. Alan Hall** (Alberta, Canada, N.W.T.).—Clubbed. Sending stamps. Farming in a new country is always tough work, but you must peg away.

Letters, &c., have also been received from: "Spotted Tail" (Repton), Yorkshireman (Bristol), E. K., and G. D. (Folkestone), Percy Dunham (London), W. J. Juleff (Stockwell, London), R. E. Thomas (Whitby), G. Adames (Putney), T. R. Davis (W. Norwood), am trying to arrange for prize of a bookcase; James R. Campbell (Strathbungow, Glasgow), Nat. A. Zelinsky (London).

Official Representatives Appointed: C. W Kent (Hexham), R. S. Kisby (Preston)

THE OLD FAG.

Results of March Competitions.

No. I.—"Copy of a Picture."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: Florence Warde, Stonehurst, Beenham, near Reading, Berks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dolly Snelling, Maude E. Green, T. Allwork Chaplin, W. W. Clarke-Pitts, H. W. Pike, Elsie Mildred Baxin, Winifred D. Ereaut, Eleanor Theakston, Edgar J. Ereaut, Melicent Meredith.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: L. Selway, 33 Well street, Exeter.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Fred. Ford, 31 Well-street, Exeter.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Leonard J. Smith, Dorothy Lambert, William Shaw, Noel Edward Lean, H. A. Atwell, Mary McCance, George A. Bell, C. Crossley, J. S. McBean, L. E. V. Tiffen, Alfred J. Judd, D. M. Sothern.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: Harry Hill, 26 Northumberland street, Workington, Cumberland.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Gilbert Ledward, 3 Mount Park crescent, Ealing, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: L. K. Adams, Charles A. Mackay, O. K. Owen, Robert E. Giudici, William M. Marshall, Muriel Ethel Willoughby, Dorothy Whentley, M. Selby, Alexander Walker, George A. Whitelaw, Frank Thorns, Joseph Taylor, F. Lord, Frida Phillips, Gladys Scantlebury, J. C. Matthew, E. J. Powell, Mabel Martin, Winifred E. Benger, Geo. Linnell.

No. II.—"Map of Central America."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

SEVEN SHILLINGS DIVIDED BETWEEN: W. Logan, c/o Raeburn, 9 Oxford street, Edinburgh; and A. McGregor, c/o Mr. C. McGregor, 81 Buccleuch-street, Edinburgh.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Geoffrey Langshaw Austin, The Knoll, Lancaster.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Olive C. Lupton, Arthur S. Atkinson, Dorothy Binney, Maurice P. French, Ian C. Russell, Adah Falconer, A. T. King, Alfred T. Hurt.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Clifford H. Hughes, 35 Gonville road, Thornton Heath.

HONOURABLE MENTION: L. E. V. Tiffen, R. V. Southwell, L. H. Newbery, Dollie Phillips, Josephine King, T. Cox, Dorothy E. Sibun, Charles F. Treeby.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

SEVEN SHILLINGS DIVIDED BETWEEN: M. G. Morrish, Riverside, St. Andrew's street, Tiverton, and Lionel M. Lupton, Newton Park, Leeds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. S. Bellerby, Frank Raby, Willie L. McNair.

No. III.—"Missing Features."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: James H. Dowd, 11 Travis place, Broomhall, Sheffield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. P. Cook, Stanley Wilson, O. Lupton, R. M. Thomas.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: Joseph Taylor, 40 Northgate, Baildon, Shipley, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Helen M. MacGregor, D. G. Kinloch, Mabel Musson, Dorothy Snowden.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: Douglas Whittingham, Kimberley, Kinnaird avenue, Bromley.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. J. Powell, David Rankin, Mollie Woollard, F. F. Morgan.

No. IV.—"Handwriting."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "CAPTAIN" POCKET KNIFE: John Dyce, 31 Meadowbank-crescent, Edinburgh.

CONSOLATION PRIZE: E. Dunsford, 2 Paris street, Exeter.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Chas. Briggs, Cyril Dawson, F. Hunt, Chas. C. Norbury, Bernard Audsley (all of Wakefield Academy), Paul Frommer (Budapest), E. Jefferson (Belfast), Victor Dallavotta (Brussels), L. Fergusson, S. C. Kay (Wakefield), W. H. Stephenson.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF "CAPTAIN" POCKET KNIFE: R. J. F. Peacey, Thornton, A., Christ's Hospital, Horsham, Sussex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John Hunt (Academy, Wakefield), F. S. Linnell, E. Anderson, W. E. Phillips, F. C. Tickle, Percy Dolmson (Wakefield), R. Wilson, Leslie Williams, A. J. Sheldon, C. E. Burden, J. Burden, Leslie Stancliff (Orpington), F. R. Corrie (Orpington), A. West.

No. V.—"Peg Puzzle."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Horace Taylor Austin, 15 Aberdeen Park, Highbury, London, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. C. Jewell, S. H. Taylor, S. T. Box.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: E. M. Dawe, 22 Glebe-road, Bromley, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. P. French, F. Fredericks, G. E. Ellis, Kittie Wade, G. Williams, R. S. Malby, A. E. Wood, W. J. Wicks, H. T. Birrell, T. R. Worthington, J. Barlow, J. Snelgrove.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Chas. M. Manners, 13 Greenlaw Avenue, Paisley, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Muriel Carolin, A. Hughes, R. Stafford, A. Ronald Legat, C. E. Cresswell, G. S. Balleky, H. Thomas, J. M. Luck, G. P. Stringer.

No. VI.—"Tailpieces and Initial Letters."

WINNER OF 5s.: Harry G. Spooner, 38 Grosvenor-road, Ilford, Essex.

HALF-A-CROWN has been sent to each of the following: Arthur S. Atkinson, George A. Whitelaw, Edith Humphreys, Eric A. Haward.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edward J. Norman, G. A. Bell, C. Crossley, Winifred D. Ereaut, T. Allwork Chaplin, Edith Humphreys, Norman B. Ashford, Sydney J. Bond, H. M. Bateman, Hubert Haward, Eric Bradbury, Charles G. McClure, Dorothy Wheatley.

"Foreign and Colonial Readers." (NOVEMBER, 1902.)

CLASS I. No award.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 5s.: J. Alexander Main, G.P.O., Box 70, Wellington, New Zealand.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Goodbrand (Natal), A. S. Goodbrand (Natal), Dallas F. Grahame (Canada).

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 5s.: Maurice Hurst, Nelson, New Zealand.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frank Brierley (Trinidad), Edward Payn Le Sueur (Canada).

A packet of "The Captain" pictorial post-cards has been sent to all competitors who have received honourable mention as announced above.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the following books—"Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

COMMENTS ON THE MARCH COMPETITIONS.

I.—COPY OF A PICTURE.—An immensely popular competition, and it was really remarkable to find that nearly all competitors had decided to copy the following subjects:—"Another Panther on the Bough," page 516, "I am Covered of it," page 491; "Vikings," page 492, and "The Old Fag," by T. Allwork Chaplin, page 665. This competition gave great pleasure to the Art Editor to find so many of our artist-readers choose line drawings instead of wash.

II.—MAP OF CENTRAL AMERICA COMPETITION was very closely competed for, but we wish that our English and Irish readers would take as much pains with their lettering as do the majority of our Scotch readers, as it is undoubtedly a fact that readers beyond the Tweed take especial care in this direction.

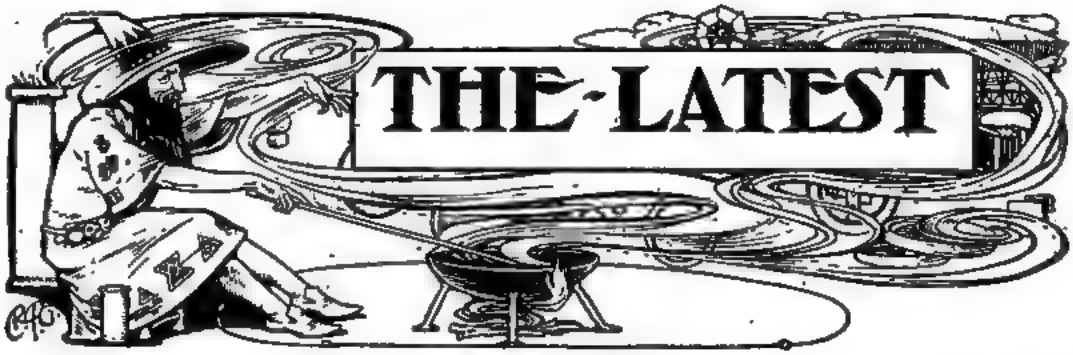
III.—MISSING FEATURES.—Was very heavily contested, but most competitors missed out the horse's jaw.

IV.—"HANDWRITING."—We have never had such a number of competitions sent in under this heading, very great credit is due to all the Honourable Mentions.

V.—PEG PUZZLE.—Out of a great number sent in, only about one dozen in each class were correct, and these were judged in order of neatness.

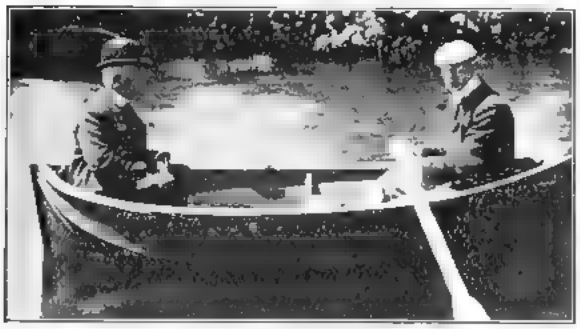
VI.—TAILPIECES AND INITIAL LETTERS.—We were glad to see that 90 per cent. of the initials and tailpieces were very carefully worked in pen and ink, and we would point out to a great number of readers that, for pen and ink drawings, it is always better to work on Bristol board rather than a rough Whatman's surface.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL READERS.—An essay carried off the prize in Class II., and in Class III. two pen sketches were successful.



The Berthon Folding Boat.

This boat, which is known as the Berthon Patent Folding Boat, is 9ft. long, and weighs from 90 to 100lb. It is made of a number of



A "BERTHON" BOAT.

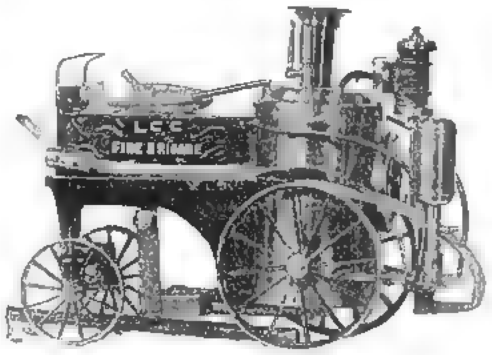
longitudinal segmental webs, covered over with strong double canvas, so that it can be folded up in a very small space. In the heaviest sea it is perfectly safe and buoyant, and there is no danger of any water getting in between the skins, as the air holes, the only places where water could percolate, are closed against the stem and stern-posts when the boat is ready for use. For rowing purposes this boat is extremely handy and comfortable, and when furnished with the ordinary depth of keel is a remarkably fine sailer. The Berthon Boat Company have offices at 50 Holborn Viaduct, E.C., where the boats can be seen, and catalogues obtained.

The Latest Method of Railway Signalling.

A very remarkable method of railway signalling has recently been experimented with on the Great Central Railway, though whether it will be adopted to any large extent is a somewhat disputable question. In this, the "Miller System," instead of ordinary semaphores by the side of the line, the signals are communicated into the cab of the engine itself by means of an electric circuit attached to the rails, so that so long as the next "section" ahead is clear, a white light is shown on the footplate, but as soon as there is any obstacle on the line within a specified distance, the white light goes out and a red one is automatically switched on.

The Latest in Models.

The catalogue issued by Stevens's model dockyard of Aldgate, London, E.C., costs you 3d. in the first place, but very few of its readers stop there, as the desire to become the possessor of one or more of the various fascinating models of locomotives, stationary-engines, steam yachts, and other novelties therein described, which are far too numerous to mention in one short paragraph, usually ends in a purchase. The model of a steam fire-engine, which is illustrated herewith, particularly

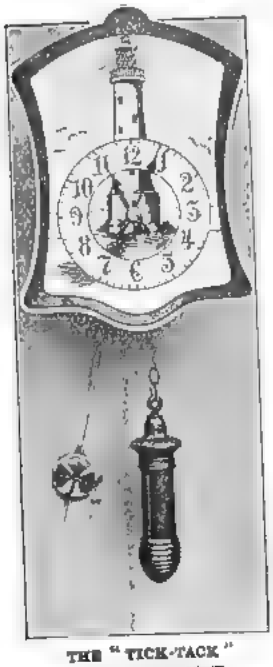


A MODEL FIRE ENGINE.

took my fancy; but those who are on the look-out for other articles will have little difficulty in finding what they have set their hearts on buying.

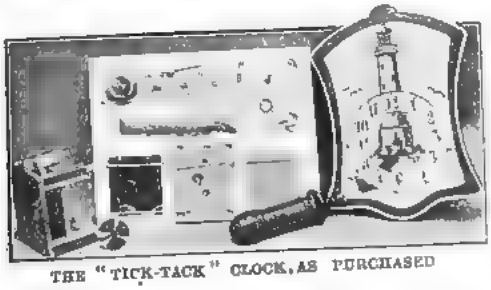
A Home-made Clock.

The "Tick-Tack" clock, while being the latest in the toy line, is both educative and useful. It



THE "TICK-TACK" CLOCK COMPLETE.

is supplied all in pieces as shown in our fourth illustration, and may, after a more or less lengthy attempt, according to the ability of the child to whom it is given, be put together, and form the very useful nursery clock shown in the accompanying photograph. I spent half-an-hour one evening making up the one Messrs. Baer, Bechmann and Co., Ltd., the wholesale agents, were good enough to send me, and after a test of several days, found it to keep very good time. The "Tick Tack" clock may be obtained at all novelty stores and toyshops,

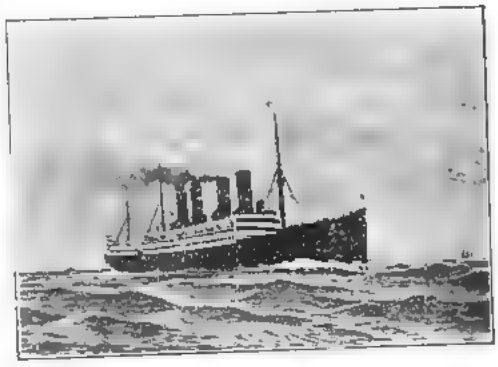


THE "TICK-TACK" CLOCK, AS PURCHASED

or from John Piggott, Ltd., 117 and 118 Cheapside, and Milk-street, London, E.C., for 3s. 11d.

The New Atlantic Greyhound.

Here is a picture of the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, the new twin-screw express steamship belonging to the Norddeutscher Lloyd Line. This fine vessel was launched last August from the Vulcan shipyards at Stettin, and makes her first trip across the Atlantic this month. Her length over all is 706ft. 6in., her beam 72ft., and she displaces 26,500 tons of salt water. At present Germany holds the "blue ribbon" of the Atlantic, and the shipbuilders of the Fatherland are naturally proud of their achievements. But John Bull is waking up, and the new Cunarders are coming.

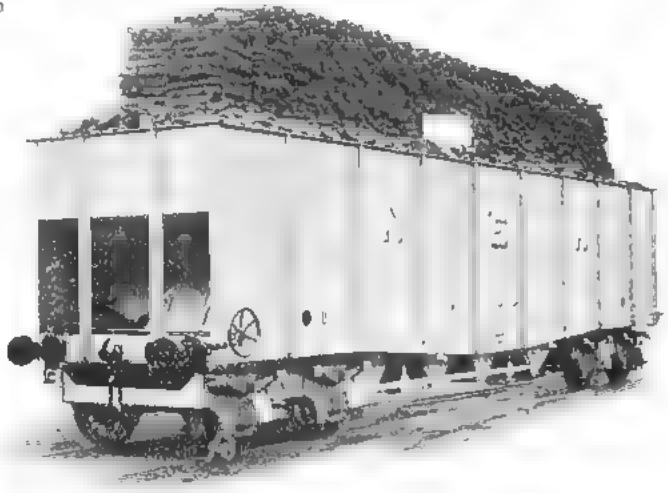


S.S. KAISER WILHELM II., THE LATEST N.D.L. LINER.

Huge Railway Wagons.

Several of the leading British railways have come to the conclusion that it is more economical to use large wagons having a capacity of 30 and even 40 tons instead of the old-fashioned 10 ton trucks. On this page I reproduce a photo, kindly supplied by the Leeds Forge Company, of one of the 40 ton "bogie" coal wagons they have recently built for the North Eastern Railway. By the use of these big wagons the "dead weight" hauled in comparison to the "load" is much less than in small four-wheel wagons.

J. A. K.



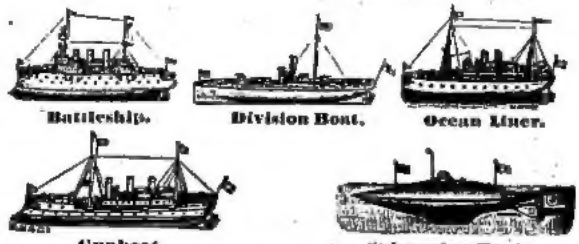
ONE OF THE GREAT 40-TON WAGONS ON THE NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY UNDER A 100-TON TEST LOAD.

SCALE MODELS OF **"SHAMROCK III."** CHALLENGER FOR THE AMERICA CUP.

Beautifully Finished Scale Model of SHAMROCK III., Latest Challenger for the America Cup.

These Models are specially built by workmen experienced in Fast Model Racing Yacht construction, and are of our Highest Grade Exhibition Class. They are made of specially selected materials and every care is taken to produce Fast Model Racing Yachts which will give best possible results in any kind of weather. Specification:—Beautifully Modelled Hull Correct Design, Enamelled and Lined in Correct Colours, with Green Boot Top and Stripe, finished in the best possible style of workmanship. Deck Fittings of Brass with Patent Self Steering Gear, Companions, Hatches and Skylight, Deck Coloured and Lined. Length over Deck, 2 ft. 7½ ins. Spars of Best Materials, and Sails of Specially Manufactured White Sail Cloth. Yachts are Cutter Rigged and sent out complete with Stand, exactly as shown by Engraving, which is taken from Photo of Finished Model. Price, packed in strong wood case and delivered Carriage Paid, **£3 3s.** Carriage Abroad, 7s. 6d extra, any surplus being returned.

Note.—Price of above is 30 per cent. under what is usually charged for Models of the Highest Class, and as we expect the demand will be very great during the Season, it is requested that orders will be placed as early as possible.



Magnificent Model Battleships fitted up complete with Life-boats, Fore and Aft Barbette, Guns (Quick Firers), Cannons, 8 Guns in Casements, Model Search Lights, &c. Length nearly 3 ft., with Strong Engine and Boiler, price 63/-, with Double Marine Engine and Twin Screw Propellers, 75/-, Carriage Paid.

Division Boats with Steam Engine and Boiler, Guns and all Fittings complete, 24 ins. long, 15/6, Carriage Paid.

Model Passenger Ships and Ocean Liners Finished and Enamelled in best style. Fitted with Strong Steam Engines, Boilers, Fittings, Masts, and Funnels, &c., as shown. 22 ins. long, 28/-, 29 ins. long, 38/-, 2½ ft. long, 75/-, Carriage Paid.

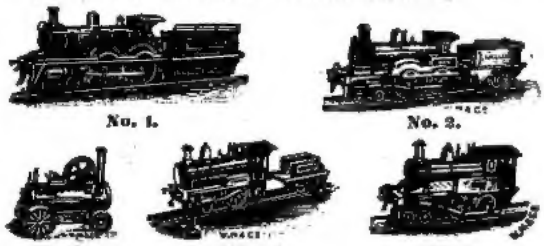
Gunboats with Steam Engine and Boiler, Life-boats, Quick Firing Guns, &c., complete. 20 ins long, 20/-, 25 ins. long, 25/-, large size, 2½ ft. long, 37/6, Carriage Paid.

Model Submarine Boats to sail on and under the surface, will not sink. 14 ins. long, 7/6, 18 ins. long, 14/6 Carriage Paid.

Torpedo Boats with Steam Engine and Boiler, Guns, &c., complete, 13 ins. long, 8/-, 25 ins. long, 10/6, Carriage Paid.

Above Models are fitted up and finished in the best possible manner, enamelled and lined in correct colours, and are certain to give every satisfaction.

High Class Model Steam Locomotives.



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Above Models are finished in the Best Possible Manner, Enamelled and Lined in Correct Colours. Fittings Plated, and each is Tested under Steam before being sent out. See Catalogue for Rails, Points, Switches, Crossings, Carriages, Cars, Trucks, Platforms, Stations, &c., and various other Designs of Steam and Clockwork Locomotives, and Boats, &c.

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FAIRY BOOK.
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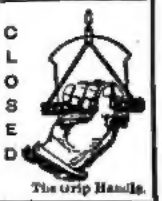

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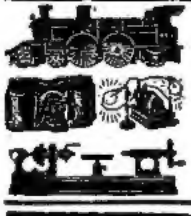

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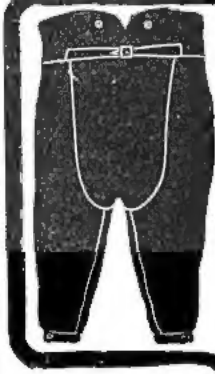

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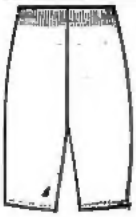

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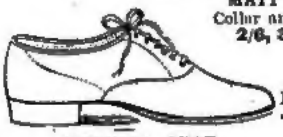

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